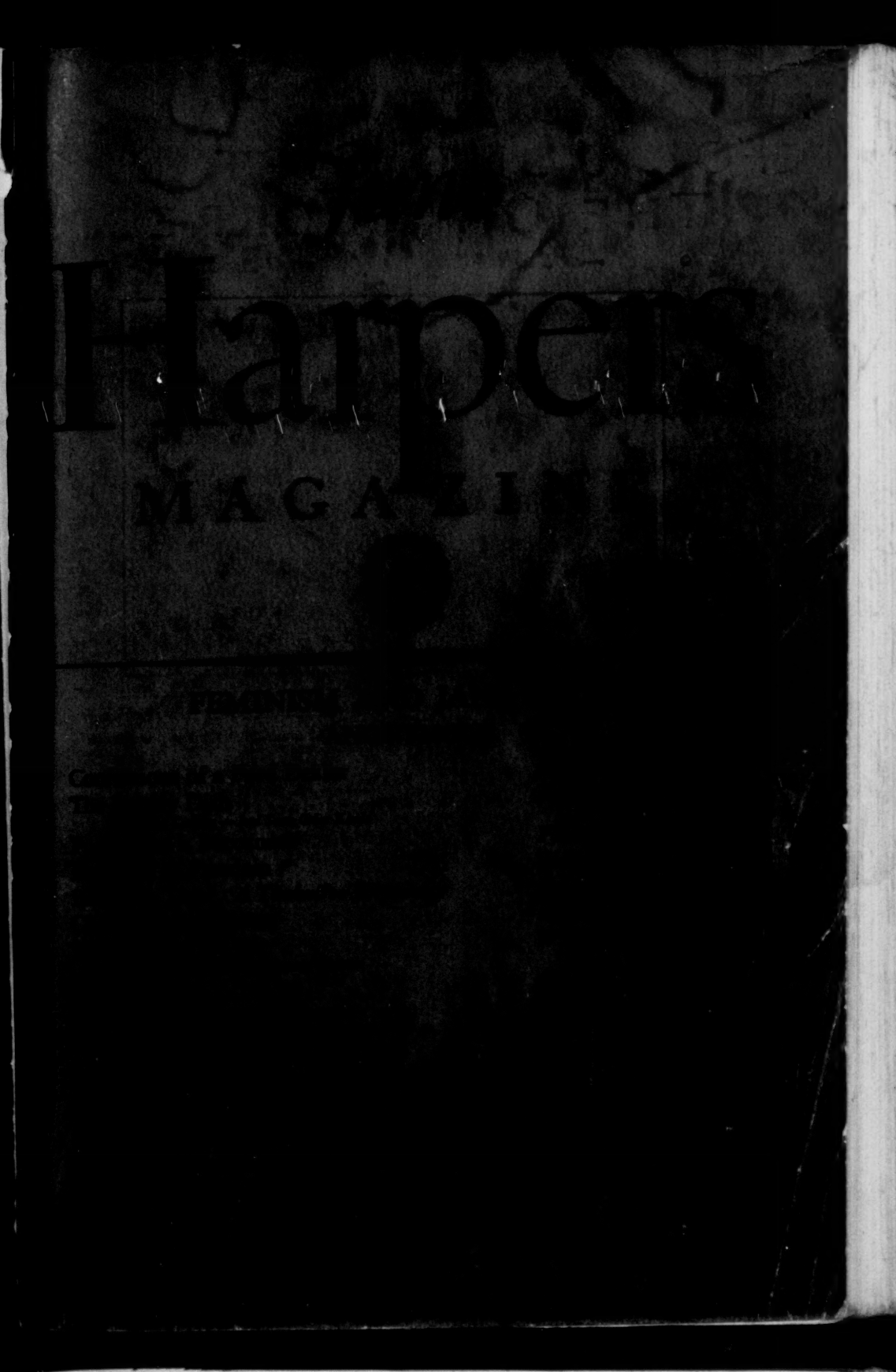
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Harper's Magazine

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JUNE

1927

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

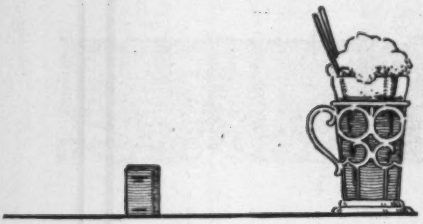
THOUSANDS of new books reach the book marts in bewildering heaps, but they need bewilder none but the salesman, and he is a professional, who deftly sorts and arranges by subject-matter and title, by color and texture. It is often repeated that our age is prolific in bookmaking, but not, necessarily, in literary achievement. Its mechanical progress outstrips its cultural growth.

"When I saw television used for the first time," remarked an observer who was present at that remarkable test, "I realized that although it was one of the great inventions of the age, we had nothing to say. Platitudes passed over the wire, much like the first telephone messages across the Atlantic." A seasonal survey of new books shows many trial balloons ascending and bursting in the upper air. What of it? If the season yields us half a dozen remarkably good books in any field, the writing and publishing of thousands of new books will have been justified.

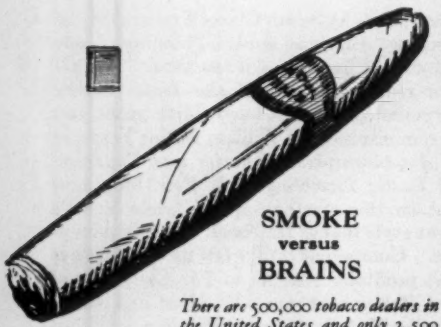
There are few great achievements in this season's books, but the general average is very high; and the man who reads a dozen fine books a year will find much to hold his interest. Biography, history, criticism, and travel are better represented than fiction. *Emerson and Others* by Van Wyck Brooks is a new light on an older philosopher, written by one of the brilliant critics of our time. Benjamin Robert Haydon's *Autobiography and Memoirs*, now reprinted, opens vistas on the early Nineteenth Century in England. The fine inspiration that runs through *The Road to the Temple* by Susan Glaspell makes this an important American spiritual biography, one that should live through the years. We all have read much about the Irish literary movement of the last twenty-five years, but the reminiscences of William Butler Yeats, in his *Autobiographies: Reveries over Childhood and Youth; Trembling of the Veil* throw new light on this startling epoch, while Yeats's fluent style makes this book a happy adventure. Competent critics tell us that there is most profitable reading in *The Early Life of Lord Morley* by Francis W. Hirst and *James Bryce* by H. A. L. Fisher; I should enjoy reading both were the day a bit longer and my task less concerned with quantity. These are all books with meat in them, carefully prepared studies and biographies that repay the reader who does not have to hurry from cover to cover.

Even many of the books that appear sprightly and journalistic have behind them much study and careful inquiry; many other books, also interesting, are like articles written for the Sunday newspaper, and have about the same length of life. One expects a book to be a bid for permanence, but there is really no reason why this should be so. A book, after all, is merely a method of communicating ideas or placing conversation in a more convenient form. Through all the ages men have put between covers writing that was of no more value than a chat with a neighbor across the hall. So don't let us take everything we find in a book too seriously.

If I were searching for new books that were bound to have something profitable in them, I should by all means want *The Rise of American Civilization*, by Charles A. and



The sweet tooth as opposed to the keen mind, In America per person we spend $18.15 for candy, ice cream and soda to $1.10 for books; or over 16 times as much for sweets as for books.



SMOKE
versus
BRAINS

There are 500,000 tobacco dealers in the United States and only 2,500 bookstores. 200 times as much effort to supply smoke as to supply brains.

50,000,000
Books

In Russia nearly 5 times as many books are sold each year as in the United States. The figures are 240,000,000 to 50,000,000.

A Word About the Editors
—*from the St. Paul News*

"The European idea of publishing books much in the same fashion as magazines are published has finally reached America.

"Its imposing title is the Literary Guild of America. To belong to an organization bearing such an implication of the intellectual should, in itself, be worth the price of admission to the dwellers in Hawk's Centers. Its list of editors is no less imposing.

"Carl Van Doren—editor-in-chief, who in the sanctums of the Guild offices and mayhap even up in his chair in Columbia University, puffs at one of those cosmopolitan corncob and clay pipes.

"Glenn Frank—late editor of Century, whose eyes, it is said, have not been sullied by reading a novel in these now five years but whose taste in history, philosophy and such cannot be sneezed at without stirring the placid waters of Lake Minnetonka (Wis.).

"Elinor Wylie—perhaps the best of our lady poets, even when writing novels, and of whom James Branch Cabell said that she headed the national parade in feminine erudition.

"Hendrik Willem van Loon—who has reduced mankind, the Bible, et al, to words of one syllable, plus pictures.

"Joseph Wood Krutch—who writes in the Nation the most penetrating of dramatic reviews and who played the 'Liebestraum' from Freud over the memory of the late Mr. Poe."

(**Zona Gale**—is the sixth editor. She is the author of Miss Lulu Bett, Preface to a Life, and other widely read novels.)

St. Paul News goes on to say—

"But seriously—these eminent personages of the literary world are going to select one original manuscript a month and see to its publication and distribution. One may subscribe to it as one would to a magazine and thus cut the cost materially."

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EVERYTHING bound between two covers is not literature.

There are thousands of books published each year which are meant to be read in a few minutes and forgotten. As things are organized, these have to be put out in the same form and bought at the same price as really good books. It is the purpose of the Literary Guild of America to have nothing to do with that kind of book.

It is the aim of the Guild to choose only books of permanent literary value, books which you will read when you get them, which will be important when they come out, but which you will read again in six months, in a year, which will be a permanent part of your life, which will be the classics of the future.

To understand exactly what we mean, imagine yourself living in the time of Hawthorne, and imagine that there was such a thing as the Literary Guild in existence then. In that day you would have gone into a bookstore and as the result of much talk bought a book by Mary Jane Holmes. You would have had something printed on paper, something of little real worth, something of no permanent power. But if the Guild had been in existence, you would have received instead a copy of "The Scarlet Letter," which your descendants would have been reading today.

That is what the Guild is trying to do. For the editors of the Guild, passing fads do not exist. Its books will be permanently important, either in content or in literary value. Look over the list of editors of the Guild. They are sufficient promise of what you will get. They are sufficient promise that books you might have missed will reach you.

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You can get twelve books—one each month—at much less than the twelve would cost in the book stores. This is due to two things. First, all members of the Guild must subscribe in advance, so that instead of twelve sales a year we make one sale. Second, because by having this advance subscription, we are able to get out twelve books in definite editions in advance, so that not one copy is wasted — none lie idle on booksellers' shelves, none are wasted in our own stock rooms. Each copy goes to a definite subscriber.

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Among the New Books

Mary R. Beard, which at this writing I have just begun to read with much attention. Two solid volumes they are, but by no means necessarily for experts. With it I should want to read Hendrik Willem van Loon's *America*, and Richardson Wright's *Hawkers and Walkers in Early America*. No doubt *A Methodist Saint: The Life of Bishop Asbury* by Herbert Asbury fits into this category. I have read this book and found it an admirable picture of early evangelism in America, as well as a well-rounded story of a redoubtable character. The book of autobiography and essays by Count Hermann von Keyserling called *The World in the Making* gives us some sidelights on life in America, for the philosopher views America as the principal example of a technical, mechanical culture; and those who have followed Keyserling in his *Travel Diary* will want to read also his own story of his mental growth, told in a short sketch. There is very little new poetry available this season, but admirers of Edna St. Vincent Millay will want *The King's Henchman*, the text of her opera, and everyone will want to read the outstanding poetic contribution of the season, *Tristram* by Edwin Arlington Robinson.

DONN BYRNE
Author of "Brother Saul"

I have not touched at all on fiction in this résumé. There is always so much of it—and we all read it without a guidebook. Now and then an extraordinary work by a newcomer, such as *The Time of Man*, needs a fanfare, but for the most part devoted readers of fiction absorb stories as they do the day's newspaper.

We have, fortunately, such names as James Boyd, Knut Hamsun, Thomas Mann, Julia Peterkin, Olive Schreiner, Edouard von Keyserling and Francis Brett Young on the season's list, as well as a long, long line of entertainers, who do their turn and take their applause in our literary vaudeville.

A NOVEL BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

The new novel by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, *The Old Countess*, is again a study of contrasting types of character set down in France. With that fine command of a situation which was shown at its best in *The Little French Girl* the author has told the story of four people—Dick Graham, an English painter, sojourning with Jill, his wife, in Buissac, a little town in the Dordogne; the old Countess, Comtesse de Lamouderie, who lives alone with her servants and a companion, a girl named Marthe Luderac. Interest centers on the love which Marthe inspires in Graham, and which is nurtured by the crafty opposition of the Countess. Jill, on the other hand, is shown as a very comprehending woman, with a fine understanding of her husband's qualities. The four are thrown together and Graham begins painting a portrait of the old Countess, in the course of which he learns much that is intended to prejudice him against Marthe. This poor child suffers because her mother committed murder in a fit of passion—a *crime passionel*. Graham seeks her out and finds much to attract him; Jill, realizing the strength of his affection for Marthe, is willing to give him up. Meantime the old Countess tries to build up a series of lies about Marthe, which confuse but do not deflect Graham. This is merely a brief résumé of the essential conflicts in the story; the ability of Anne Douglas Sedgwick lies in her knowledge of human psychology. What she does with these involved emotions is remarkable, but readers of *Adrienne Toner* and *The Little French Girl* know of what she is capable, and will not be disappointed in her new book. The story is not always attractive, nor does the catastrophe at the end show much invention, but as the principal interest of the tale is in the author's handling of the psychological factors, this is not a drawback; the ending,

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Why the Book-of-the-Month Club guarantees its subscribers against dissatisfaction, and how.

THE purpose of the Book-of-the-Month Club is a very simple one, but many people misunderstand it. It was organized primarily to prevent you from missing the outstanding new books. Think over the last few years. How many good books have appeared, which you were anxious to read, but which you never "got around to," because you were either too busy or too neglectful. The Book-of-the-Month Club is an absolute insurance against this happening in the future.

Many people think, however, that if they subscribe to the Book-of-the-Month Club service they will be obliged to accept one new book a month, whether they like it or not. Such an idea repels them. Nobody wants someone else to choose his reading. Nobody wants his choice of books limited to a few a year. Now, in actual fact, Book-of-the-Month Club subscribers *have a wider range of choice among the new books, and actually choose their books with more discrimination*, than was ever possible before. How is this effected?

Every month *all the important new books are submitted, by the publishers themselves*, to the Selecting Committee of the Book-of-the-Month Club. This committee consists of Henry Seidel Canby, chairman; Heywood Broun, Dorothy Canfield, Christopher Morley and William Allen White. By a system of independent voting, they choose what they consider the outstanding book each month. The theory is—and it works!—that any book appealing strongly to a majority of five individuals (of such good judgment and such differing taste) is *likely* to be a book that few intelligent people will care to miss.

But neither the Book-of-the-Month Club, nor the members of the Committee, consider this verdict infallible. It is nothing but a practical method of arriving at an outstanding book that *most people* will want. But tastes vary. Your taste should be sacred to you. Accordingly, if you are a subscriber, *you are not compelled, willy-nilly*, to accept the judgment of the committee. On the contrary, you are provided *with a double guarantee* against possible dissatisfaction.

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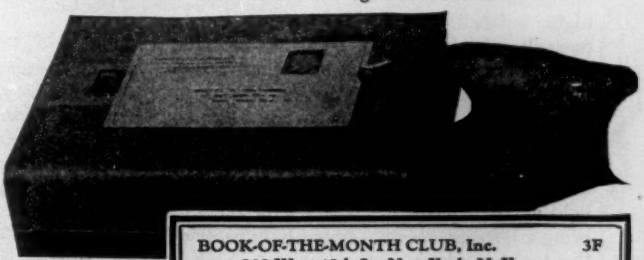

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too, is in keeping with the rest of the story, and the picture of Jill and Graham joining hands in a memorial to Marthe, who was always kind to dumb animals, seems like the calm that must come after every emotional storm. To my mind *The Little French Girl* was a more successful story, but I doubt not that many readers will find *The Old Countess* easily its equal. (The Houghton Mifflin Co.)

A NEW EDITION OF "THE AMERICAN CREDO"

Seven years ago H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan compiled *The American Credo*, a list of preposterous articles of the American faith. And on careful study it did not seem at all preposterous. Now George Jean Nathan has revised the list and added to it, until twelve hundred "representative articles in the fundamental faith of the American people" are here listed. The "Credo" contains such beliefs as that all bolsheviki and anarchists have whiskers; that when a drunken man falls he never hurts himself; that a pretty stenographer is never as competent as a homely one; that if one eats an apple every night before retiring one will never be ill; that the young east-side fellow who plays violin solos at the moving-picture theater around the corner is so talented that if he had the money to go to Europe to study he would be a rival to Kreisler within three years; that lightning never strikes twice in the same place; that lighting three cigarettes with one match will bring a terrible calamity on one or another of the three smokers, and so on and so on—twelve hundred of 'em. To say that the book is amusing is mild, but the entertainment is often at the reader's expense. For although he may laugh hilariously at what he regards as silly prejudice, he will sooner or later find his own pet article of faith listed in the "Credo." Some of these articles are a legacy from older nations in Europe, transplanted to American soil; some are born of yesterday's events close at home. The book is called *The New American Credo*. It should not be mistaken for a heavy, scientific treatise, but it might easily provide the foundation for one. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

COMPTON MACKENZIE
Author of "Rogues and Vagabonds"

THE DAYS OF THE NINETIES

A book of drawings that may interest those who find amusement in considering the foibles of the Nineties is *The Gay Nineties*, by R. V. Culter. The drawings appeared first in *Life*, where they won the approval of Charles Dana Gibson. Gibson has written an introduction to this book in which he says that "doddering, decrepit veterans who have lived to the ripe old age of thirty-five enjoy Mr. Culter's drawings because they reflect so honestly the costumes and customs of their dear, dead youth. Children who have been born in this century relish 'The Gay Nineties' because of their archaeological interest—much as children of my generation were fascinated by the Civil War." Culter has remembered many episodes out of the Nineties. His drawings bring reminiscences of the days of the family surrey, tandems, shirtwaists, Turkish corners in parlors, cigar-store Indians, mandolins, bamboo portieres, bicycle clips, phonographs with ear tubes, folding beds, burnt-leather pillows, and many, many more embarrassing and amusing matters, which once were the height of fashion. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

NEW AND OLD BOOKS ON BEETHOVEN

The increased interest in Beethoven due to the centenary concerts and memorials has caused a demand for books on Beethoven in public libraries. Most of these are well stocked. Within the last month or two a number of new studies have appeared, the most recent one being *The Unconscious Beethoven* by Ernest Newman, the brilliant English critic. Newman contends that Beethoven's work was "the persistent and

Did Germany Precipitate the Catastrophe of 1914?

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Author of History and the Social Intelligence, etc.; Professor of Historical Sociology, Smith College, etc.

The world's greatest historians, scholars, publicists, and diplomats have accepted *The Genesis of the World War* — even before the present revised edition — as full, fair, unanswerable, and uniquely readable. Glance at what has been said of the book by a representative handful of the critics:

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Are not the publishers more than justified in maintaining that to be ignorant of this book is to remain in the dark about the greatest international problem of our age?

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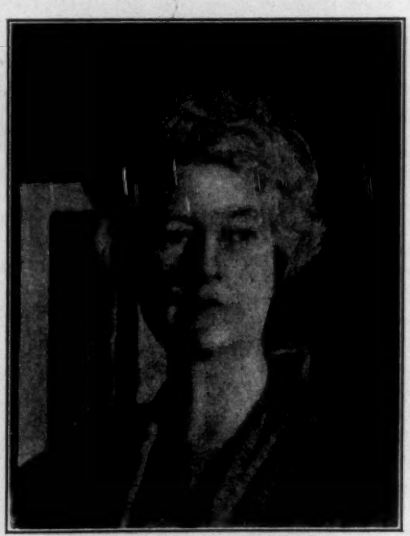
often painful attempt to realize certain principles that were innate in him, and of which he may be said to have been the unconscious instrument rather than the conscious controller." Various other critics disagree with Newman's point of view, although admitting that he has elaborated it in a most interesting work. It is published here by Alfred A. Knopf. There is also available *Beethoven*, by Paul Bekker, a Berlin critic of music. This was first issued in 1912 in Germany, and published in an English translation by E. P. Dutton & Co. in 1925. It is now easily procurable in a new edition. Bekker gives a brief résumé of Beethoven's life but puts most of his emphasis on a study of the music. A new book that deals entirely with the man's life is *Beethoven the Man* written by André de Hevesy and translated from the French by F. S. Flint. Hevesy has taken the principal episodes in the life of Beethoven and thrown them into sharp relief, so that this makes a good book for those desiring a short and dramatic sketch, but it is not a guide to the man's music. One learns how Beethoven was a favorite of the three Brunswick girls in Vienna, and how he came to dedicate the "Sonata quasi una fantasia, Opus 27, No. 2," to the beautiful Julietta Guicciardi. This is the sonata that was later called the Moonlight Sonata by the poet Rellstab. It is clear that Beethoven wrote some love letters to Julietta, three of which are preserved in Berlin and reproduced in this book. The tragedy that separated them was merely the old one of station—Julietta belonged to the nobility. Soon after meeting Beethoven she married a much older man and in time forgot the great composer. Hevesy tells that in 1850, when she was old and fat, she recalled very little of those early days. "Whenever the conversation turned on him who had dedicated to her the 'Moonlight Sonata' the old countess replied with a touch of soft disdain that Beethoven had been her 'music master' and was a man of lofty sentiments, but he dressed very badly." The Hevesy book is published by Brentano's. A great many other books on Beethoven are available. The Brooklyn Public Library, in its bulletin for April, lists works on its shelves as well as a great number of music books. It mentions that *Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas* by William Behrend has been added to the International Library of Books on Music by J. M. Dent & Co., London. Among the older books on Beethoven are the *Letters* edited by Alfred C. Kalischer, of which a new edition is also ready; the well-known *Life of Beethoven* by Alexander W. Thayer, which was the first book of that nature to be published; another life by A. M. Diehl, and books bearing the title *Beethoven* published in the course of the last twenty years from the pens of Romain Rolland, Vincent D'Indy, G. A. Fischer, J. S. Shedlock, W. R. Wagner, H. A. Rudall, and D. G. Mason. Numerous studies of the Beethoven music have been published, some of the best-known bearing the names of Hector Berlioz, P. F. Weingartner, Sir George Grove, and Edwin Evans.



ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK
Author of "The Old Countess"

AN AMERICAN SAGA

The fact that the world is largely what you bring to it becomes clear again in *An American Saga* by Carl Christian Jensen. Here is no bitter chronicle, yet Jensen faced enough hard tasks, met with enough rebuffs to supply a pessimist with forty volumes of gloom. But Jensen was not made that way. His book tells the story of a boy from Denmark who found happiness in the United States. His father was a longshoreman, his mother took in washing. From the windows of his childhood schoolroom he caught a vista of the sea and the ships that passed upon it. In the village tavern he heard sailors tell large tales. And so a love

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for the sea held him fast, and at sixteen he was already living in the holds of ships. Here he labored with strong, maimed, distorted men, feeding coal to the fire and keeping the steam gauge at the proper level. When he got his feet on the ground in New York City he faced other hard tasks—labor of a menial sort, paying just enough to keep body and soul together. But he made his way, taking all sorts of arduous jobs, studying in night schools, picking up a smattering of the language, learning the ways of the city. While living in a garret he fell in love with the landlady's daughter. She was as tenacious as he, and after they married the fight went on. An education was his aim. The story of how he fought to acquire this, and of how he supported himself and his family through those years is an American epic. His first attempt was to train himself for a missionary by attending a Bible school in the Middle-West, which he calls "Doomsday." He peddled Bibles, tutored, hauled fuel, pulled roots for the farmers. "When I hauled a trainload of soft coal from depot to seminary the president once gave me a wagonful. It was then thirty-five degrees below zero." Yet the time came when he outgrew the seminary and headed for the University of Minnesota. The story of his struggle there is a remarkable tale, one that is so rarely told. Again he labored at every conceivable job and finally won his diploma, never losing interest in things and in people. It seems but natural that a man with his type of mind should find it a welcome task to understand the problems of other men. Jensen tells how he approached them by way of the social sciences, psychoanalysis and behaviorism, and finally, taking work in New York City that involved his close association with frail and unfortunate human beings, learned to know men. "A flimsy feeling had made many a murderer. A breath of air stood between life and death, as I so vividly realized in my own childhood. Yet a slight change in the point of view and in the environment—and man learned to get along with himself and to live in harmony with others. Science was lifting the underworld out of drainage level. And I was giving a shoulder."

This is an unusual book for these times, when most men of talent are engaged in bemoaning the defects of their age. There is nothing bitter in Jensen's tale, despite what he has seen and experienced. Moreover, he writes with gusto and enthusiasm. His

desire to become a part of the United States, his wish for an education, were wholehearted. He never lost interest in America, and he never ceased to love his wife. One can easily recommend such a book, always wishing that there were two volumes of it instead of one. (Little, Brown & Co.)

SACCO AND VANZETTI

For those who are perplexed by the issues involved in the famous criminal case in Massachusetts there is ready *The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti* by Felix Frankfurter. This is the story of two Italians condemned to die for murder during a payroll holdup. Many eminent men and various organizations have interested themselves in these men and have contended that the verdict is unjust and the state's case is the result of hysteria against the "Reds" rather than prosecution for a crime. Professor Frankfurter, who is a skilled lawyer, at one time associated with the government, and now at Harvard University, has written a study that makes the case appear as a terrible miscarriage of justice. A wide reading of the booklet is recommended to all who are interested in freedom and tolerance. If Professor Frankfurter has stated the case at all accurately much more is at stake in Massachusetts than the liberty of two men. (Little, Brown & Co.)

FOR RARE-BOOK COLLECTORS

America is rapidly becoming a nation of rare-book collectors. Meantime prices for rarities are mounting. Often rare books are bought up by wealthy men solely for the aroma of culture that goes with them, but they cannot fail to be beguiled by what is written in the pages. Many young men, just out of college, are forming the basis for excellent collections. Every once in a while someone writes me asking how to judge rare books, and how to know a first edition. Very little has been written on the technic of collecting, so that I have had to reply in voluminous letters. Now comes a book that will serve an excellent purpose to the collector. *A Primer of Book Collecting* by John T. Winterich, issued by Greenberg, New York City, is just what its title implies. It takes you step by step through the mazes of this science, or profession, or mania, or whatever it is. It answers all questions an amateur might ask—why some books are rare, and others common, why a typographical error increases the value of some books, and re-

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mains a blemish in others, why books with the author's name scrawled in them are of more importance than one autographed by Aunt Sue to her dear nephew on Christmas, 1896. The author is practical, and a realist. He holds out hope for the beginner: there are still available many fine books at low prices. "Once the number of collectors begins to approach the supply of available books—and such a condition might come to pass over night—an immediate bull market will follow," says he. Hereafter I shall refer correspondents to this excellent primer.

PLAYS IN BOOK FORM

White Wings, by Philip Barry, had a moth-like existence as a play in New York City, but it won many fine opinions. And in book form, issued by Boni & Liveright, it reads extraordinarily well. Perhaps it was not robust enough to survive behind the footlights. Readers will enjoy its light, satirical humor; it provides a fascinating commentary on our manners since the coming of the automobile. There is an unusual scene between a cabby and his horse.

Chicago, by Maurine Watkins, comes with the added prestige of being the first of a series of modern plays selected by George Jean Nathan for *The Theatre of Today*. *Chicago* is a rough and tumble caricature of life in what Nathan calls "the Illinois frontier town that hides behind a mask of metropolitan civilization and that is yet actually not far removed, either geographically or spiritually, from that other Illinois hell-pot called Herrin." Readers who look for an idyllic tale of bucolic life will now know what to expect.

Plays by W. Somerset Maugham are usually good reading. *The Constant Wife* has now been issued in book form by the George H. Doran Co. As usual it sparkles—and this brilliance, delivered capitally by Miss Ethel Barrymore in the play, survives in the printed page.

Finally *Marco Millions*, by Eugene O'Neill, is ready in book form. It has been published before production. The author says in his foreword: "This play is an attempt to render poetic justice to one long famous as a traveler, unjustly world-renowned as a liar, but sadly unrecognized by posterity in his true eminence as a man and a citizen—Marco Polo of Venice. The failure to appraise Polo at a fair valuation is his own fault. He dictated the book of his travels but left the traveler out. He was no author. He stuck to a recital of what he considered facts and

the world called him a liar for his pains. Even in his native Venice he was scoffingly nicknamed the 'millionaire' or 'Marco Millions.' They could not take seriously his impressive statistics about the 'millions' of this and the 'millions' of that in the East. Polo, the man of brass tacks, became celebrated as an extravagant romancer and ever since has traveled down the prejudiced centuries, a prophet without honor, or even notoriety, save in false whiskers. This has moved me to an indignant crusade to whitewash the good soul of that maligned Venetian."

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

The coming of the warm weather, with its gentle breezes and glorious sunshine after the bleakness of winter, brings to many the thought of ocean travel and other lands. And two of our readers turn to England for their "blue days and fair." Mrs. T. M. Barnes, Philadelphia, Pa., and Leila Weincroft, Memphis, Tenn., requested guidebooks on England and Great Britain. Those which they will find useful are: *Muirhead's England*, $6.00, The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York City; *So You're Going to England*, $3.00, by Clara E. Laughlin, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Mass.; and *Baedeker's Great Britain*, $5.00, Charles Scribner's Sons, Fifth Avenue, New York City. For a descriptive guide there is *As It Is in England*, $2.50, by Albert Osborne, Robert H. McBride and Co., 7 West 16th Street, New York City. . . . Paul Kenyon, Springfield, Ill., wishes books on travel, to read, not to use, and his country is all Africa. He will find interesting reading and accurate information in the following books: *What About North Africa?*, $3.00, by Hamish McLaurin, Charles Scribner's Sons (address given above); *Berbers and Blacks*, $3.00, by David P. Barrows, The Century Co., New York City; *South Africans*, $3.50, by Sarah G. Millin, Boni & Liveright, 61 West 48th Street, New York City; *In Barbary*, $4.00, by Alexander H. Powell, The Century Co. . . . Mabel Armstrong, Baltimore, Md., wants the name of the publisher of the novels of Jane Austen edited by J. A. Chapman. These are published by The Ox-

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ford University Press, New York City, in a set of five volumes and are sold in sets only at $10.00 for the set. Having for some time owned Volume 1 in the Loeb Classical Library Edition of the translation of Suetonius, Mr. Walter Peary, Boston, Mass., wishes to know if Volume 2 in now available. We are able to inform him that the second and last volume is now published and can be purchased from the publisher, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 West 45th Street, New York City, $2.50 in flexible cloth and $3.50 in flexible leather . . . . From San Francisco, Cal., Miss Jennie Raymond writes to learn how many novels there are entitled "The Rosary." There is only one: *The Rosary* by Florence Barclay, which can be had in two editions, the original edition put out by G. P. Putnam's Sons at $2.00 and the reprint published by Grosset and Dunlap, New York City, at $.75. . . . Samuel Ryder, Akron, Ohio, asks for a complete list of Theodore Dreiser's works. The titles follow: *An American Tragedy*, 2 volumes, $5.00; *A Book About Myself*, $3.50; *A Hoosier Holiday*, $5.00; *Free, and Other Stories*, $2.00; *Hey Rub-a-dub-dub*, $2.00; *Jennie Gerhardt*, $2.50; *Plays of the Natural and Supernatural*, $2.00; *Moods, Cadenced and Declaimed*,. signed, limited edition, $7.50; *Sister Carrie*, $2.50; *The Color of a Great City*, $3.50; *The Financier*, a new edition, $3.00; *The Genius*, $3.00; *The Hand of the Potter*, $1.75; *The Titan*, $2.50; *Twelve Men*, $2.00; and *Chains* which is due to be published late in May. All are published by Boni & Liveright, New York City. . . . It remained for a resident of New York City to send in a request that was unusual and, realizing that this is so, she asks, if we must print it (adding that she hopes we shall in order to enlighten others who, she is certain, are as ignorant as herself and as shy about displaying their ignorance), that we please use her initials, F. C. M. Her plaint is the settling of the question as to whether or not George Eliot is a man. Also, if she is a woman, why she wrote under a man's name. George Eliot was a woman, and the

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reason for using a man's name is that when she was writing no woman was supposed to do work of any kind save in the home, to have no knowledge or interests other than in things pertaining to home affairs. Had she written under her own name, she not only would have disgraced herself and her family, but no one would have read her books, because it was inconceivable that a woman had brains enough to write anything. Also, it is doubtful if her books would have been published. This is also the reason for choosing "George," because it was considered a particularly masculine name and no one would think of it in connection with a woman. . . . In answer to our request for a copy of *The Common Law*, came three letters. We are pleased to say the correspondent now has the book and we wish to thank those who so generously offered their copies.

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THE FIRST MATE

By Charles W. Hawthorne

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VOLUME 155 JUNE 1927

Harpers Magazine

FEMINISM AND JANE SMITH

ANONYMOUS

IT IS surprising, to the casual observer, that in the discussions of feministic theory, formal and informal, which he has heard or taken part in very few have consented to be anything like fundamental. Talk and books alike seem to rest their argument on political or social conditions which, in the nature of things, must constantly be changing. There is no reason to suppose that if Greece and Rome passed we shall endure; and no man can say how, or when, we shall perish. What is certain is that our best chance of preserving our civilization is to separate, in all weighty matters, the essential from the accidental; and, in determining our attitude, to rest, as far as possible, on facts that are not going to change with political, or economic, or even ethnic fashions.

Nothing is more striking to the same casual observer than the failure, on the part of feminists and anti-feminists alike, to bring sex, as such, into the discussion; their tendency, in other words, to argue forever about the social or economic by-products of the physical fact without once examining the physical fact itself to see what it implies. Whether discussion of child-insurance and maternity relief is considered more delicate than discussion of the marriage-relation, which stands causally behind these other problems, I do not know. Very likely; for we seem to sidestep any reference to "male and female," though we may prate as much as we like of romantic love, or repression, or complexes. Yet it would seem to be clear that you can get at no satisfactory solution of the political, social, or economic relations between the sexes without considering the respective roles which Nature has assigned them in the fundamentally and eternally important business of reproducing the race. Nature is concerned—as far as male and female go—only with that. What creative evolution may eventually do to modify the process of reproduction now existing it would be idle to speculate upon. Certainly, as far as we know, ever since the human race has been what we call human, children have been begotten, conceived, and born in one way and one way only. To the race in general, the

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average man is significant chiefly as a potential or actual father, the average woman as a potential or actual mother. Passion is thrown in as a bait and a lure, to one end alone.

Psychology (in the non-laboratory sense) counts much more for the average person than pure science or pure philosophy. Even a biologist is human outside his laboratory; as a feminist is human when he or she steps off the platform. The average person does not think about his own human relations so much as he feels about them. It is not from the point of view of pure science that you can discuss these things, because all sorts of complicated reactions enter into the decisions and opinions of the average person. The writer is attempting to discuss them only from a widely human—a merely psychological—point of view. Nor is this intended for an exhaustive discussion: only as a reminder of certain facts that many special pleaders, on both sides, have omitted to mention. The great omission, as has been said, is the omission of any reference, direct or implied, to the respective roles of the two sexes in reproducing their kind.

It is an interesting fact that the most rational lists of the "twelve greatest women" with which we were not long ago afflicted mentioned only women who were unmarried or childless. Some people who sentimentalized motherhood were even, I believe, offended thereby. The fact is interesting only in passing, as a straw to show which way the winds of the ages blow. Anyone who has ever given thought to the matter would have expected it. Through all the ages, the respectable wife and mother has been a very rare achiever of distinction in any field of creative work. The "great" women (in the sense of artistic or intellectual success) have been for the most part either unmarried or childless—or frankly contemptuous of the conventions of their world. This fact, as I say, need not detain us. The sex is merely running true to form. What is more important is that a large number of the women who are most vociferous about what used to be called "women's rights," about the whole question of women's "equality" with men, are either unmarried or childless. There are, of course, notable exceptions; but the reader, I believe, will agree that a large number of the feminist agitators have never borne a child. The writer would respectfully submit that a woman who has never borne children, while she may be perfectly qualified to speak about the rights and needs of the exceptional woman, is positively unqualified to speak about the needs and rights of the average woman. Of plain Jane Smith, married and a mother, she knows very little.

The mystical attitude is a dangerous one to adopt towards any subject. Yet it is the attitude that determines the sacramental idea; and the sacramental idea is far older and far more nearly universal than any Church. It inheres in the commonest counsels of the race; it lies at the bottom of all such familiar tags as "you never can tell till you've tried it," and "must be experienced to be appreciated." A sacrament is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace—that is, at least, the definition of the Christian Church. But, to take it more widely, a sacrament is a physical fact which has a spiritual significance that could not be apprehended without the physical experience prescribed. You do something or other with your body in order to learn something with your soul. The Church made marriage a sacrament fairly early; it never, with its secular bias against women, made childbearing a sacrament. To most people ecclesiastical notions of sacraments make very little difference nowadays. Yet most people cling to the belief that there are certain experiences you must have yourself in order to reason properly about their significance. No one, I think, would put a monk or a nun on the jury that was considering a *crime passionel;* no one would ac-

cept a teetotaler's decision as between two brands of champagne. Mrs. Jane Smith, mother of children, may be less well equipped intellectually to discuss feminism than Miss Mary Jones; but she knows something that Miss Mary Jones cannot derive from an intellectual process.

II

One does not suppose that Jane Smith is usually—taking the planet over—particularly well able to reason. The average person is not. But, if she can reason, she is possessed of fundamental facts to go on, with which Mary Jones is not provided. Let us suppose, for a moment, that Jane Smith is articulate, and dispassionate; not bewildered, or resentful, or sentimental. She is likely enough to be all three—especially the last, for on no fact of life has more sentimentality been misspent than on motherhood. Partly, in our Western world, no doubt, a matter of defense: the Church thrust women all along the line into an inferior position, and women had to find such consolation as they could. Certainly the cult of the Blessed Virgin must have been a great help to a repressed and downtrodden sex. Nothing, it must be admitted, is as simple as all that; but the statement may pass as suggestive of a truth. Returning to Jane Smith, let us suppose her, as we said, articulate; able, to some extent, without religious or egotistical prepossessions, to state her case in the light of her own adventure, to view herself as a human being who has undergone certain normal and universal experiences.

She knows, first of all, that childbearing is a physically humiliating experience: such a surrender of bodily integrity as the other half of the race knows nothing of and can hardly imagine. The social attitude to motherhood may differ widely with civilizations. To the Chinese woman, to the Hindu woman, it may be the sole great source of legitimate pride. To the English or American woman it may, on the other hand, be an occasion for the sympathy, if not the pity, of her friends. We will not deal with these accidental points of view. We are giving Jane Smith an English name, as a matter of convenience; but we are for the moment regarding her simply as a female human being, paying no attention to climate, religion, or social status.

Stripped of the prestige value which may or may not, at any given epoch, in any given country, be attributed to the feat of maternity, childbearing remains, as we said, a humiliating experience. Jane Smith, who has been a mother, knows it. The maternal instinct is strong in most women; and few mothers would ask back, if they could, the price that they have paid. Hypatia's refusal to "suffer tortures fit only for slaves to bear" would find, perhaps, no far-reaching echoes. Nor is it the fact of pain that gives Jane Smith pause when she considers the implications of her role in life. Pain is not confined to her sex, and she knows it. No woman suffers in childbirth as countless soldiers suffered in the late war; though it must be remembered that the pain of childbirth is the only absolutely inevitable pain which Nature has provided for those who live what Nature considers the normal life. People may die even, suddenly and without suffering. It is being done constantly. Pain is likely to come to all of us during our three-score years and ten; but it is sure to come to the woman who marries and has children. The cards are stacked against her.

Still, as we said, pain is so nearly universal a fact that we will not dwell on it. People, moreover, both men and women, often deliberately incur or accept pain for reasons of altruism. It is not pain that makes Jane Smith feel that she knows more about the position into which her sex is thrust by the Universe than the childless woman can know. It is rather, as we said, the humiliation of the experience. Modern science has mitigated the suffering and the dangers of maternity, so that the modern woman

who can afford nurses and specialists need dread the mere childbearing no more perhaps than the Red Indian woman does. Her more delicate and complicated system may suffer more after-effects than the savage woman's; but on the other hand she has chloroform and ether on her side. What science has not done, cannot do, never can do is to make it a decent business. The race avoids pain when it can; any woman will choose the best care she can have at such a time, for the sake of the future as well as the present, for the sake of her children as well as for her own; but the fact remains that, were it not for natural cowardice, Jane Smith would prefer the solitude of the Apache woman's labor to the ministrations of obstetricians. The only way in which Jane Smith, mother of children, can put up with her memories is to discard them. This, with the astonishing gift humanity has of forgetting the unpleasant when it is once over, she manages to do. But her experiences have inevitably, if she is a reflective person, modified her attitude to herself. She will never, having borne a child, feel the same creature again. Passion may be a shared thing; in any case, if a woman loves a man truly, she is willing—and glad—to be his wife. But the long period of pregnancy, ending with the shattering fact of labor, is something that she must put through alone. She must be ugly, weak, miserable as an isolated individual; and at some hour or other of her prolonged purgatory, she is going to observe, reflect on, vividly and keenly ponder, her husband's immunity. If she is not sentimental, she will not make the mistake of glorifying herself as the sole parent and producer of the child to be born. Some women do that, taking unto themselves all the pride of parenthood. But Jane Smith has an honest mind; she is not going to consider her child more hers than its father's.

Jane Smith is also—remember—perfectly normal: ready to "accept the universe"; she is not going to resent the inequality of the physical burden. The fact that it is absolutely inevitable will in itself reconcile her to it. She believes that the race must go on, and she knows that it can go on only if women everywhere endure what she is enduring. She is not, I repeat, going to resent male immunity, any more than—sensible soul—she resents the precession of the equinoxes. Both are, as far as humanity is concerned, inevitable. But she is going to understand absolutely what was in Euripides' mind when he made Jason cry out against the way in which the race has to be reproduced. She is not going to agree, with her whole mind, for, remember, she has accepted the universe; but she is going to understand Jason's purely masculine point of view better than most men ever can. She is even going to see that to be included in another human being might revolt the imagination, as including another human being within oneself can revolt it. She has had the experience of a complete captivity; she has been the helpless habitation of another human creature; she has been invaded, to the uttermost recesses of her being, by a life not her own. These things do not happen to woman without profoundly modifying her outlook on life, especially her outlook on the problems of her sex.

Love and respect, which make all the difference between rape and the consummation of marriage, make also all the difference between happy and unhappy motherhood. Jane Smith, remember, is normal, is not morbid, is ready to play her part, and is asking only to base her theories on ascertained fact. She sees clearly that if women are to hold their heads high—and they must hold their heads high, for everyone's sake—they must find real compensation for the physical humiliation of marriage and childbearing. Love, which makes all things mystically clear, cannot be too heavily counted on; for it is too much to hope that most marriages, the planet over, will be garments of the great love. Women must go on bearing children,

though they are not heroines of grand opera. Children themselves are not the whole answer, for they are the father's children as much as the mother's, and he has paid no such price, physically speaking, as she has paid.

What Jane Smith discovers, as she ponders, is that Nature has evidently never been preoccupied with making the sexes equal in either dignity or liberty. A child is begotten from the positive impulse, the overwhelming desire of the father; whereas conception is a passive role. To put the case extremely: a woman, as we all know, may conceive a child not only against her will, but when her aversion from the man amounts to horror; she could even conceive a child in a state of complete unconsciousness; whereas no child has ever been begotten except from strong desire—albeit merely physical—on the part of a man. Nature, which is interested solely and supremely in getting the race reproduced, has done only what is needful in the matter. She has stopped short of gratuitous favors. That the race should go on against all discouragements, moral, social, sentimental, it was necessary that some instinct should be well-nigh irresistible. Nature endowed the male with that instinct. It was not necessary to her purpose that the female should be endowed with it as well. It was necessary that women should be, generally speaking, capable of feeling sexual attraction; otherwise we should have the potential mother eternally eluding the potential father. But the mere fact that passion on the woman's part is not in the least necessary to the conception of a child shows where Nature chose to lay her stress and bestow her consideration. Not only did she make the male stronger than the female; she made the reproduction of the race a matter, initially, of his impulse and his volition. She saw to it that fatherhood should in no wise incapacitate him physically. She gave to the female the subservient role.

These facts—the mere alphabet of marriage and parenthood—once looked at for what they are worth, not confused with social or sentimental issues, may well give Jane Smith furiously to think. She comes inevitably to the conclusion, first, that male and female are not, in certain ways, equal; and that female "equality" is the fruit of male pity, or the attempt on the part of sensitive and high-minded men to redress artificially a balance that can never be redressed really. Nothing that women have won, in any society, whether it be chivalrous homage, or financial irresponsibility, or the vote itself, has been won except because men let them win it. On the merely moral side of the matter, Jane Smith will not ponder long, because moral superiority, or inferiority, or equality—whichever it may be—is a very difficult thing to determine. She will probably let it go at saying that men and women are both human beings, and have the defects of their respective virtues. She is interested, remember, merely in finding out what Nature has irrevocably decreed; and Nature has never been in the least preoccupied with morals. She will, on the other hand, linger over the question of the comparative mental powers of the sexes. That, indeed, is the chief point of conflict, for even Miss Mary Jones does not usually argue for the physical equality of the sexes. Miss Mary Jones takes it out in announcing that women are intellectually equal to men. That is the crux of the matter, for feminists and anti-feminists alike.

Jane Smith, then, takes account of stock. She sees her sex given the subservient and the painful role in the reproduction of the race. She sees that whether or not the family be the sole natural unit of society, during the helpless period of the offspring's existence the family has to be, if only temporarily, the unit. The male is given his physical immunity in order that he may be free to provide sustenance for an incapacitated mother and for helpless young. She shrewdly suspects that since he must

have the strength for three, or four, or five, since he must not intermit his natural work, whether he is working for food directly, or indirectly in the form of money, it is his strength and his share in the impersonal work of the world that Nature is interested in. In other words, she suspects that immunity was granted to the better candidate, and that even had the case been reversed, the immune female would have been of less use than the immune male. She does not pretend to speak authoritatively of Nature's belief in the matter; she admits that the causal relation may be different—that the woman may be the lesser person because she has not this immunity. The results, however, seem to her extraordinarily similar. Either the woman is inferior because the passive role (in the full sense of "passive") has been thrust upon her, or the passive role was given her because she was inferior to the male. Remembering that enforced surrender of vital integrity, that subservience and obliteration, Jane Smith shrewdly suspects that Nature, framing her for one tremendous purpose, and one only—since the fulfilment of that purpose incapacitates her largely for other tasks—did not waste on woman more strength than she needed, for her peculiar function. In other words, that Nature gave immunity to the sex which could use it best; that if men are left free to do the varied work of the world, it is because they are more fitted for it. And that comes very near, in Jane Smith's honest reflection, to an admission that men are definitely superior. One would certainly expect Nature to handicap the creature that is less fitted to respond to the multitudinous demands of the human society—to withdraw from the world the person the world least needs. Jane Smith is not interested in setting the sexes over against each other; but she realizes, too, that the mere fact of superior physical strength makes for superior mental power. And she does not believe that Nature gave the subservient and suffering role to the female sex merely by way of a compliment, for it would be a very back-handed one. Jane Smith, in her heart of hearts, finds herself suspecting that women, as a sex, are not "up to" men, as a sex.

III

Jane Smith, as I said, is not a morbid, or a sentimental, or a resentful person. She wants only the facts. She will then proceed to square her self-respect with the facts—not the facts with her self-respect. She has probably been bred up in some religion; and most religions grant women souls. Jane Smith is quite sure that if men have souls, she has one, too. If any final spiritual dignity is attainable by human beings, that final spiritual dignity is as much her goal as her husband's. She knows, of course, that all men are not born equal, and that many women are superior to many men. She is not going to sentimentalize her own role, but neither is she going to minimize it. If Nature gave men the physical immunity that frees them to do the work of the world, she gave to women qualities that enable them to preserve, for children and husband, certain priceless elements of existence. The atmosphere of conflict is not the atmosphere to develop those qualities; and the home is not the place where conflict should be necessary. Conflict, and the strength for conflict, belong in the world outside the home. Without sentimentalizing maternity, without, on the other hand, sentimentalizing male immunity, she realizes that her role is ultimately and absolutely important. To be necessary to the fundamental purposes of humanity is dignity enough for a human being. Jane Smith, in her more moral moments, desires not to challenge the male on his own ground but so to harmonize her role with his that male and female, husband and wife, shall present, as it were, a complete working organism for the service of society. She is no saint; and if she is willing to complement the male role instead of

usurping it, it is because she knows that complementing it is the most that, in the end, she can manage with real success; that when Nature itself proclaims her subserviency, her only game is to accept it and make of it a beautiful and dignified thing.

Nor is Jane Smith a reactionary, or a traitor to her sex. She will, I think, welcome any honest achievement of women: she will be the first to applaud those who stand out from the ruck. She will want the women who prefer independent and impersonal endeavor to the more personal task of marriage and motherhood to be successful and praised of men. She will never forget, however, that the woman who has chosen independence of this sort is not the average woman, and cannot decide the problems of the average woman. She realizes that the fundamental problem is not what women can achieve when they evade the duties Nature has imposed upon the sex, but what women can achieve when they fulfil the complete natural destiny. In other words, that the attitude of society at large to female capacity must be determined by the capacity of the wife and mother; and that claims of equality are valid only if the wife and mother issues them and makes them good. It is Jane Smith's firm, if reluctant, belief that the wife and mother—taking the race as a whole—will neither issue the claim, nor make it good; that the present "emancipation" of women has no more permanent significance in human history than had the Kingdom of the Amazons. She would not have women medievally confined—though she will also be well aware that many medieval women carried far heavier responsibilities of a business and administrative kind than most modern women; that they managed estates, held courts, and dealt in politics, to an extent that in this age would be considered extraordinary; that, indeed, the deepest immersion of the female in important affairs has come in periods when her personal submission to the male was complete.

It will be strange if Jane Smith does not in the end wonder whether talk of "equality" will not give place to a sharper definition of differences; whether the maximum efficiency of women as well as men will not be reached by admitting certain inferiorities to begin with, and dealing with life on that basis. Certainly she finds her own dignity, her own self-respect more or less after the fashion of the Christian when he repeats the words "whose service is perfect freedom." The Christian knows that the service of God is not, in many senses, freedom at all. It is only to the man who accepts God without after-thought or reservation that His service is perfect freedom. It is only when Jane Smith accepts her inequalities, her inferiorities, as fundamental and inalterable that she can proceed to envisage herself as free. Freedom is freedom within possibilities; and accepting the universe is the beginning of self-respect. If the sex persists in considering its inequalities as accidental, not fundamental, the war for equality must needs go on. But Jane Smith has decided that Nature has given the lie to those extremer pretensions. She refuses to waste her time on them, therefore.

Since every law of life involves a human duty in relation to it, Jane Smith, who has experienced marriage and maternity, will naturally ask herself what duty of hers is defined or conditioned by the state of affairs that she has found. Let no one be shocked if she comes, at long last, to the conclusion that the reins of government in any normal household can be held ultimately by only one person, and that, as far as she can honestly see, the male would seem to be, as physicians say, "indicated." Men have never shown much disposition to usurp the distinctly female responsibilities; and she will not be hard put to it to keep the governance of the domain that is obviously hers. She will have little time or opportunity, if she wished, to regulate the work her

husband does outside the home: for his impersonal responsibilities are not to his wife but to a stranger. In every household, however, there are questions to be decided which are neither peculiarly woman's nor man's field, yet which affect them both nearly. These are decided by consultation, agreement, or compromise. The only case that presents any difficulty to Jane Smith's reflections is the case of positive disagreement. It is in the nature of a decision to reject one alternative and accept another; without such acceptance, such rejection, there can be no decision—the matter, whatever it is, is left hanging. Practically, that will not do.

To Jane Smith, who has accepted Nature's discriminations against her, comes now the necessity of accepting the logical sequel. Since there are moments when one opinion must prevail, it would seem to her indicated that the opinion of the superior person should prevail. That it may not always, in any given case, be the superior opinion is more unfortunate than significant. Nothing is so destructive as indecision; and it is obvious that if decisions are to be made, there must be some ultimate court of appeal. There cannot be two ultimate courts of appeal. She sees society, in every land, holding the male responsible to the outer world for his wife and minor children. The person who is held responsible is the person who must decide. Jane Smith will probably make up her mind, in the end, that the male has more legitimate pretensions than the female to the dominant role. She may never put it to herself that it is her moral duty to obey her husband, but she will put it to herself that the interests of order and efficiency are best served by his having the final word.

IV

We said that Jane Smith would be the last to grudge to the special case its special opportunity. That is true. She wishes the utmost possible fruition for every woman's gift. Jane Smith is not anti-feminist: far from it. She is not, I think, particularly enthusiastic about women in politics, because she recognizes there the likelihood of a dilemma. The really valuable person in affairs of government—as in every other field—is the trained person. The man who really counts politically is the man who has prepared himself arduously for a political career. The woman who would count politically must also be willing to give her most serious attention, her best years, to some activity that prepares her to govern. The wife and mother cannot do this. During the years when she should have been in closest contact with public problems, she has been given up to problems, equally vital but wholly different, within the home. The women who can really train themselves to be politically valuable are the women who have not spent their youth and early middle-age upon purely personal interests and duties. Jane Smith is a tolerant creature, and loyal, besides, to her own sex; but she notes with apprehension the tendency of the exceptional woman who achieves political standing not only to view public questions from the point of view of her sex, alone, but from the point of view of a minority of her sex. Jane Smith, for example, views with amused alarm the tendency of the feminist to fight for laws that ignore her—Jane Smith's—most fundamental discoveries. She will not support legislation that thrusts all the women of the world into a position that few women, comparatively speaking, hold. She feels that the normal woman, doing her normal job, is no more a business or a political animal than she is a fighting animal. She sees Miss Mary Jones arguing in high places for "rights" that the sex as a whole cannot effectually claim, for responsibilities that the sex as a whole cannot effectively discharge. No law can be fair to all individuals, and Jane Smith thinks it better that Mary Jones should suffer an undeserved eclipse than that the average millions should be thrust into a position which they cannot

fill. She is quite willing to have Mary Jones herself a senator, but she is mortally afraid that Mary Jones, being quite unable to speak for her sex at large (yet usually determined to do just that), will make the sex at large ridiculous by attributing to it powers that it has not.

Jane Smith does not sentimentalize or idealize men; but she sees them obviously fitter, by natural opportunity, for certain tasks than women. Mary Jones does not prove the political value of women any more than the Battalion of Death proved the military value of women. Yes, if Jane Smith is English or American, she will probably cast her vote—for she not only accepts the universe, she accepts the present period of history. If she quietly asks her husband how she shall vote, it is not because she considers herself disqualified to think about these things; it is because every honest voter makes up his mind after much consultation and argument with his kind, and as much tapping as possible of the sources of expert information. Jane Smith is an honest woman, and she has tried consulting her own kind, in vain. She probably prefers her own husband's opinion to the windy echoes of the opinions of other women's husbands.

Undoubtedly Miss Mary Jones could tell her, fluently enough, how to vote; but she is a little afraid of Miss Mary Jones, who seems to her to base her partisanships on misconceptions, if not on ignorance, of Jane Smith. She is not at all sure, that is, that Mary Jones is really speaking for Jane Smith, or can intelligently represent her. She comes near to believing that the father of her children understands her political needs better than the cleverest and most altruistic spinster. Moreover, in her long pondering on masculine immunities, she has come to admire—I will not say envy—most of all the immunity from sudden gusts of emotion and prejudice which even the sanest woman will not escape. She credits men, to be sure, with emotions and prejudices; but she feels that these are usually traceable to something at least more stable than a state of nerves. She who has borne children knows how deeply physical conditions reach down into the nervous system. She knows, too, that the creature to whom physical health is the first of all duties—for the sake of children about to enter or recently entered upon their earthly career—is not the creature best equipped for dispassionate mental effort. The mother's chief duty for long stretches of time is to inhibit her "nerves," and to emulate the placidity (to say nothing else) of the cow. When one considers—as Jane Smith does—that under the best possible conditions each child means one year out of a woman's life: months of pregnancy, during which she must protect the life within her, weeks of labor and its after-effects, weeks or months, probably, of feeding the child from her breast: a period during which most women, given up to this special duty, can hardly be assigned with advantage to any duties more impersonal or public—when one considers these things, one will not lightly say that women stand in a similar position to men for dealing with the affairs of the world.

There has been latterly, in discussion of the equality of the sexes, a certain stress on the word "economic." Economic equality would lay on the woman a financial, legal, and social responsibility equivalent to the man's. This conception of justice need hardly detain us, even though it should momentarily prevail. Jane Smith, the world over, is not going to be able to hold a job as her husband can. Even if she finds employment outside the home, when she can, she is perforce going to belong to the type of casual worker who is the last to achieve the real rewards of labor, the last to be considered important. Even if she sticks through thick and thin to that job, she cannot stick to it as uninterruptedly as the male. Even if the government takes over her children at birth (one of the extremer solu-

tions) she still has to reckon with those intervals when she must pass her job on to someone else, and drop temporarily out of the running. Nor does she see any likelihood of any government's permanently succeeding to the parental role. Both she and her husband know that to no individual, to no system, to no law, can the child ever be so important as to its parents; and in the end the human race will see (as it has hitherto always seen) that the truest economy lies in getting the maximum solicitude for the least expenditure. Parental affection is too profound, too universal a thing not to be capitalized by any successful state.

Feminists will point to the woman who has borne her children young and has reached a comfortable middle age, with health, leisure, and money to attend to intellectual or political affairs. These women, unimpaired in health, free, rich, who have also been able to keep up a continuous intellectual development, are proportionally very few. Not many men who have passed the decade from twenty-five to thirty-five in invalidism bulk big in affairs thereafter. Even leaving actual ill-health out of the question, the seclusion, the special concentration, and the special interruptions of the childbearing years have no better parallel than invalidism. And when Jane Smith considers that for most mothers of children, who cannot hire people to take over their job, the rearing of the children borne adds another decade to the original one, she sees her sex handicapped through half of active life. In the name of common sense, she is not going to turn over the administration of her country to such. Her rough and ready reasoning would run: the normal woman living the normal life is incapacitated for the management of national affairs; and it is dangerous business to let the unmarried and the childless woman be spokesman for the women she does not really represent. The fact that many men in public life are not husbands and fathers counts less. In the first place, most public men are husbands and fathers; and if the fantastic case arose of a Senate and House (for example) composed almost wholly of bachelors, people would sit up and take notice and object. Jane Smith herself would object; but first of all to object would be Miss Mary Jones.

To be sure, as we have said, Jane Smith goes farther. With all her loyalty to the exceptional woman, she does not believe in the equality of the sexes, as a general proposition. She sees no warrant in Nature for such a belief; and Nature is the one thing that cannot be bucked. If Nature has assigned her, in no uncertain terms, a passive and subservient part in the game of life, she feels that her strength lies not in trying to get that assignment reversed, but in perfecting her own role, in being as virtuous, and various, and intelligent, as she can, within her obvious limitations. The superwoman is as useless a criterion as the superman. Jane Smith, facing facts, makes up her mind —reluctantly, it may well be, and after a bitter struggle—that the fair rewards of feministic doctrine have nothing to do with her, and can come her way only theoretically. Therefore, she rejects them.

THE TIGER

A STORY

BY HUGH WALPOLE

LITTLE Homer Brown had one night, after too luxurious a supper, a nasty dream. He dreamed that he was in a jungle. He was lost in a thick dark mass of bush that seemed to rise like a forest with green spikes on every side of him. He walked with naked feet on pointed grass sharp as razor blades, and then he saw shining at him out of the dark mass two burning eyes. Petrified with something more than terror, as one is in dreams, he stood there waiting for the tiger to spring. As the tiger sprang he woke up.

The only thing about this dream was that in the morning he remembered it. He never remembered his dreams, which was a pity, because they were in general pleasant ones, and he had not much romance in his actual waking life. It seemed that he forgot the pleasant ones and remembered the nightmares, which was perhaps characteristic of him because he was of the sort that worries over little troubles and forgets too quickly the larger delights.

He remembered his tiger for three days at least. He told his sister, who kept house for him, and several of his more intimate friends about it. They wisely cautioned him against eating steak just before going to bed. The trouble with him was, as he thought about it, that he was convinced in his heart that there was more in the tiger than steak. He had all his life been afraid of the future, that something would spring out at him one day and eat him up. He was a man small of stature, sentimental of nature, and likely to catch colds. But, like many another Englishman, he was brave enough before the things which he could see. He had so little imagination in general that the things which he could see were the only things about which he did worry. But again, like many Englishmen, he had one thin stream of imagination running underground deep in his subconscious life. He had been aware of the dark steady flow of it on certain occasions. Once, when as a child he had been taken to the pantomime and all the houses in Dick Whittington's London had rocked before the inebriated cook; once in an animal shop in Edgeware Road when he had seen a sad monkey stare at him from behind the window; once when he had proposed marriage to a lady friend and had been rejected, and once when a motor car in which he was riding had killed a black Cocker spaniel.

On such occasions he had seen visions. It was as though the earth had opened up beneath his feet and he had realized that he was walking on a kind of hot pie crust over an underworld of energetic little demons. But for the most part he forgot these revelations and lived quietly enough with his tall, bony sister in a neat little house in Wimbledon, pursuing every morning his successful little insurance job somewhere in the bowels of the city.

And he forgot the tiger.

It was this insurance business that sent him one day to New York. Quite

an adventure for him. Phoebe, his sister, who was as kind as she was tiresome and, though he didn't know it, absolutely necessary to his existence, was disturbed at his going alone. She would have liked greatly to accompany him and hinted at this; but he sniffed at his coming freedom and would not have had her with him for anything. Nevertheless, when he found himself quite alone on the gigantic liner his heart failed him. He discovered that he had lived so long with his particular cronies that he had quite forgotten how to make new acquaintances. He was afraid to play cards lest he should lose his money, he couldn't dance, and for reading he had a kind of shyness as though by giving himself away to a book he was endangering some mysterious part of his morality. So he walked up and down the deck a great deal, very proudly holding his head up and daring any stranger to speak to him, but secretly hoping that some stranger might.

In New York, however, he was not lonely. That warmth and eagerness of hospitality which always astonishes every Englishman and sends him racing through strangely conflicting moods of suspicion, pride and, although he tries not to show it, sentimentality—these caught little Homer Brown by the throat and caused him to think that after all he must be a very fine fellow indeed.

He started with a room at the Brevoort, but this was a little remote for his business, and in a very short while he was staying with a Mr. and Mrs. Moody in West Sixty-ninth Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Moody were very quiet Americans. Mrs. Moody was so quiet that you had to listen very carefully if you wanted to hear what she had to say. Mr. Moody was stout and broad-shouldered but oddly timorous for a Mid-Westerner. You would think to look at him that he would defy the world, but as a matter of simple fact, he couldn't defy a living thing. Englishmen are much more sentimental than Americans, but they are not, of course, so demonstrative. Little Homer conceived slowly a passion for the large, hearty and gentle Mr. Moody, and Mr. Moody, having been brought up in the usual American creed that ten American men were worth only one American woman, was surprised that anybody should pay him much attention. And before Homer Brown returned to England these two had formed a greater friendship than they knew.

Homer Brown was delighted with New York. He loved to feel that every minute of the day was important and it didn't matter to what you were hurrying so long as you hurried. The noise around him excited him as a small rather lonely child is excited at a large children's party where everyone shouts and sings for no especial reason.

At home in Wimbledon he always went to bed at ten o'clock. In New York he found that he could be up till three or four in the morning and not feel at all tired the next day. At least, this was so for the three weeks that his business kept him in New York. It is true that he slept on the boat returning to England for three days and nights almost without a break. The sad thing was that, back in London again, he found himself unsettled. He missed the noise, the hurry, the cold sharp air, the sense of rise and fall as though he were sailing on an invigorating sea of waves and buildings, and he missed very much indeed the warmth of pleasure with which people had treated him. No one in London said that they were delighted to meet you, but only, "Hello, old man. Haven't seen you about lately." No lady in London told him to his face that he was too amusing for anything or that it had been just lovely being with him. And then, oddly, he missed the large Mr. Moody. He had never missed a man's company before. He wrote him a rather affectionate letter, but received no answer. American men have time only for business letters.

And so it happened that he was very quick in maneuvering to send himself back to New York again. He was amazed at his own eagerness when one fine spring day he found himself once more plunging through the Atlantic, straining his eyes toward the Statue of Liberty. His first acute disappointment on arrival this time was to find that the Moodys were in Colorado. Mrs. Moody had not been well and, as Homer knew, the slightest wish on her part was immediate law to Mr. Moody. He had a sentimental feeling that he would like to be near their street, so he found two rooms in one of the West Sixties, rather high up, and out of his window he could see on the left a huge building crashing to the ground and on the right another structure slowly climbing to the sky. Although the Moodys were away, he was not, of course, alone in New York. He had a whole circle of acquaintances and almost every evening he went to a party, bathed in the splendid glamour like a tired business man having a holiday at the seaside. The summer came and he did not return to England, and he did not leave New York. The Moodys were still away, and quite suddenly one hot summer's night he discovered himself to be alone. He sat in front of his open window looking at the pale purple-misted sky, listening to the hooting of the taxis, to the clanging electric hammer, to the wriggling, rasping clatter of the Elevated, and to the flashing of strange adventurous discovery; he had no invitation for that evening and nearly all his friends were away. What should he do? He would just walk out and take the air and let adventure have its own way.

When he had walked for a while he discovered that it is a very strange thing to be alone in New York. He had never been alone there before. He was standing in Fifth Avenue somewhere about Forty-fourth Street when he realized that he couldn't make up his mind to cross the street. He looked down the shining length of that wonderful avenue, saw the packs of motor cars and omnibuses held like animals in leash, knew that he must cross now if ever, and his legs refused to move. The lights changed and the cars swept down, and as they passed him they seemed to him to toss their heads and lick their lips as though they would say, "We should like to find you in our path—toss you in the air and then ride over you. One day we shall lure you forward." I have already said that in the main he had very little imagination, but once and again something stirred it, and it was the gleaming mass of those fiery eyes that held him now prisoner to the pavement. He pretended to himself that he was lingering there admiring the beautiful evening and watching the stars come out along the river of sky which ran between the high cliffs of the buildings. But it was not so. He was frightened. He didn't move because he didn't dare to move. New York was suddenly hostile and dangerous. Guarded by his friends, he had felt until now that the City was benignant and especially gratified that he should be there. The City was benignant no longer. He turned away, his heart beating, and after a while found himself in Broadway. Here was a lovely land—like the fairy play of one's childhood, scattered with silver and golden fruit. He admired the lighted signs, the cascade of silver that poured out of the purple fountain, the great flowers of amethyst and rose that unfolded in the middle of the sky and then faded tremblingly away, the strange figures of dancing men that hung on ropes of crimson fire, turned somersaults, and vanished into thin air. And he loved with a strange trembling passion the building that soared into peaks of silver light far, far above the town. The only fairy palace ever seen by him in actual truth.

He stood staring at these things and was pushed about by the hurrying crowds. He bore them no malice. They, too, were the sharers of this mar-

velous fairyland. And then, withdrawing his eyes from the heights, it seemed to him for the first time that the faces on every side of him were pale and unhappy and apprehensive. The laughter appeared to him loud and false. The haste had something of panic in it. Shrill bells rang through the air. Everyone scattered and pressed against everyone else. The fire-engines came clanging down the street, and it was as though he felt the ground rock under his feet.

He thought that he would go into some show, and after a while he pushed through some doors, paid his money at the box-office for he knew not what, and was conducted by a girl, who looked at him with a sad and weary indifference, into his place. He had been to the theater on many occasions before with his friends and they had always been jolly together, or he had fancied that they had. He had never noticed before that many of the American theaters have no music in the intervals between the acts, nor had he realized how sadly American audiences sit, as though they were waiting for some calamity to occur. He looked on the row of faces that stretched out beyond him to the wall, and they all seemed to him grave, preoccupied, and weary. Again, apprehensive. He had often abused in London the chattering, foolish chocolate-munching sibilants of the theater crowd, but he would have liked them to be with him to-night. The play was strange and odd, and for his Wimbledon propriety extremely indecent. It was concerned with ladies of easy virtue in China who were imprisoned in small gilt cages, and there was a woman with a white Chinese face who terrified him.

As the play proceeded it became for him more and more a bad dream, as though it were his dream and all the people watching it were all his creation. So strange a hold did this gain upon him that during the third act he was largely occupied with wondering what would happen to the audience when he woke up; what would become of them when he stretched his arms and, yawning, found them all vanishing into smoke as he looked around on the familiar things in his Wimbledon bedroom. The last act of the play presented an exotic situation in which a mother finds that she has unwittingly killed her own daughter. This seemed to little Homer the climax of his bad dream and, just as one always wakes up from a nightmare when the final crash arrives, so now Homer got up and walked out although the play was not quite finished.

He hoped that his bad dream was over, but it was not. It seemed to continue with him as he walked through the plunging lights and shadows that played over Broadway. The faces now on every side of him were white and strained; everyone was feeling the heat of the night, and a large silver fountain in the middle of the sky that was forever spilling its water among the stars which it stridently outshone accentuated Homer's thirst so desperately that he went into a drug store and drank a strange sickly concoction of pineapple, ice cream, and soda water.

After that afternoon he never seemed quite to wake from his dream again. He received a letter from his sister urging him to come home. It appeared that for once they were enjoying a beautiful summer in England. It was neither too hot nor too cold. But as he read her letter he had a strange, aching vision of the dark cool lanes, the lap of the sea heard very faintly from across the fields, the sudden dip of the hills and the cottages, of the small villages nestling to the stream, roses and carnations everywhere. Of course he ought to go home. There was nothing to keep him here now. There had been nothing really to keep him this time at all. None of his friends was in New York, the weather would soon be appalling. It was not very comfortable in his lodgings, and he had always a strange little headache that ran like an odd tune, a little distorted, always through his head. Of course he

ought to go home. But he could not. And he could not because he was held in this odd dreaming condition. Could he but wake up he would take the next boat back. Perhaps he would wake up tomorrow.

A few nights later the weather was desperately hot. There was no air, and after a brief sleep he woke to feel his heart pounding in his chest like a hammer. His windows were wide open, but there was no coolness. He lay there on his bed, his pajama jacket open, and the sweat pouring from his body. He threw off his pajamas, plunged into a cold bath, and then lay a little comforted, quite naked, on the top of his bed. As he lay there he heard, beneath the sharp staccato cry of an occasional car, a kind of purr as though someone were gently sleeping nearby. Purr, purr, purr. . . . It was not, he assured himself, the breathing of an individual, but simply the night sound of the City. He had never heard it quite like that before; and between the breathing there came short restless sounds as though someone were turning over or brushing something aside as he moved. The sound had a little of the rhythm of a train when in a sleeping-car you wake in the middle of the night. Rhythm translating itself into a little tune, but this was not so much a tune as a measure that advanced and then receded and then advanced again. He had the idea that it was almost as though someone were walking in his sleep, padding stealthily along the quiet streets beyond his window and, so thinking, at last he fell asleep.

Everyone who has lived in New York during hot weather must have noticed that the town seems to change completely its inhabitants. Those who can afford it leave the City. But many of the inhabitants, Southerners, negroes, South Americans who are accustomed to great heat, pervade the streets with a kind of new ownership. They have a sort of pride as though this were their weather and they alone know how to deal with it. They walk about as though they owned the town. Homer, coming one morning out of his door, noticed passing him a large, stout, honey-colored negro. Rather a handsome fellow with the free disengaged movements of an animal. His big heavy body was clothed in dark, quiet garments, and he passed with lithe, springy gestures. Homer did not know why he noticed him. The negro did not look at him but passed on with his strange determined ease down the street. That evening Homer met him again. "He must live near here," Homer thought. Then he had a curious idea. "If he were naked and in a dark forest you would think that he was an animal."

That night once again Homer dreamed of the Tiger. It was not so hot a night, but damp and humid. Homer was once again walking with naked feet on sharp spiky grass. And once again he was held with sudden terror, and once again saw the gleaming eyes and smelled the thick fœtid breath of an animal. He woke in a panic of terror and was at first delighted to find that he was in his plain simple little room and then he was horrified to discover that the smell of an animal's breath seemed still to linger with him in the room. It was so strong that he could not possibly be imagining it. He got up, walked about the room sniffing. He went to the window and leaned out and saw the town lying under a dazzling sheet of stars. There was a little breeze, and when he turned back into the room again he found the smell was gone. In the morning it was as though he had had actual contact with some animal, and he had hard work to convince himself that some large dark-colored beast had not padded round his room while he slept. He seriously examined himself. "This won't do," he said to himself. "This hot weather is getting on your nerves. You must leave for England at once."

He went that very morning to some shipping office, booked a passage for himself for the next week, and sent a cable to his sister. He felt now as

though at last he had awaked from his dream, and England seemed to come very close to him with its cool breezes and long, gently undulating moors and sudden little woods with scattered anemones. But while he was sitting in his little Italian restaurant eating his luncheon he heard again through the open door a purr as if it were of someone breathing close beside him, and as he heard it his body trembled as though someone said to him, "You are not going home. You will never go home." That afternoon he sat in Central Park and watched the blue motionless water and felt a desperate longing for Moody's return. "I am not very well," he said to himself. "It is as though I am only half awake. Must be this hot weather," and he did a strange thing because he went up to some children who were playing at the edge of the water and put his hand on the arm of one of them and spoke to it about something. The child answered him gravely, not at all alarmed, and pointed to some boat that it was sailing on the water. The child was a real thing. But was it not part of his dream? If he woke suddenly in his Wimbledon bedroom where would the child be? So he hurried home in a panic and then, just outside his door, passed again the large, heavy negro who did not look at him, but went on padding steadily forward. He hurried into his house.

When the time for the actual sailing came he did not go. He sent a cable to his sister saying, "Important business prevents leaving. Sailing later." But there *was* no important business. The weather grew ever more hot, but he was accustomed to it now and, although it depressed him, he liked it. He liked, too, the slightly acrid, rather fœtid smell that seemed now to accompany him everywhere. For a while he was puzzled as to where he had known this smell before and then he thought of the monkey rooms and the snake rooms in the London zoo. It had been just that warmth, damp, and pungent.

On a very hot afternoon, sitting in his room, he suddenly thought, "There must be animals somewhere. Animals that like this heat." It was, he imagined, what a jungle smell would be; and the light beyond his windows beating down from the blazing blue sky on to the roofs and pavements had a glossy shimmer as though he were looking at a scene through very thin sheets of opalescent metal. Then, once he had this idea that there were animals about, he began to wonder where they would be. He had the odd fancy to picture to himself this vast city, honeycombed with underground cells and passages, like the dark shadowy cells behind the Roman amphitheaters where they kept their beasts for feast days and holidays. It would be a strange thing were the whole of New York built about these dark stone cellars and the wild beasts forever prowling there. Sitting at his window in his pajamas, he fancied how these hordes of animals would slink about, padding their way from passage to passage, and the only things seen in that gray dusk were thousands and thousands of fiery eyes, and then it might happen one day that some of them would escape and appear in the streets. Lions and tigers and leopards and panthers, dazzled at first by the bright staring light and then accustomed to it, plunging into the middle of the multitudes. A great lion with tawny head finding its way through the entrance of one of those vast skyscrapers, padding up the stairs, and then confronting a group of clerks and stenographers. Yes, that would be fine, and how the people would rush from the building to the street! He'd heard it said that if all the human beings ran at the same moment from the skyscrapers into the street, they would be piled one upon the other five deep, and he could see them heaped up in this hot dry weather struggling in masses, and from the windows of the building the lions and tigers peering down at them and waiting with slow licking lips for the splendid meal that was coming to them.

Moving from this still farther, he came to his own especial tiger. The animal about which he had dreamed so many years ago, waiting now for him somewhere in the underground beneath the street. At this thought a pleasant warm shiver ran through his body. He put his hand in front of his eyes as though he would shut out from them some picture, and the familiar animal smell seemed to increase in the room.

It was just then, at the end of August, that the Moodys returned to New York. Homer was very glad to see them, but not as glad as he would have been a month ago, because he had now something else to think about. They didn't know about all these animals, all these beasts prowling under the streets in the shadowy dark. And they must not know, because they would think him foolish and wouldn't understand. So, because he had a secret from them, he was very mysterious and preoccupied and not so frank with them as he had been. They noticed, of course, the change and commented on it to each other. Moody had a real affection for this little Englishman, largely because he had been noticed by him and made to suppose that he was somebody; partly because he had a truly kind heart and wanted people to be happy; so he was distressed and asked Mrs. Moody, for whose opinion and judgment he had the profoundest respect, if she knew what the matter could be. "He seems preoccupied with something," he said to her. "He always thinks of something else. He doesn't look well at all. Perhaps it's the heat that's got on his nerves. Englishmen can't stand it. When I was in his room last night he asked me whether I noticed a smell. I noticed nothing. But he said that I should in time. He seems to have a terror of the subway. He implored me yesterday not to use it. His eyes were terrified as he spoke to me about it. I don't like the look of things at all. I think he'd better go home."

But Homer now saw the Moodys through a dark glass. He wondered how it could be that all the inhabitants of New York were not aware of their great danger. He thought it might be his duty to write to one of the papers about it. But after all, the animals had been there so long the people must all know. He supposed that they were so confident of their control that it didn't worry them. But suppose you had, as he had, one particular animal who was watching and waiting for you. He knew now exactly where his tiger must be. Somewhere underground between Fortieth and Forty-fourth Street where the traffic and the press of people are thickest, and he began to be fascinated by that part of New York. He found that if he went down to the Grand Central Station and stood on that great shining floor he could almost hear the animals moving beneath his feet, and he fancied that if he went lower down through the gates to the trains and stood there in absolute silence when no trains were passing he would be able to hear very clearly soft feet moving and the heavy bodies brushing the one against the other.

So one day he got permission from the station master to go and meet a train, and he went through and for five minutes was alone there, save for the colored porters, and through the silence he heard quite clearly the whispering footfalls. There must be many beasts there, thousands perhaps, and you can imagine how one would push ahead of the others and wait, his eyes eagerly fixed for the black gate to open. And one day it might be that the negroes who brought them their food, great red lumps of bleeding meat, would be a little careless, and some of the beasts would slip past and moving noiselessly would be up on the sunlit street before anyone knew that they were there. His own especial tiger would be waiting more eagerly than any of them. He must be a great strong beast with a huge head and gigantic muscles. One scratch of

his paw and your cheek would be torn open and then, at the sight of the blood, the tiger would tremble all over and his eyes would shine until they were like great lamps, and then he would spring.

Then one night Homer told Moody about it. He had not intended to tell him, but it irritated him that that great heavy man should be sitting so calmly in his room and not notice the acrid smell. He told him first about the big honey-colored negro who was always passing down his street, and Moody thought there was nothing odd in that; so that Homer, thoroughly exasperated, burst out with, "He is one of the keepers. Although he hasn't told me I know it and he knows that I know it." "One of the keepers?" asked Moody. "Keeper of what?" "Why, of the beasts, of course. Can't you smell them everywhere?" He went on then and said that he couldn't understand why people were not frightened. "It would be so easy some day for one of the animals to steal out while the keeper wasn't looking. Or suppose they went for the keepers one day and broke out—hundreds of them—into the streets. That would be a nice thing. You would see people run for their lives then all right."

Moody became greatly alarmed but, as always when one's friends are odd or queer, adopted a tone of quiet reassurance as though he were speaking to a sick child. He consulted with Mrs. Moody and the result of this was that he invited Homer to go with him one day to call upon a friend of his. Homer went with him most readily and had with this kind gentleman two hours of most interesting conversation. The interesting, quiet man who talked to him and asked him questions was surprised at nothing which Homer had to tell him. When Homer spoke about the animals he nodded his head and said, "I know. When did you first notice it?"

Homer, delighted to discover that he had found a sensible person at last, told him everything. "You see," he said, "I shouldn't really mind, myself, a bit, but of course I am a little uneasy because of my own tiger. You can quite understand that it isn't pleasant to feel that he can escape at any time. Then he would come straight for me. He knows just where I am."

"Why not," said the quiet little man, "go home for a while? Your tiger won't follow you to England."

"Ah," said Homer, mysteriously, "I am not so sure. Besides, don't you think it would be cowardly? And then, there's something exciting in defying him. I am not going to show him I am afraid," and a little warm tremor ran all over his body.

His kind friend asked him many questions about his childhood. When he was very young, had he been taken to the zoo and had he looked at the tigers there? Homer nodded his head. Of course he had. Had he when he was very young been shown pictures of tigers? Yes, of course he had, but what had that to do with it? His little friend agreed that, of course, it had nothing to do with it, but it was just interesting. It was suggested to him that he should come and see his little friend quite often, and Homer said that he would, but, nevertheless, he had no intention of doing so. This man took it all too quietly. He would wake up one day and find out his mistake.

Early in September there came those warm days, close days that are perhaps the most trying moments of all the American climate. If you took a walk you were at once bathed in perspiration. The town had indeed, for even less active imaginations than Homer's, a jungle air. The traffic now was terrific. Down on Fifth Avenue the cars would stand packed in serried ranks. Then, on the changing of the lights, they would slide furiously forward for a brief space, then sit back on their haunches again.

It happened one evening that, hurrying home in the dusk, Homer, looking up

the street, saw these hundreds of gleaming eyes and thought with a furious beating of his heart that the moment had arrived at last and that the animals had escaped. He realized at once, of course, that it was the traffic; and yet, was it? Were not these things alive and acting from their own volition? It might be that they were in union with the beasts and were acting under command, and one day at a given order, they would suddenly take the thing into their own hands. In great armies of shining metal they would drive the trembling thousands of tiny human beings into panicstricken mobs and the animals would be released.

This was fanciful perhaps, but when he returned to his room, he knew with a sudden certainty that his Tiger was free. Homer did not know how he was aware of it, but he was certain. What must he do? He wanted to escape. He was trembling with fear, but at the same time he wanted to face the animal. Some horrid fascination held him. He could imagine himself walking down some dark side street, lit only by some scattered lights, shaking slightly with the reverberation of the overhead railway and then, turning a corner, there the Tiger would be. He sat there all night not sleeping, sitting on his bed, wondering what he must do. At about three in the morning obeying some curious impulse, he barricaded his door, putting two chairs in front of it and pushing his bed toward it. When day came he must buy a gun; but of what use would that be? He didn't know one end of a gun from another and, besides, it was hopeless. No gun that he could buy would injure the Tiger. His fate was certain. He could not escape it.

That morning Moody came to see him. He entered very cheerfully. "Now, my friend," he said, "what's this, you're not dressed? Come on, take a bath and come have a meal with Mrs. Moody and myself. You are not well, you know. Mrs. Moody wants you to come and stay with us for a bit. Cheerful company, that's what you want."

Homer thanked him, shook his head. It was very kind of him, but he was very busy just then and would come and see them in a day or two. Moody talked to him for a little and then apparently alarmed at Homer's expression went away.

When the evening came Homer dressed and went out. First he walked on Fifth Avenue and as the traffic rushed by him felt an oppressive bewildering excitement. He knew beyond doubt that now the Tiger had come very close to him. He must be very near any one of these side streets. There were so many animals that the keepers had probably not yet discovered the loss of one of them. The Tiger was waiting in some dark alley or court, crouched against the wall in the shadow. At every step that he took he was being drawn irresistibly nearer. He was no longer afraid, but only strung up to some great pitch of emotion as though the supreme moment of his life had at last come. He was oddly hungry (he had eaten scarcely anything for days) and he went into a little Italian restaurant. He sat down in a corner and saw that there was a very good meal for a dollar. You could have antipasta, minestrone, spaghetti, broccoli, and all for a dollar. At a large table near him some twenty people were having a feast, and were laughing and joking very loudly. In the far corner a violin and a piano were playing gay tunes. The minestrone was very good,—hot and thick. He talked to the waiter and asked him if he liked New York. The waiter liked it very much. "Now here was a real town. Something was going on all the time and there was money about. Lots of money. You could pick it up in all sorts of ways." Homer was about to say, "Yes, but suppose the animals get loose one day, where will you be then?" But he didn't say it, stopped by a kind of sense that it would be bad form to mention it.

He sat there staring at the gay supper party. They didn't seem to care. What would they do if he went over to them and told them that just up the street a great Tiger with huge velvety haunches was waiting? They might not believe it, and then he would look foolish, and in any case, this was the one thing that in New York nobody mentioned.

After a while he paid his bill and went out. He was now in one of those streets that seem in the evening to be the very borderland of madness. Overhead the trains rattled, on the right the street was "up" showing black cabins of darkness and then a blaze of burning light. The trains came clattering up issuing from forests of armed girders and tangled masonry, people hurried by as though they knew that this was a dangerous place and that they must not pause there for a moment.

Homer took a deep breath, stepped forward into the middle of the street, stared past the bright lights of a drug store and then, with a whirl of concentrated knowledge as though everything in his past life had suddenly leaped to meet him, in one swift instant knew that the time had come. Facing him as he stood there at the very issue of the dark side street opposite him, crouched the Tiger. Although the street was so dark, Homer could see every detail of his body. He was very like a huge cat streaked with his beautiful colors. His eyes burning just as Homer knew that they would do. His head moving very slightly from side to side. With that vision, terror leaped upon Homer. He turned, screaming there in the middle of the street, and even as he turned, the Tiger jumped. The huge body was upon him. He felt the agonizing blow and then sank deep into pits of darkness.

A crowd collected. His body was dragged out from under the taxicab. The driver began an eloquent explanation. It had not been his fault. The man had seemed bewildered by the lights, had run straight into the cab. There was no time for the driver to do anything. The policeman took notes, an ambulance was summoned.

The Moodys heard of the accident that night. It appeared that it was nobody's fault. Homer had been crossing the street and becoming bewildered, turned back, and was struck by the taxi.

About three the next morning, Moody woke up quietly trembling, and at last roused his wife. He talked to her about the poor little Englishman. "I suppose," he said, "staying here in the heat was too much for him. Odd thing that, his imagining that some animal was after him." He lay there, greatly discomforted. "New York's getting a queer place," he said. "You can imagine anything if you let yourself. All this traffic for instance. They look like animals at night sometimes." He turned and took his wife's hand in his. "A bit close in here," he said. "You don't smell anything, do you? Sort of animal smell." "Why, no, dear, of course not," said Mrs. Moody. "Imagination, I suppose," said Moody. "Funny thing if this town went wild one day."

But Mrs. Moody was a sensible woman, not given to silly fancies. She patted her husband's shoulder and so fell asleep. But Mr. Moody lay there looking into the darkness.

PORTRAIT OF A BUCCANEER

BY PHILIP GUEDALLA

THE outline seems familiar. As it comes up against the sky we know it in an instant. For it is always seen against the sky, the deep and sunlit sky of the Spanish Main. The foreground is a little trivial—a carronade or so, some tangled cordage, perhaps a stiffening and disregarded victim, and a short stretch of planking which the marine attainments of the illustrator have littered generously with broken spars, a marline-spike, and a few fallen blocks. But our delighted eyes hurry across the scattered detail. For he stands beyond, superb upon his deck (or still more superb on someone else's); and behind him the inimitable background glows with its hint of hidden beaches beyond unknown headlands, and doubloons, and sea chests, and pistoles—as it glowed so often (but, alas! no more) in the warm fancy of Howard Pyle and Lovat Fraser. That lonely figure in the laced hat and sea-boots redeems any picture. We ask no more than ruffles at the wrist and pistols in the belt. The magic never fails. Set him upon his deck and—however odd the naval architecture—scuppers (there must be scuppers somewhere) run with blood, while masts, wherever placed, taper deliciously towards the glorious suggestion of a black ensign fluttering against a startled sky. For he walks a pirate's deck, and a pirate's hand rests on a pirate's hip in pirate *hauteur*.

How sad that piracy has faded. Lamentable indeed that Execution Dock has done its work so well, and Long John Silver sleeps with the dodo and the two-toed horse. The purged seas lap idly against our coasts; our ships go up and down the world without so much as a treacherous supercargo or a wide-eyed boy with a sound moral instinct and a precocious gift for narrative; and our ensigns are red, blue, white, yellow, and green, occasionally mauve, but never black. For piracy has vanished, and ardent *amateurs* collect its traces. It has become a parlor rarity for mild-eyed bibliographers to catalogue its "firsts" and collate its title-pages. Kidd is a curio, Morgan and Blackbeard an association item. For piracy is dead. No more the shot from a bow-chaser and the boarding party; no more the spoil, the lonely figure, and the sinking sun. Even in commerce, last and most secret of its beaches, it begins to yield before a quickening public conscience and an unpleasant tendency in Governments to legislate against the buccaneer. Only, perhaps, in politics . . .

II

A flagstaff in Downing Street is the last place to look for a Jolly Roger. To the casual eye that brief but decorous thoroughfare appears to be entirely given over to policemen, press photographers, and persons in search of the entrance to the Foreign Office. But besides these (and the Prime Minister's door-knocker) it contains premises of less soaring notoriety than No. 10. For, unexpectedly, that famous multiple has neighbors. Less numerous, perhaps, than other people's, they are sufficient—if gossip be correct, more than sufficient. Untroubled by the dog at No. 1, the cat at

No. 2, the parrakeets at No. 3, the Premier knows nothing of the tonic sol-fa across the way at No. 5, the twins at No. 8, the scales at No. 7, or the incessant clarionet at No. 6. These humane delights are for lesser subjects. But though the official ingenuity of successive Postmasters General has never succeeded in detecting any letter-box in Downing Street for the insertion of postal matter addressed to No. 9, the door of No. 10 is not alone. For, before the exhausted street subsides down a flight of steps into the Horse Guards Parade it achieves a second number; and there are tenants at No. 11—and tenants of the highest standing. The house, indeed, is occupied by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is a modest mansion, as becomes the residence of one whose waking hours are spent in inducing economy in others. It is even a trifle somber. Yet it wears a tidy flagstaff; and since the resident is Mr. Winston Churchill, those halyards might support without ineptitude the Jolly Roger.

A less alarming ensign is flown on public holidays. But one feels that the Skull and Crossbones would not be uncongenial to the tenant: perhaps he runs it up at nights. For Mr. Churchill has always something about him of those splendid solitaries whose ghostly keels still grate on lonely beaches as the moon comes up by Nombre Dios. Can it be his transatlantic blood? For his hand, like theirs, is on his hip, his elbow on a carronade, his eye watchful, like theirs, for all comers. He has never sailed for long in the obedient convoys of strict party discipline, but early broke away and ran for the open sea and wide horizons of his personal preference. Those were the days when he was a Tory hopeful with a lively pen. The pen, the tongue as well, was vigorously plied. But as promotion tarried (they were the gentle closing days of Cecil nepotism) the hopes began to die. For youths from Blenheim had little future under a Hatfield dynasty; and the young Churchill, rarely reposeful, grew definitely restless. Came at this crucial moment a lively issue, which sent him careering out of his party on the Free Trade question. The Tory brave was copiously sprinkled with the pure milk of Mr. Cobden's word. He watched his arms before that blameless altar; and, these rites concluded, he was received into the victorious Liberal hosts of 1906. For eight congested years of office he seemed capable of party allegiance. He was (the phrase rings oddly in such a context) a sound party man. His voice intoned the full litany of Tory sinfulness and Liberal virtue in the bright days of People's Budgets, Peers recalcitrant and foiled, land taxes, and resounding Land Songs. The accent was always personal, the idiom rich with his vivid, slightly labored imagery. But the content was impeccably orthodox: he was a party man at last.

It might, perhaps, have lasted. But the gale, which broke half Europe from its moorings, set him adrift again. The War fulfilled his longing for sensation. It satisfied that keen dramatic sense. Had he not startled naval administrators for years by jerking out the sudden question, "What happens if war with Germany begins to-day?" Was there not a closed case (why, in the name of mystery and Mr. William Le Queux, a closed one?) on the wall behind his desk in Whitehall, showing the daily positions of the German fleet? So when the tension ended and a voice in Berlin cried "Havoc" and let loose the dogs of war, we may conjecture that it fell on one delighted ear; and Mrs. Asquith at the foot of a staircase in Downing Street saw him go swinging "with a happy face" across the hall to tell the Cabinet that the war telegram had gone out to all ships. In this delighted mood he did his war-work—admirably, as all his work is done. For there are few Ministers of whom officials speak with more unfailing praise. Perhaps the note was forced at Antwerp. Perhaps his leaping temper was not always kind to the slower judgment of his technical advisers. Perhaps

the Dardanelles . . . But he was gluttonous for work and always ready with decisions; and if the decisions were not always right, at least they were decisions.

The undulating course of war-time politics gave him variety. There were vicissitudes, even momentary extinctions. Sometimes he was a war-lord, sometimes a landscape painter in retirement, sometimes a slightly startling unit in the field. As the dust subsided, he was still in office. The German fleet had vanished—first, into a suburb of Edinburgh, and later beneath the gray waters of Scapa Flow. But there was no *détente* for Mr. Churchill. Those fists were still clenched, that eye still fixed. For he had detected on the far horizon of the world another menace, where the northern sky glowed over Russia. He faced it with his usual ardor, formed a swift conclusion, decided that the world was menaced by the Soviets, and threw himself against them. He threw himself. He also threw as much as he was able to command of his country's resources. The results were far from happy; but they belong to general history. Their contribution to the odyssey of Mr. Churchill was more decisive, since they sent him roaming once again. He was still, in form at least, a Liberal. But his deep conviction of the depravity of Russian Communism and of its weak-kneed friends in British Labor disqualified him for sincere collaboration with his Liberal friends. For Liberals, however little addicted to extremes themselves, are strangely tolerant of extremes in others. Besides, they felt (and Mr. Churchill did not) a kindness for the antics of the Labor Party, which included periodical obeisances before the highly novel shrine of Russia. Once more he faced an issue, took his bearings, and parted company with the obedient convoy of his party. This time his transition to the enemy's fleet was gradual. But after a slightly equivocal phase in which bewildered voters encountered him as a "Constitutionalist," the Tory colors fluttered to his masthead once more. The Tory Armada dipped its ensigns, paid its customary tribute to intelligence, made him its Chancellor; and he dwells secure with Mr. Baldwin.

But even here some flavor of the lone wolf still clings to him. Once a Tory among the Liberals, he is now something of a Liberal among the Tories. Did not his earliest Budget shock the ranks behind him (and draw surprising cheers from those in front) with Widows' Pensions? Was not his intervention in the coal strike, while his leader sipped his water at Aix, an interlude of mildness in the Everlasting Nay of pure Conservativism? For he is still a solitary. The silhouette comes up against the sky. The deep background glows behind the buccaneer, eternally superb upon his deck—or is it someone else's?

III

But there is a larger aspect in which he seems to play a lonelier hand. For he must strike a close observer as a vividly personal figure in the deepening anonymity of our times. Ours is, beyond a doubt, the age of organizations, great aggregates of nameless individuals, which are themselves so nearly nameless as to run mostly to initials. We have the felicity to be born into the age of the T.U.C. The N.U.R. bends softly above our cradles; our infant brows are fanned by the N.U.T., our paths are lighted by the A.E.U. Our whole existence is an organized affair presided over by these anonymous deities; and far above them all, sitting (like Tennyson's "Freedom") on the heights, the L. of N. observes its featureless reflection in the Lake of Geneva. In this depressing Pantheon Mr. Churchill must appear as a lively rebel. No anonymity for him. That thrusting profile was never buried for long in the unnamed executive of an initialled body. "He believes quite naïvely that he belongs to a peculiarly gifted and privileged class of

beings to whom the lives and affairs of common men are given over, the raw material for brilliant careers." That was the angry protest of a modern voice, when Mr. H. G. Wells encountered his anti-Bolshevism in a Sunday paper. The modern was extremely angry. But a diagnosis followed that may still be of service:

> He shares the blood of the brilliant and erratic New York Jeromes. . . . His imagination is obsessed by dreams of exploits and a career. It is an imagination closely akin to the d'Annunzio type. In England d'Annunzio would have been a Churchill, in Italy Churchill would have been a d'Annunzio. He is a great student and collector of the literature of Napoleon I., that master adventurer. Before all things he desires a dramatic world with villains—and one hero. And I think if we had the patience to probe carefully into his sayings and doings it would become very plain to us that this wild antagonism to the Bolsheviks is a mask and a diversion from his real dread, which is a dread of a coming sanity, a coming supremacy of justice and order throughout the world, that will keep adventurers in their places or lay them by the heels. The steadfast drift of the civilizing process is to deal with adventurous politicians, adventurous property and finance, and adventurous manners as a nuisance. . . . He struggles against this bleak dawn of reason and responsibility in a world that was once so flaringly adventurous.

It is a bitter diagnosis. For Mr. Wells was (perhaps pardonably) extremely angry. But it is strikingly in line with haunting fancy of the lonely figure walking its poop with pistols at its belt.

One feels that Mr. Churchill will be miserably out of place in a world that succeeds (if ever it does) in banishing personal color and transacts its business in drab synods of nameless delegates in session at the T.U.C.—and even the L. of N. His critic's portrait was a trifle angry. But was it wholly unjust? May we not recognize a few, at least, of his features in the lively figure of "Rupert Catskill, the Secretary of State for War," who paraded his splendid militancy quite shamelessly through the Utopia of pure research and summer underwear in which Mr. Wells conducted the exquisite speculations of *Men Like Gods?* The outward portrait was as brilliant as *amateurs* of that studio might have expected—the virtuosity in hats, the "slight impediment in his speech, the little brother of a lisp, against which his voice beat gutturally," even the naughtiness of that first look at his audience on the hillside in Futurity—"He put back his coat tails, rested his hands on his hips, thrust his head forward, regarded his audience for a moment with an expression half cunning, half defiant, muttered something inaudible and began." There is the husk of Mr. Churchill perfectly portrayed, if without any touch of superfluous affection. It was, one must remember, painted within three years of the sitter's disagreement with the artist over the destinies of Russia. But something deeper emerges in his imaginary speech, that startling reminder to the Utopians that their ordered happiness, far from "the bracing and ennobling threat and the purging and terrifying experience of war," is nothing more than "autumnal glory! Sunset splendor! *While about you in universes parallel to yours, parallel races still toil, still suffer, still compete and eliminate and gather strength and energy!*" Follows the amazing parable of the little garrison on Quarantine Crag, with Mr. Churchill (I beg pardon—Catskill) planning the conquest of a world with his head full of Cortez and Pizarro. The portrait is unkind. But is it fundamentally unjust?

In a world of increasing tedium, of deepening discipline and the rising tide of anonymity Mr. Churchill's figure remains—annoyingly to some, to others hearteningly—conspicuous. His name is one of the few in contemporary politics that is still sure of its answering cheer or groan in a topical song. That thrusting figure has the old prominence of public men in days when Disraeli, Gladstone, Chamberlain were names for lion comiques to conjure with. Except in the

concerted dreariness of public meetings, to which men come to cheer or hoot, who cheers or hoots for Baldwin, for MacDonald, for whatever blameless incarnation of Liberalism may be improvised as a despairing substitute for Mr. Lloyd George? Yet Mr. Churchill draws that fire infallibly. And some of his prominence, perhaps, is due to the consoling fact that here, for once, is a figure that stands—not for some dismal group of party delegates agreeing on the lowest common denominator of their principles, but for himself. Not in the baser sense of crude ambition—although he has, of course, the confident belief of all self-reliant men that he alone can save his country and that countries are not saved by speeches, however sage, delivered by statesmen in Opposition. But his strength in popular feeling (and in an odd way he has climbed from depths of unpopularity to a measure of public esteem) reposes in the simple fact that he is, undeniably and upon all occasions, himself. That self may not infrequently vary its course. But yet the stars by which it steers are reasonably fixed—ordered society, armed and conscious power, a sense of social justice with an eye that sometimes wanders to her sword when it would be better employed upon her scales. Was it unpardonable error in an essayist to appraise him three years since in the single ejaculation, "High up on the short waiting-list of England's Mussolinis one finds the name of Winston Spencer Churchill"?

His idiosyncrasy inevitably repels the pure collectivist. For those who love the anonymity of Leagues and Unions this vivid personal appeal is almost unspeakably distasteful. There may be substance in the darker indictment of Mr. Wells that he is a lover of the jungle, a friend of the glorious imperfections of the Age of Confusion, a genuine reactionary. Perhaps. We shall not know until the world has finished with him. At any rate he is a figure to speculate about—and that is more than can be said of most of his colleagues and nearly all his rivals (perhaps the terms are synonymous). For he has at least an outline. As it comes up against the sky it seems familiar. For it is always seen against the sky, the deep and sunlit sky of the Spanish Main.

CONFESSIONS OF A FORD DEALER

AS TOLD TO

JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE

THE former Ford dealer said: Things have changed a lot around here since 1912, when I bought out the man who had the Ford agency and paid him inventory price for his stock, plus a bonus of five hundred dollars for good-will. A dealer didn't have to hustle so hard then to make both ends meet. You kept a few cars on your floor and when you needed more you bought them. You were your own boss. There weren't any iron-clad rules laid down for you saying how you had to run your business.

Sometimes I wonder if Mr. Ford knows how things have changed. I have just finished reading his book, and in one place he says: "Business grows big by public demand. But it never gets bigger than the demand. It cannot control or force the demand."

Understand me, I think Mr. Ford is a wonderful man. They say he is worth a billion dollars; and no one can make that much money unless he has plenty of brains. Still and all, when Mr. Ford says business cannot control or force the demand I can't quite think he means it. Or maybe it's his little joke. You *can* force demand if you ride people hard enough. And, believe me, you have only to get on the inside of a Ford agency to learn how.

Take my own case, for instance. Like I say, when I first took the agency I was my own boss like any other business man, selling as many cars as I could and buying more when I needed them. I didn't have to make many sales on installments, because people who wanted cars usually saved up in advance and had the cash in hand when they got ready to buy. Occasionally some man that I knew would want a little time, in which case I just charged it the same as if it was a bill of dry goods or groceries, and when the account fell due he paid me. There was no such thing then as putting a mortgage on the car and taking it away from him if he didn't pay up. If I didn't believe a man was honest I simply didn't give him credit.

I did a pretty good business this way and by 1916 was selling an average of about ten cars a month. Then one day a representative of the Company came to see me. I'll call him by the name of Benson, though that was not his real name. In fact wherever I mention a man's name in giving my experiences I shall call him something different because some of them probably would not like to be identified. Well, anyway, this man that I call Benson came into my place at the time I speak of and said ten cars a month was not enough for a dealer like me to sell. It seems the Company had made a survey of my territory and decided that the sales possibilities were much greater. Benson said my quota had been fixed at twenty cars a month, and from then on that number would be shipped me.

Naturally, I got a little hot under the collar at this kind of a proposition, and I told Benson where he could get off at. I said I was doing all the business that could be done and I intended to buy only

the cars that I needed. The Company could ship me as many as they wanted to, but I would pay for what I could sell, and no more.

Benson was pretty hard boiled. He said there was no need of my getting mad at him because he was only doing what he had been ordered to do, and I could take my choice. Either I could buy twenty cars a month or the Company would find another agent. There were plenty of live wires who would jump at the chance.

Of course I knew this last was true. I had got to making a little money during the four years I was Ford agent, and there are always fellows who will go into a thing when someone else has done the hard sledding. My wife had got used to living pretty well and, beside that, my boy was fixing to go away to college. I knew there would be an awful roar at home if I gave up a sure thing and started over again at something else. Still, I couldn't see how I could possibly sell twenty cars a month in my territory. There were only about nine thousand people in the town, and possibly that many more on the farms. Most of them were poor folks. It wasn't, I told Benson, like an Eastern manufacturing community where there are a lot of moneyed people and a big bunch of well-paid mechanics who can afford to have their own cars.

Benson only laughed and said that didn't make any difference. There was a certain population in my territory that called for a certain number of sales, and the Company would show me how to do business. All I had to do was to follow instructions.

Well, I finally decided to take a chance on twenty cars a month rather than lose the agency. I had read a lot of nice things about Mr. Ford in the newspapers and I felt sure he wouldn't ask me to do anything he wouldn't be willing to do himself. Benson said he was glad I looked at things in a businesslike way and promised me plenty of assistance in moving my twenty cars a month. He called it "breaking down sales resistance."

I guess I should explain that out West here an ordinary Ford dealer doesn't do business direct from the factory in Detroit, but works under a general agency. The agency that I worked under was located in the city about a hundred and fifty miles from here, and I suppose the manager there took his orders from the factory. During the fourteen years I was in business there were eight different managers, and some of them rode us local agents pretty hard. I always thought I wouldn't have so many troubles if I could have done business direct with Mr. Ford, but I can realize how busy a big man like him must be, and I guess it is necessary for him to leave things pretty much in the hands of his managers that way. A few times when I thought they were riding me too hard I wrote in to the factory and complained about certain things, but I never got any answer. My letters were sent on to the branch manager, and of course that got me in bad with him. I found that if I wanted to hold my agency I had better do what I was told. Out of the eight managers six were transferred to other branches and two threw up their jobs to go into other lines of business. I met one of these fellows after he had quit and asked him why there were so many changes. He said he guessed it was because the Company believed a man had a tendency to get too friendly with the local agents if he stayed too long in one territory, and to see things too much from the agents' viewpoint. Personally, he said he quit the Company's service altogether because he couldn't stand the pace.

Maybe it was true that a branch manager would get to see things too much from the local agents' standpoint if he stayed too long, but it never seemed that way in my own case. Shortly after I agreed to take my twenty cars a month the War came on, and it was not a case of how many cars I could sell, but of how many I could get.

Every day people came in wanting to buy new Fords and, as I never had any stock of cars on hand, all I could do was to take their deposit and set down their names, promising each one that he should have his car according to his number on the waiting list. Then what should develop but a lot of bootleggers in Fords! These fellows would come in, or send someone else in, make a deposit, and get their names on the waiting list. Then when one of their cars came they would pay the balance due, drive it around the corner and sell it for fifty dollars' profit. Sometimes they could even sell their place on the waiting list for that much. Seeing what was going on, I thought I might as well make some of the easy money myself. I entered some fake names on my waiting list and sold myself two or three cars that I sent out on the street and sold over again for a bonus. It was like getting money from home, but it didn't last long. How the Company detectives found out about it I don't know, but one day I got word from the branch manager in the city saying he knew what I was doing and if I wanted to hold my agency I would have to quit it. I guess a lot of local agents were doing the same thing I was, because I understand the order came direct from Detroit. I guess Mr. Ford was right and we had no business to bootleg his product that way. Everything I read in the papers about him is one hundred per cent favorable. Just the same, I thought at the time he might as well let us agents who were making money for him get the extra profit instead of its going to the bootleggers.

Certainly I could have used some of that easy money later on. Of course business kept up fine during the War and for nearly two years afterward, and I made enough money to move out of my rented quarters and put up a nice brick building for my show room, garage, etc. But I sure got it in the neck when the slump of 1920 came on. If anyone wants to know what hard times are he ought to try to do business in a Western farming community during a panic. Almost overnight half of our sheep men went bankrupt when wool dropped from sixty cents a pound to twenty cents, and hardly any buyers at that price. The potato growers couldn't get enough for their stuff to pay freight to the Chicago market, and most of them let their crop rot in the ground. Of our four banks in town two went into the hands of receivers and the other two had to call in every possible loan in order to save their own necks. A lot of our Main Street retailers fell into the hands of their creditors that year, too.

I was in about as bad a fix as anyone else. By then I had agreed to take thirty Fords a month, which was a pretty heavy job to get away with in good times, to say nothing of the sort of a situation we were going through. These cars came in each month, regular as clock work, and I had stretched my credit at the bank about as far as it would go in paying for them as they arrived. The bank kept hounding me all the time to cut down my loan, which I couldn't do with my expenses running on all the time and hardly any business going on. From September to January that year I sold exactly four cars.

Pretty bad? I'll say it was. But the worst was yet to come. Altogether I had more than one hundred and forty new cars on hand, besides a lot of trade-ins, and no immediate prospect of selling any. Then all of a sudden came notice that a shipment of fifteen Fords was on the way to me, and that I would be expected to pay for them on arrival. I thought there must be some mistake, and got the branch manager in the city on the long distance. He was a pretty hard-boiled egg named Blassingham.

"What's the meaning of these fifteen cars that are being shipped me?" I asked. "I've already taken my quota for the month."

"It don't mean anything," Blassingham answered, "except that you're going to buy fifteen extra cars this month."

I tried to explain to him that I was in

no position to get hold of the cash for such a purchase, and even if I was I wanted to know the whys and wherefores.

"You know as much about it as I do," he snapped. "Those are the orders, and my advice to you is to pay for those cars when they arrive."

Of course I sensed the reason later on, when it came out in the newspapers about Mr. Ford's little tilt with the money sharks down in New York, how they tried to get a hold on his business and how he fooled them by getting the cash without their help and then told them to go chase themselves.

If you ask me, I'd say Mr. Ford is an absolute humdinger when it comes to handling a lot of crooks who are bent on feathering their own nests off other people. At the moment, however, I was too busy with personal problems to think much about the battles of Big Business. Like I say, my credit at the bank was used up, and the bank had no money to loan, anyhow. I was taking in enough cash to pay my mechanics in the garage, but I had to stand off the office help Saturday nights with part of their wages and ask them to wait on me for the balance. I couldn't sleep much for worrying, and I guess my wife worried as much as I did because at three and four o'clock in the morning she would ask me if I had been to sleep yet and when I would say no, she would say she hadn't either.

I had fully made up my mind I was going on the rock pile when just a couple of days before the extra shipment of Fords was due to arrive I had an unexpected stroke of luck. There was a sheep man named Flanagan I knew who had made a trip out west to Salt Lake City just before the market broke and closed out his entire holdings for something like a hundred thousand dollars in cash, which he put into Liberty Bonds. He had a Ford that he ran around in sometimes, and one day when he drove up to the garage I happened to think about his money and asked him how he would like to come in with me as a silent partner. To make a long story short, he became interested in the proposition and bought a third interest. Of course I had to sell him his share for a lot less than it was worth, but it saved my scalp.

There was kind of a funny sequel to this deal, and I don't know yet whether my taking a moneyed partner had anything to do with it, or whether it would have happened anyway. We took the fifteen extra Fords all right when they arrived and thought everything was settled, but a few days later Blassingham came down from the city and told me fifteen more were about to be shipped to our town. It seems these were extra cars that were intended for some dealers in little nearby villages but they were absolutely flat broke and unable to pay for them. Blassingham didn't actually tell me I had to buy these cars, but from his conversation I knew it would be wise for me to do so if I expected to stay in the automobile business.

I went to my silent partner, Flanagan, and told him he would have to put up a few thousand dollars more. He made an awful roar and said he would see Mr. Ford in Hades before he would pay for any more new cars when we already had nearly a hundred and fifty on hand. I explained that Mr. Ford had nothing to do with it, that it was the branch manager, Blassingham, who was riding us; but Flanagan, mad as a hornet, asked me who in hell I supposed gave Blassingham *his* orders. He made me give him my agency contract and took it to a lawyer. Pretty soon he came back, a good deal milder than when he went away, and said he guessed we had better buy those fifteen extra cars, though if he had known what he was getting into he wouldn't have been so quick to invest his money in the Ford game.

Of course, the trouble with Flanagan was that he had been a sheep man all his life and didn't understand big business. Still, I couldn't blame him for getting still madder at what happened next. Counting our trade-ins, we had

about a hundred and eighty cars in stock, which was a pretty heavy load to carry with business like it was; but I told him we would come out all right because Ford cars were just as staple as wheat or sugar and we would eventually get our profit on them. But shortly afterward the Company announced a reduction in price in order to stimulate sales. Altogether we ran behind about thirteen thousand dollars between January and July that year.

Flanagan was a pretty good sport and after the first shock took his medicine like a man. He was a silent partner with me two or three years, and while he didn't actually do any work in the office he was a good man to have around because he could always put his hands on cash money when it was needed, and he had a lot of friends that he talked into buying Fords. It's running a little ahead of my story, but later on word came through that Mr. Ford had decided it was not fair to the public that there should be any non-producers drawing profits from the sale of his products and so I had to buy Flanagan's interest and go it alone again. Flanagan is a pretty shrewd business man and, believe me, I had to pay him a price that made up his losses.

I am willing to confess that we rode the public a little ourselves while we were getting rid of our big surplus of cars. There are always some people that you can sell anything to if you hammer them hard enough. We had a salesman named Nichols who was a humdinger at running down prospects, and one day he told me he had a fellow on the string with a couple of hundred dollars who would buy a car if we would give him a little extra time on the balance. This prospect was a young fellow that had come out West on account of his health and was trying to make a living for his family as an expert accountant. Just at that time the referee in bankruptcy was doing most of the accounting business around town, and I knew the young fellow wasn't getting on at all. He had about as much use for a car as a jack rabbit. I told Nichols this, but you know how plausible these go-getter salesmen are; he told me it wasn't our business whether the young fellow had any use for a Ford or not; the main thing was he had two hundred dollars in cash.

Well, we went ahead and made the sale, but we never got any more payments. The young fellow took to his bed just after that, and the church people had to look out for him and his family until he died. In the final showdown it turned out that the two-hundred dollar equity in the car was everything they had on earth, and by the time we replevined it and sold it as a trade-in there wasn't anything at all. I gave twenty dollars toward his funeral expenses. I know this sounds pretty tough; but when it's a case of your own scalp or some other fellow's you can't afford to be too particular.

By 1922 things had picked up a little in my territory, though the farmers hadn't entirely recovered from the 1920 setback and our town population had shrunk considerably on account of scarcity of work. It was pretty hard under these conditions to sell my quota of thirty cars a month, but the branch manager in the city held me to it. By this time Blassingham had been transferred, but another man named Cosgrove took his place who rode me harder than Blassingham had done. Like I say, he held me to my quota of Fords though I had fewer people to sell to; and not only that, but he also told me I would have to buy fifteen tractors every year besides. This wasn't all, either. Eventually I was saddled with two Lincoln cars a year and also supposed to take a certain number of subscriptions for a magazine called the *Dearborn Independent* that is owned by Mr. Ford and has a page every week entitled "Mr. Ford's Page." I guess even the best of us like to see our names in print.

I say I was required to do all these things, but there was in reality a little

leeway. I learned on the quiet that Cosgrove would not take away my agency if I fell down a little on the fifteen tractors and two Lincolns. But on the thirty Fords a month there was no alibi allowed, and the same thing applied to the *Dearborn Independent*. This last gave me a lot of trouble. I'm not much of a reader myself and was short on sales talk when it came to selling magazine subscriptions. Eventually I hit on a scheme that worked fine while it lasted. Every time I sold a man a Ford I figured an extra dollar in on the price and then set his name down for a subscription. Everyone seemed to be satisfied that way, but after a while an order came through from headquarters saying I must quit it. The order said the *Magazine* must be sold on its merits. After that it was just a case of making my magazine quota by going after my personal friends. At Christmas time I would give away some subscriptions as presents.

Sometimes I wonder what Flanagan would have thought about big business if he had stayed in partnership with me. Half the time I didn't know whether I was in business for myself or whether I was only a hired man. The branch manager up in the city had a corps of inspectors who went around all the time to check up on local agents and keep them on their toes. Of course these inspectors had to make a showing in order to justify their jobs, but sometimes it was pretty irritating. It seemed to be part of their policy to find some fault or other. Sometimes they would tell you that your show windows weren't clean enough, or that your cars weren't properly displayed on the sales floor, or that the papers in your office were disorderly. On one occasion I got wind in advance that an inspector was coming and I had things fixed up in such apple-pie order that I was sure he could make no criticism. He spent pretty much the whole day poking around, and I was laughing in my sleeve all the time to see how stumped he was, but in the end he made his report stating there were some flies in the toilet and instructing that I should buy a can of disinfectant. I suppose his traveling expenses and hotel bill and salary for that day's work was in the neighborhood of twenty-five dollars.

About the most nagging thing to me were the visits of the expert salesmen who came around every so often to show us how to sell cars. It seemed to me that so long as I was taking my quota every month I ought to be the best judge of how and who to sell. There was one expert I specially remember by the name of Burke. Among other things I had to do was to keep a card file of people in the territory who had not bought cars, and usually on these cards we wrote items like "says maybe will be in market this fall," or "not ready to buy yet." Burke was always raising Cain because we didn't make people give more explicit reasons for not buying. I remember once he laid me out because a card said only "Can't sell him." The man was a poor devil of a renter seven or eight miles out of town who never had enough cash ahead to buy a wheelbarrow, but Burke insisted that one of my salesmen go out there with him to try and land a sale. When they got there a couple of the children were down with whooping cough and a hailstorm had laid out his bean crop, but Burke came back and told me he would expect me to put over a Ford on the fellow before he came on his next trip.

It is funny about these high-powered salesmen. Burke traveled around the country in a new Ford on his visits to the dealers, and every so often the Company allowed him to sell his used car and get a new one. I never knew Burke to sell his used car himself. Always about the time he got around to see me he was ready to get rid of his old car and he invariably made me take it off his hands and sell it for him. Of course it cut me out of the sale of one of my own trade-ins and I suppose I could have refused, but it pays to keep on the good side of such fellows because you never know how

much influence they have at headquarters.

There was another fellow named Ogilvie who used to come around to show us how to put over Lincolns, and we used to have quite a lot of fun with him. There are hardly any people in this territory able to own a high-priced car; in fact to get rid of my quota of two Lincolns a year I always had to fix up some special kind of a deal with someone by which I took my loss and charged it up to general expenses. But of course to keep on the good side of the branch manager up in the city I had to go through the motions of salesmanship, so in advance of Ogilvie's visit I would arrange with some friend who would make out that he was interested in a fine car and then take Ogilvie around to try and make the sale. Once the victim was a lawyer friend of mine named Patterson and, according to arrangements, I went with Ogilvie to Patterson's office to stage the ceremony. I guess Ogilvie must have learned salesmanship through a correspondence course because he always talked as though he was speaking a piece and nothing in the world could stop him until he was through. This time he went on pretty near two hours, telling all about the technical points that only a mechanic could understand, but Patterson acted as though he was all worked up over the prospect of owning a Lincoln and was just about ready to sign on the dotted line. In fact Ogilvie had already got out his order blank when Patterson casually mentioned that he had a Cadillac he would have to trade in that was standing in front of his office. So the three of us went to look at this Cadillac, and after going over it solemnly Ogilvie conferred with me and I whispered to him that we ought to value it at about eight hundred dollars. I told Patterson what we had decided on, which was the cue for him to blow up, and he did it with great effect. He called us a couple of crooks who were trying to get his car for nothing and said he would have nothing more to do with us, after which he turned around and went back into his office leaving us out on the street.

I always felt kind of sorry for Ogilvie after one of these staged affairs. Like the other experts who were sent out to show us how to do business, he had to make a written report to the Company telling what he was doing every hour of the day, who he was interviewing, etc., and on occasions when he spent an afternoon over at the pool parlor I used to let him put down on his report that he was in conference with me, going over lists of prospects.

You do a lot of things when someone is riding you all the time that you wouldn't do under ordinary circumstances. Beans and clover seed are the farmers' principal money crops around here, and one fall in September and October we had one heavy rain after the other that practically ruined everything. Business was terrible because the farmers hadn't recovered yet from the bank failures and the slump of 1920; and one day I wrote in to the Company, telling what bad shape the farmers were in and asking if my quota couldn't be reduced for a few months until things picked up. All I got for my trouble was a letter stating that "such farmers are not the people to sell to."

Of course it was easy enough for them to write such a letter, but I always thought Mr. Ford ought to realize that in a country community when the farmers are broke the doctors and dentists and storekeepers are in about the same fix. Not being able to get my quota reduced, I had to take business wherever I could find it, and it was about this time that I had my experience with the army captain. It seems this captain had been kicked by a horse in the course of his duties and came to our town for treatment in the hospital. He showed up at my place one day and said he wanted to buy a Ford coupe. He had a dented-in place on the side of his head from the accident, which I suppose was the reason for his acting

so queer. There were some big used cars in the place that belonged to customers, and while the salesman was showing him Fords he would hop into these cars and start the engines and then say he wanted to buy one of them instead of a Ford. It didn't make any difference when the salesman told him the cars belonged to other people. Finally the salesman came to me and asked what to do. I had a talk with the captain and at first was inclined not to sell him, especially when he said he only had fifty dollars to lay down as a first payment. We are supposed to get a third down on a new car, but of course when the branch manager is riding you all the time you sometimes make deals that are not strictly according to Hoyle, and with my quota of thirty cars coming in every month and no farmer trade in sight I was inclined to take chances. The upshot was that I took the captain's fifty dollars and off he drove.

He had promised to bring in another hundred dollars when he got his salary check, but the first of the month rolled around and no captain. We wrote him letters but he didn't answer, and the collector never could catch him in at the place where he was staying. When it strung along for another month I set a private detective on his trail and found the captain went three times a week to the hospital for treatment, from ten to twelve in the morning. We have duplicate keys for all the cars we sell, so one morning I sent one of my mechanics out to the hospital and when the captain parked his car at the curb and went inside the building this mechanic just unlocked the car and drove it back to the garage. Of course I didn't have any right to do this but possession is nine points of the law, and when the captain threatened to make trouble I reported him to the army authorities as a deadbeat. I guess he was a little daffy anyhow, from the dent in his head, because it turned out he had been buying a lot of other things on installments. People said he was a real nice fellow before his accident, but in the investigation that followed he lost his commission and was fired out of the army. The last I heard of him he was bootlegging.

If Mr. Ford knew personally some of the things that go on I am sure he would call a halt to his branch managers riding the local agents the way they do. Like I say, when you are crowded all the time to make your quota under all sorts of business conditions, you do things you don't like to. There are some pretty tough characters in this town just as there are everywhere else; but a quota is a quota and you can't stop to pick your customers. One thing I have noticed is that the hardest boiled eggs are most likely to come up with their time payments. Only last year I sold a car to a big colored fellow and of course as he had no visible means of support I took a mortgage on it so I could replevine it in case he didn't pay, but every month he came in right on the dot with the cash. Naturally I'm not bragging about it, and I'm not saying anything was wrong; but during that time a street car conductor was held up at the end of the line a couple of times and there were some other bits of devilment of a like character.

I have talked to a lot of Ford agents around here and practically every one of them complains about the way the branch managers have stuffed their orders for parts. It often happened with me. I remember once I ordered a hundred timers and when the shipment came it was five hundred. I wrote and called attention to the mistake but got no answer. The next week I was up in the city and spoke to the branch manager about it personally. He was one of the fellows who quit the Company later on to go into another line of business. At first he tried to laugh off the five hundred timers and said a little thing like that wouldn't make any difference to a millionaire like me, and anyhow I would use them up in a few

months. But that evening over a couple of drinks he got confidential.

"You Bozos in the small towns think I'm riding you," he said. "Well, maybe I am. I've got my work cut out for me the same as you have, and I've got to make good or lose my job. But if any of you think you're having a hard time, all I've got to say is that you ought to trade jobs with me about a month!"

The thing that made me quit the Ford game was the campaign they put on for farm machinery. Understand, I was in sympathy with it too, because I knew Mr. Ford was trying to make things easier for the farmers—like he says, help them do their whole year's work in twenty days. Still and all, I didn't feel I wanted to go broke even in a good cause.

The first thing I knew of Mr. Ford's plans was on a Saturday afternoon when I got a long-distance call from the city saying the branch manager was coming out next day and for me to be in my office at eleven o'clock. I usually go to church Sunday mornings, and besides I always understood Mr. Ford was against Sunday work; but an order is an order and I wasn't taking any chances on getting in bad with the branch manager. In our town there are laws on Sabbath observance, but if a business man wants to work a little no one bothers him just so he keeps the shades down.

The branch manager was a new man by the name of Biggs, and he told me that from then on I would be required to carry a line of farm machinery suitable to go with the Ford tractors. As I remember it, there were no ifs or ands; I understood it to be an order, and I knew what Biggs could do to me if I didn't obey orders. Anyhow I thought it might be a good thing to help move the tractors, which were always harder to sell than Ford cars. I asked Biggs if he wanted me to sign a contract and he said no, that wouldn't be necessary in this case, but when the salesman came along it would be indicated to me what I should buy.

Biggs left that afternoon to see the dealers in some small towns farther up the line, and some time later the machinery man called. I never did quite understand Mr. Ford's arrangements with the machinery manufacturers. The salesman who called on me represented a big jobbing house in the city, and apparently there was no connection between this jobbing house and the branch manager's office; but there must have been some kind of a working agreement because the salesman had my assortment of stuff all lined up for me and all I had to do was to sign the order. Altogether it amounted to about seven thousand dollars' worth. There were seeders, 12-inch plows, etc., all sorts of implements to be hauled by the Ford tractors.

Well, so far as our section of the country was concerned, the farm machinery campaign was a pretty bad flop. In the first place, it was hard to convince the farmers that they ought to buy their machines from the Ford dealers instead of from regular implement merchants. Naturally the implement merchants were down on us for trying to take away their trade, and knocked Ford cars every time they had a chance. Then it was found that 12-inch plows weren't suitable for our territory, and some of the other machines proved too heavy for the Ford tractor. Biggs sent out a lot of demonstrators and high-powered salesmen to help us move the stuff, but none of us could make a go of the line and after a while so many squawks came from the dealers that Biggs called a meeting to hear complaints. As I was the biggest agent in that part of the state the meeting was held in my office and the smaller dealers came there.

Biggs called the meeting to order and asked the different ones to air their complaints. Believe me, there were a plenty. One fellow would tell his troubles with the farm machinery line, and then another, and then half a dozen would be on their feet at once, blaming

Biggs, and the Ford Motor Company, and the farm machinery company, and pretty near everyone else, for their griefs. In the midst of it Biggs hopped to his feet and pounded the table.

"If any man here can show a scratch of the pen," he yelled, "to prove he bought his farm machinery at the orders of the Ford Motor Company, I dare him to get up and say so!"

Of course no one could show a scratch of the pen because there wasn't any. Biggs hadn't made any of us sign a contract for our farm machinery. He had just *told* us to buy it, and we took it to be an order from headquarters.

I sold out my business as soon after that as I could find a buyer. I was afraid after Mr. Ford got through helping the farmers he might decide to help out the Hottentots or someone, and I didn't feel like I could afford to assist him. The fellow I sold my business to wouldn't take the farm machinery stock at any price. Since then I have been peddling it wherever I could, but it's a hard game. I sold one machine that cost me $800 for $300, and took the farmer's notes for it, spread out over three years, without interest.

I am sure Mr. Ford can't know about all these things, because if he did he couldn't have written in his book this grand sentiment:

"The principle of the service of business to the people has gone far in the United States and it will spread through and remake the world."

SWING SONG

BY A. A. MILNE

HERE I go up in my swing
Ever so high.
I am the King of the fields, and the King
Of the town.
I am the King of the earth, and the King
Of the sky.
Here I go up in my swing . . .
Now I go down.

BABA THE THIEF

A TIMBUCTOO EXPERIENCE

BY LELAND HALL

ON THE third or fourth night of my stay in Timbuctoo several black men came to call. It was just after supper. In the yellowish light of the lantern on the table, with the straw mats on the floor and a native blanket or two on the back of a chair, the room looked not unattractive. First to arrive were two big fellows. The foremost, in a magnificent white *boubou* and an orange turban, greeted me cheerily from the doorway; and, leaving his sandals at the threshold, swept into the room. His name was Mahmadou Siy, and he was an official interpreter.

"I had a talk with your servant, Omar, downstairs," he said. "Omar is a good boy, of my own race. For I am not of the Timbuctoo race, though I speak the language perfectly, but a Toucouleur. My father was the intimate friend of many French generals. I myself know General Gouraud well. He did not wish me to leave his service. Your house is pleasant, and I am glad to know you have a good boy."

There was perhaps a note of patronage in the commendation of my house and my boy. But why resent it? Siy meant above all to be friendly and reassuring.

He presented his companion, who had remained standing in the doorway, as a young holy man, like myself a stranger in the town, who was lodged with him for the time being. Alimamy, this young marabout, was in a dark-blue robe, bareheaded, with a string of ebony and silver prayer beads hanging from his neck. A sculptor would have been glad to carve that perfect negro head. Alimamy was as quiet and reserved as Siy was lively. I tried him in French, but he would not respond and, withdrawing to a shadowy corner, he sat cross-legged on the mats without moving and without speaking during the whole evening. Young as he was, and powerfully built, there was, nevertheless, a certain soft melancholy in his handsome face. He was slow to smile and he never laughed. Immediately after these two came a slightly older man who had lost a hand in the War. Siy and Alimamy had both fought in that conflict, and I met many others who had done likewise. Their opinions of Europe were not uncharitable. This man, whose name I never knew, was small and bright and lively as a bird, and his red fez was like a crest. He ought to have been a black Kalander from the *Arabian Nights*, or something.

Then came three teachers from the Medarsa, the ancient academy of the town, one of them in the handsomest robe I ever saw in Timbuctoo: a fair blue, embroidered with circles and triangles in white. He sat on the floor close by Mahmadou Siy, who had reclined superbly in the steamer chair; and as the big interpreter waxed eloquent, listened keenly to him. When the others put questions Siy laughed his replies; but when this quiet young teacher asked anything Siy had obviously to stop and think.

Most of these arrivals were such big men that when two more came they pre-

ferred to sit on the threshold. There the outline of their dark heads was vague against the shadows beyond, but now and again they turned their faces towards the light from the lantern, and then their eyes and their white teeth shone.

The misgivings I felt about entertaining so many strangers proved to be superfluous. Mahmadou Siy, royal and benign in the deck chair, talked almost unceasingly, with many animated gestures and much laughter. It was all in the language of Timbuctoo. The little one-handed man kept fluttering from one place to another, the better to fasten his eyes on the eloquent Mahmadou; till at last he came to settle down by me and to translate something of the long story —a courtesy for which I was grateful. It was often thus: black men, and later on, Arabs, would come in groups to visit me and soon fall to talking animatedly among themselves. The host was the stranger on such occasions; but he had before his eyes many faces fascinating to watch in their changes of expression, and a recompense in believing that the best proof of hospitality is that guests make themselves at home.

What was it all about, then, Mahmadou's brilliant tale? The absence to-day of such powerful holy men as had held sway in former times. Why, only ten years ago a native employed in the post office robbed the safe of a big sum of money. Having hidden this away, he went to beseech the protection of a holy man. The holy man prayed with him and, writing for him a sacred charm, said, "Carry this always with you, walk boldly where you will." So the young man went in the streets, and walked up and down before the post office; and though the Christians looked from their windows, and though they knew well it was he who had stolen the money from their safe, they laid not a hand on him to drag him into the courts of the "Romi."

"There is scarcely a holy man with that power to-day," the teacher said.

To this they all agreed, but apparently held the fact less to be lamentable than curious. I looked at Alimamy, the young holy man who was like myself a stranger in the town. Did he believe in the possibility of such a power within himself? Had he vowed himself to a life of denial, of loneliness, and unkemptness such as that through which saints of all times and lands have achieved miraculous grace? His eyes were half closed. In truth, he understood little of the language of Timbuctoo and had surely given over trying to follow Mahmadou Siy.

At last Mahmadou Siy turned to me with elegant gestures and not less elegant French.

"But, my dear friend," he said, "you do not understand our tongue and hear nothing of all this. Besides, it is now time for you to sleep."

Gracefully and with no clatter they bestirred themselves. Shaking hands with me they thanked me for my hospitality and wished me good night and, having slipped their feet into their sandals, stood a moment in the starlight of the terrace. I urged the young holy man to come and see me again, but he made no reply.

Below at the heavy street door whither I had descended with them all, Mahmadou said:

"When we came we found the door of your house open and walked in. Your boy is gone and we have been sitting upstairs, and anyone might have entered and stolen. In this city you must lock your door, my friend. There are thieves who make no noise, and they will steal from you because you are a white man."

Earnestly, the little one-handed man echoed this warning. Then the outer door creaked behind them. There was a bolt to shoot, but Omar might come early in the morning and rouse me from my bed to open for him. That night, and many nights after, the door remained unlocked.

II

Just after breakfast the next day, Omar being already gone to the market,

there silently appeared at the threshold of my room a young black man who wore nothing but the tatters of a pair of O.D. breeches. His round head was smoothly shorn; his eyes, unlike those of most black people, were small as shoe buttons and not at all steady in their look. But he held in one mud-caked hand a little basket of carrots while with the other he removed the narrow band of tape which he had knotted round his head in symbol, at least, of a turban; and so standing in the doorway, uncovered and ready to smile, he offered me the carrots.

"I come from my master," he said, "Mahmadou Siy, the interpreter. He told me to bring you these carrots from his garden, where I am the gardener's helper."

"And your name?"

"My name is Baba, Mahmadou Baba. You may call me Mahmadou. You are a good white."

He spoke French easily, in a low, smooth voice. The officer for whom he had once worked as boy had taught him how to cook, he said; so that he was fully trained to be my boy if I would take him. Was he not happy working in the garden for so fine a man as Mahmadou Siy? No; Siy spent all his money on women, and he with two wives elsewhere, and at the end of the month there was seldom money to pay the gardener. Besides, the interpreter wished him to do work about the house as well and, though he was fed for this, the old woman who was cook in the house had a vile temper and accused him of many things.

"My life is hard. I am a poor boy. My mother is dead and my father gone away to Niafunke, and I have a little sister and a baby brother to provide for."

Yet he would not accept a bit of money from me, protesting that he had not come to beg. He accepted a cigarette, but, pointing to his bare feet and legs, his arms, his tatters, all caked with soil of the garden, he refused to come into the room to smoke. Rather, he sat on the threshold, contented. When his cigarette was done he must return to the garden where the gardener would be waiting to scold him. So he left, as silent on the stairway in his bare feet as he had been in coming up.

In a minute or two, young Alfa, a black lad who, the day after my arrival in Timbuctoo had, without question or contract, simply attached himself to my house and me, rushed breathless with excitement into the room.

"What was Baba doing in your house?" he panted. "He must not come to your house. He is the worst thief in all the country."

This was a rude awakening from Baba's soft, pathetical turns. Still, there were the carrots.

"That's all very well, but Baba must not enter this house again." And Alfa flew to the little window which looked down into the court and peered and cocked his ears. He returned to me in no way calmed. "Baba has spent most of his life in prison for thieving. He has just come out of prison."

That seemed exaggerated.

"But," Alfa screamed, "can't you see how fat he is!"

Extraordinary evidence, which Alfa must explain. A man is well off in prison; he has not too much work to do, and he has plenty of rice to eat three times a day, or corn, and sometimes meat.

"Look at me," he pleaded; "see how thin I am. That is because I am honest. And Baba shall not come to your house again."

Alfa utterly scorned the suggestion that a man coming from prison should be given a chance to live straight. For lots of black men prison was a bit of good luck. Because a thief had got fat in prison would he steal the less? It was agreed, however, that until Baba did steal something from the house he should be allowed to come into it. And Alfa would keep watch. "My eyes see better than the white man's," he said, "and my ears are keen. I know every one in the town, and what goes on in it;

and if a stranger came to town I should know him for a thief or not by one glance at him." I maintained that Baba would not steal.

There was another Alfa who used to come often and at all hours to the house. He was older than the youngster who had attached himself so closely to us and, therefore, we called him Big Alfa. Big Alfa was at once self-important and very emotional. From his mother he had inherited a faint strain of Arab blood; and though he could not speak Arabic except for a few literary phrases, mostly from the Koran, which he had learned during fragmentary studies at the Medarsa, he fancied himself a little above most of his pure-blooded fellows. Besides, he had inherited likewise from his mother a considerable sum of money, and he enjoyed, to the full, the reputation of being a very rich young man.

Yet everyone knew he had lost a good part of his fortune. Big Alfa minded this not a bit. Loss or gain mattered little to his spirit were only the figures big enough. And so I have seen him while telling of the recent loss of ten thousand francs soar into an ecstatic mournfulness, and there, the mere diminution of his possessions forgotten among the trivialities of the world, his eyes softened with unshed tears, idolize the grandeur of his loss.

Like most black men, he took me to have a great deal of money because I was white. It avails nothing telling a black man you have not, for he refuses to believe you. But when once, in answer to his enquiry, put with breath-stilling earnestness by the way, I spoke the humble figure of my wealth, he believed me. At the moment he held a lighted cigarette in his fingers. In silence he extinguished this and laid it down carefully.

"It is true, then, my friend," he said, in a voice blurred with emotion, "that you are poor. I, as you know, am rich. But I will come to see you every day as I have always done. Only, I will smoke no more of your cigarettes. It is not right for the rich man to smoke the poor man's cigarettes."

Thereafter, though I often urged one upon him, he held true to his word. But he would sit close to me as I wrote of a morning, watching the typewriter, and the smoke of my own cigarette. When I had squashed out the fire of one in the ash tray, Big Alfa would study this end profoundly. With the fluid movement of a serpent uncoiling lazily, he would bring forth from some pocket of his robe the barrel of a broken fountain pen, would extend one delicate hand and recover the cigarette end, would fit it into the broken rubber tube and light it. Still like an amiable serpent, he would slowly eddy into repose, and with moist eyes, would thoughtfully inhale the few puffs and sigh over my poverty. Not a jerk of movement and not a word. Big Alfa, I believe, fancied himself endowed with unusual spiritual powers, and sometimes dreamed of becoming a holy man. On this, it seemed, rather than on his wealth and his social prestige, he shaped his demeanor in the presence of his fellow-townsmen. He was overbearing towards almost all the young men. The poor expressed their resentment of such an attitude slyly and maliciously; still, on the whole they appeared to accept his superiority, as I did, though my Young Alfa, who had not a cent to his name or a whole garment to his body, could not endure the presence of Big Alfa and left the room when he came, like an animate sneer.

Now one morning before Big Alfa and me, sitting at the table, appeared Baba at the bright threshold in his rags. And Big Alfa saw him and shook his fist at him and roared:

"Get out of this house!"

It was awful in its suddenness and its violence. Big Alfa frowned down upon me with a brow of thunder.

"That man is the worst thief in town," he declared.

Baba did not go away, but sat on the threshold, turning his back to us and weeping quietly.

"He is a thief, a thief!" Big Alfa shouted, without mercy. "And his father was a thief before him and always in prison, and even his mother was a thief. Go away! Go away from this house!"

Then Baba stood up, and with his head fallen on his naked black breast, went out of our sight. Just like Young Alfa, Big Alfa ran to the little window which surveyed the court, and watched thence till Baba had crossed and we had heard the creak of the heavy door behind him. His indignation was deep; and since Occidental idealism had in similar case failed utterly, I let him talk on. Gradually he grew calmer and wound up on a note of serious caution, reminding me that things were not as they should be in my house if Baba could walk in without challenge while Omar was out and we were upstairs.

He took his leave. Hardly had he had time to descend the stairs when, like an apparition out of the brilliant light of the terrace, soundless and immediate, Baba stood before me at the threshold. In his tiny eyes glowed the fire of resentment. Swiftly he came in across the mats and sat down at the table opposite me.

"He is a cruel man and he has no right to say such things. I have been in prison, but I am not a thief. Take me away with you."

"Where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere away from Timbuctoo. It is true that my father was in prison, but he is not here now, and my mother is dead. I am sick of walking in the streets of this town. The men and women cry after me, 'There goes Baba the Thief,' and the children run away from me. Do you know what it is when no one will speak to you and no one will play with you, but everyone calls you Thief and hides in the doorway till you go by?"

He talked in a dull voice; the simple phrases had no specious ring. In a pause I asked him how he could leave the little sister he had told me of. He pointed his beady eyes at me a second.

"You do not believe I have a little sister? She is thin because she cannot eat enough now that corn and rice have gone to two francs the measure, and Siy pays me only half a franc a day."

I gave him a big piece of chocolate. He broke off a small bit for himself, and wrapped the remainder in a rag to take home to the little sister. We nibbled in silence a while; but he meanwhile showed more and more that he was agitated. His hand trembled, his breast rose and fell more rapidly. He leaned closer and closer to me, and at last whispered:

"He, of all men, has no right to cast the prison in my teeth."

"Who?"

"That Big Alfa. He has been in prison more than I."

Up to this point, I had been able to detect no evidence of sham in Baba; but at this incredible accusation, I began to suspect that he was false. Even though I realized that the very crudeness of the charge might prove it only a flash of resentment, I decided, much to my distaste, that we had perhaps better keep an eye on him while he was in the house.

III

Early the next morning, while still the desert chill which set us all shivering was in the air, Baba appeared again in the doorway, straighter than ever against the cold blue light of the terrace.

"I have brought my little sister to see you," he announced, and turning, spoke to some one out of my sight.

"She is timid," he apologized, and went to fetch her. In the silence I heard the cry of a child softened to whimpering. Baba dragged his little sister to the threshold. He bade her sit down there, which she did, like an odd bird teetering on the sill.

Coming into the room then, Baba said:

"That is my little sister."

It was a girl child perhaps six years old. The miserable rags hid no detail of her body, all bones, over which the black

skin was stretched and grayed like worn thin leather. It was a famine child, shivering with cold, almost wasted away but for the enormous eyes fixed on me in terror. No approach to her was possible. At my slowest step towards her she shrank away; at the gentlest word she cowered. A bit of candy should win a child's trust, but in the end I had to give it to Baba to convey to her. Her hand closed on it like the slow claw of a bird, but did not dare put it to her thin lips.

Baba said again: "That is my little sister. You see."

There was nothing to be gained by her staying here where she was so terrified.

"You had better take her away," I said. "And here is five francs for you."

He protested that he had not brought his little sister here to beg.

"Take it," I said, "but do not tell anyone I gave it to you. If you do everyone in town will be running in."

So he accepted the gift and promised that no one should know whence it had come to him. He would have his sister say thank you; but on being dragged out of her corner she all but screamed, and we let the thanks rest unspoken. They went down the stairs together, she almost falling from each uneven tread or dangling from her brother's hand like a small scarecrow picked up in a field.

I now realized how deeply Baba's accusation against Big Alfa had shaken my faith in his ingenuousness. That waif—there was no doubting her thinness, her misery; but was she Baba's sister? That I never knew and never shall know. He might have picked her from nowhere in the streets to act her dumb and pitiful role in his play to my sympathy. But I am inclined to believe she was his sister.

There is time to think in Timbuctoo. The hubbub swelled in the market place, the sun drove away the chill and beat down the terrace in light. At least the child was warm by now. Beyond the doorway, in which already so many pictures had silently framed themselves, powdery dust of sand, golden in the sunbeams, floated against deep purple shadows. Through the windows to the north came faintly the voice of some black man on the tower of the mosque, calling to noonday prayer.

Suddenly I heard noise and shouting on my stairs. Surely many people were trying to rush up at once and were clogging each other in the narrow ascent.

"Monsieur! Monsieur!" they were calling.

Out of the shadow and confusion of the stairway Mahmadou, the interpreter, shot up into the sunlight flooding the terrace. His orange turban, partly unwound, streamed about him, and his robes billowed with his panting. What he was shouting I could not catch, for like a rocket at the tail of another, the one-armed man shot up into the sun and shouted; and then Omar, and then two or three men of the town, and last a tall black policeman with red fez and gleaming brass medals; and all talked and shouted at once. Out of the din only one phrase emerged distinctly, "Is it true? Is it true?"

We could get nowhere till silence had been restored and Mahmadou Siy appointed spokesman.

"Is it true," he then asked, "that you gave my boy Baba two francs?"

I saw no need to say it was five and not two I had given him.

"Yes," I answered, "I gave him money."

They deflated themselves with long "Ahs," and stood round, a little disappointed but very picturesque, looking to Mahmadou Siy to tell the whole story. This he proceeded to do, though not without many interpolations from the others.

"I was in my office," began Mahmadou Siy, "and a man came running from the market place and said to me, 'Baba is buying things in the market place. He has money. He has stolen. Oh, thief, thief!' 'What has he bought?' 'He has bought an elbow of cloth from the weaver and salt and rice.' 'Then he has stolen,' I said, and we ran to the

market. We ran to the weaver, and I asked, 'Has Baba bought of you?' And the weaver answered, 'An elbow of cloth. And he paid me *tanka* and went on. And when he had gone I said to myself, surely Baba has stolen; and bade this man run and tell you Baba had money and had stolen.'"

"Yes," said the weaver's man, stepping forward, "and I ran to tell Mahmadou Siy, and the woman in the rice market clutched my robe as I ran by and said, 'Baba the Thief has bought rice and paid for it. Run and tell Mahmadou Siy Baba has stolen again.'"

"Then," said Siy, "we sought Baba in all the streets."

"Yes, we ran after Baba in all the streets," said the policeman, "and we caught him near the hut where he lives. I caught him. Is it not so, Mahmadou Siy?"

"Yes," cried Siy. "And I said to Baba, 'You have bought things in the market place for money. You have stolen again. O, you miserable thief!' And he said, 'I have bought nothing.' But he had with him the cloth under his arm and a small bowl of rice, so we told him he lied.

"Was it not clear that he lied? So he said he had bought things, but he had not stolen; that you had given him two francs."

"Yes," I said, "two francs." And I told them how he had come that morning with a starving waif, and asked if he had indeed a little sister.

They wagged their heads thoughtfully and mumbled, but agreed that Baba always said he had a little sister.

"Just the same," Mahmadou Siy declared, "you should not give him money. He is a thief."

"He has not yet stolen from me," I replied. "And because he has been a thief will he always be a thief?"

Mahmadou Siy laughed heartily and the others joined with him.

"The woman who cooks for me had a fine new stewpan, and yesterday morning Baba stole it. And my friend Alimamy, the holy man, he had a beautiful blanket; and while he was praying this morning Baba sneaked into his room and ran off with it."

"What! Stole a blanket from a holy man while he prayed!"

This was too much. We roared with laughter, we bent double and choked with laughter, laughter flew from the terrace over the market place and tears ran down our cheeks. The black men slapped their thighs, and I held my sides.

"And such a fine blanket!" Mahmadou Siy gasped.

"And to steal it while the holy man prayed!" the one-armed man snickered.

But the conclusion was that I must never give money to Baba because, as all the world knew and as it must be plain to me, Baba was a thief.

When they had gone I called Omar in consultation. Omar said, "A thief is a man who steals. Yesterday Baba stole a pan from the old woman, and to-day a beautiful blanket from a holy man. But what has that to do with us? He has stolen nothing from us. And why does Mahmadou Siy, who is my countryman and whom I much admire, keep him still to work in the garden and send him round to us with vegetables?"

In the cool of the afternoon Alimamy at last came to call on me. For all his youth and his magnificent physique, he was a gentle, dreamy man, who spoke slowly and rarely with a smile. He had enough French, after all, to tell me of his wanderings over Europe in the War and of his wounds; to tell picturesquely how he had returned to his native land, Dja, and there had decided to be a holy man.

"I heard," he said, looking out the north window over the desert in the aloof and dreamy sadness which was peculiar to him, his heavily molded lips moving slowly, "that in Timbuctoo there was no holy man who went into the market place, and so I came. But there is little for me to do. I am not happy here. Sometimes I write two or three charms in a day, but many days none at all, though I sit in the market from sun-

rise to sunset. Then I can buy no kola nut, and my head aches for lack of it.

"No," he went on, "I am not happy here. I am no longer welcome in the house of Mahmadou Siy, but I will go and live in another house, that one there, with the tower. And this morning while I prayed at dawn Baba the Thief came and stole my blanket."

"Ah, that was a wicked thing to do."

"It was written," he said, in Arabic, meaning that it was written in the Book of Destiny that his blanket should be stolen. He was without anger and without resentment. He merely added, "No, I am not happy here."

When he left, he smiled.

"I will come often to see you," he said.

IV

Baba appeared the next morning, bringing vegetables from the garden. He did not greet me, but standing in the doorway said clearly:

"I did *not* steal the holy man's blanket. The old woman hid the stewpan because she hates me, and then she stole the holy man's blanket, and I know where she put it. She is a bad old woman. She has a box with a lot of money in it, and I have nothing. Why does she call me a thief if she is not evil?"

Why, indeed, Baba?

He asked sadly to be forgiven, and when I questioned what there was for me to forgive him he reminded me that yesterday he had broken his promise and told Mahmadou Siy I had given him money. But what could he do? Would I not please bear in mind that they had pursued him and that he had to tell about the money—at least a little about it. I assured him I would never forget that, after all, he had kept three-fifths of his promise, which is something even in the white man's world.

Now, all this went on during the first weeks of my stay in Timbuctoo while still it was my habit to go for an early morning swim in the pool, leaving the house wholly empty and the street door wide open for Omar and the Daggar shepherd who brought milk. Then one morning, for no reason I can think of, I decided not to go down to swim. The morning was not especially cold; I was feeling perfectly fit. I just chanced not to go. I remember humming old hymn tunes while I shaved, amused to find myself in such a Western mood. When I went to throw away the shaving water I glanced down the stair and saw, standing by the kitchen door, the bottle of milk the Daggar had brought without my hearing a sound. Probably I saw something else, too, something moving or a shadow; for I stopped humming, set down the basin, and returned across the terrace on tiptoe. And when I came to the head of the stairs and looked down I saw a black arm close to the ground and a black hand about to close on the milk bottle.

Why did he not run when I shouted? He could have escaped from the court before I got to the bottom of the stairs, and no one descending the stairs could have seen more than a fleeing pair of legs. But he stood as if paralyzed.

Of course, it was Baba. I hated to catch him. It gave no satisfaction of any kind to say the hard things that must be said. He protested that he had meant only to put the bottle inside the kitchen door so that no one else would steal it. But that black hand and arm had been too stealthy for honesty. Well, he was not to come into the house again, and the best time to leave it for good and all was now. Again, his head fell on his black breast, his legs dragged on the way to the door. I held it open for him to pass through. He did not look back.

Not five minutes later Young Alfa tore up the stairs.

"What has happened to Baba?" he cried, much excited. "He is walking through the streets with tears on his face."

I had not the heart to tell him, and he ran off to pick up news in the town. But naturally when Omar came I told him, and Omar said:

"Now he is a thief. Yesterday and

the day before he brought only half the vegetables and I think he sold the rest."

It was nearly noon when Alfa reappeared, this time with Alimamy, who seemed the gentler for the youngster's fierce delight.

"All the town is hunting for Baba the Thief," Alfa announced.

"Where is he?"

"He is not a rat. There are not holes enough for him to hide in. Even in the desert he cannot hide. The police will find him, perhaps not in one day but before three days.

I told them Baba had been to the house early in the morning and asked what he could have done since to set the police on his track. Alimamy, in his gentle manner, gave me the story. Many people had seen Baba weeping in the streets. Now, the old woman who cooked for Mahmadou Siy had a box with money in it. She did not live in Siy's house but in a hut by herself. She kept the box in the hut. Baba went to the old woman's hut. She was not there, and he broke in and stole the box. Someone had seen him. Now he could not escape. He was not a rat. There were not holes enough for him to hide in.

Alfa interrupted, "Even if he hides in the darkest hut the sun rises higher. It will be hot. He will be thirsty. The police will watch the wells. At night there is the big moon. They will watch day and night, and they will find him before he can die of thirst or hunger."

Alfa foresaw every twist and turn within the cunning of the hunted man. He would have dragged me on the terrace to point out this and that corner of the light-drenched town where Baba might pant a second in hope before running on in fear.

At last I told them what had happened in the house that morning. They listened in silence, and after I was done Alimamy put me through a questioning.

"You go every morning to swim?"

"Yes."

"You did not go this morning?"

"No."

"Were you feeling well this morning?"

"Perfectly."

"Had you gone this morning Baba would have stolen the milk?"

"It looks that way."

"But you stayed in the house?"

"Yes."

He leaned towards me.

"Why?" he almost whispered.

Alfa's eyes shone like stars. He, too, leaned towards me and with lifted hand checked my response.

"Let Alfa tell you why," he said. "Allah is in your house."

We were all silent a moment.

"Yes, my friend," Alfa went on, his eyes glowing, "Allah is in your house. That is why nothing has been stolen from you, though your door is always open. The black thief is sharper than the white man. Always he steals from the white man, for it gives him pleasure. Why have not thieves stolen from you? Allah is in your house. Alfa does not flatter. That is true."

"No God but Allah," Alimamy breathed, "and Mohamed is his prophet."

Their great dark eyes were full of happiness. They smiled, not in rapture, but in peace. The chattering in the market place sounded far away; and through the room, from door giving on sunny terrace and from window looking to the north over the vastness of the Sahara, streamed the light which, though its clarity and its hues are never to be caught in words, still plays in the memory over every recollection of Timbuctoo.

As they left Alfa said, "Perhaps they will catch Baba before the sun sets. I shall know first when they have caught him and will run to tell you."

But they did not catch Baba before the sun set that day, nor did they catch him the next day, or even the third day, for all Alfa's prophecy. Baba had disappeared. Rat or no rat, he had found holes to hide in. I locked my house, not that I feared being robbed, but that I dreaded Baba's sneaking in to find refuge there.

A week went by. Mahmadou Siy came to chat, Alimamy visited me often, Alfa was always in and out. But no one of them had news of Baba.

Then in the middle of one night I heard from my bed a voice calling softly in the street below. For a while I thought I had been dreaming; but the voice was persistent, and I went to the window. The street was dim and gray in the light of a waning moon, and I could see no one in it, though the voice called me again softly. He was standing against the opposite wall, the black man, almost blotted out in its shadow.

"Do you know me? I am Baba Mahmadou," he said, very low.

"I could not see for the shadow."

"I dare not stand in the light. If you will come down and open your door I will run in."

"I will not let you in because the police would find you here. Besides, I told you never to come again."

He was hungry, and I threw down bread and chocolate into the shadow. I hardly saw him stoop to pick them up, but I knew he got them. His voice, soft and melancholy, rose once more to the window. "*Bon soir, monsieur, bon soir.*" Then he was gone.

But he came again, and in the broad light of day. Never did I suspect who was calling in that clear voice from the street; and when I looked down, I hardly recognized Baba in the uniform of a *tirailleur*, with jaunty shoulders and a red fez on his head. Badgered by the police, he had sneaked his way to the recruiting sergeant, who, glad to welcome so stalwart a young black, had asked no questions. So it had ended. Baba had now three good meals a day, and his little sister was taken care of.

He promised to come and see me the next week, when he should have won the broad sash of red flannel these soldiers wind about their waists; and this he did, telling me on that occasion that he fancied not to steal again.

Young Alfa remained scornful; but Big Alfa, so elegant and so mystical, would never again raise a minatory fist against Baba the Thief. And one day, as I was talking over the natives with another white man, we fell upon Big Alfa.

"He is a little simple-minded; but I don't think he is crooked. Prison took that out of him."

"Prison!" I cried, tormented by the shade of a misjudged Baba. "Big Alfa in prison?"

"Surely. He had a long term. It was technically forgery, but he is so simple that perhaps he did not realize what he was doing. Everybody knows it."

Ah, yes, and Baba the Thief had but whispered it.

IN PRAISE OF FREEDOM

BY WILL DURANT

Author of "The Story of Philosophy"

IT IS a marvel inadequately noted that the contemporary victory of conservatism in the politics and economics of the world has been accompanied by the triumph of liberalism in religion and morals, in science and philosophy, in literature and art.

We have selected for our rulers gentlemen who reverently represent the established gods of industry; and we have put behind us, for the while, all thought of experiment in the relations of master and man. We have conferred a mystic popularity upon officials whose only virtue is their timidity; while our scorn of rebels and reformers is so great that we have ceased to persecute them. The capitals and governments of the world are in the hands of caution; and change comes over them only in the night, unseen.

Yet, bewilderingly simultaneous with this virtuous avoidance of the new in the official world, behold in our cities such a riot of moral and literary innovation, such an exuberant rejection of ancient faith and discipline, as makes every gray head shake with sociological tremors, and every aged finger point to corrupt Imperial Rome. Science thinks it has won its battle with the antediluvians; in the exhilaration of its victory it marches gayly into a mechanical dogmatism that does justice to everything but life. Literature violates every rule and every precedent; the boldest experiment is applauded by the most respectable critics; no one dares admire the classics any more; and to be a revolutionist in poetry and painting is as fashionable as to vote for mediocrity and reaction. The stage has suddenly discovered the mysterious beauty of the female form divine; the cabaret is devoting itself æsthetically to "artistic nudity"; and sculpture, which decayed as clothing grew, may be expected to flourish happily again. It is a remarkable synthesis of the omnipotent state and the liberated individual.

How shall we explain this humorous anomaly? Partly it is a corollary of our wealth: the same riches that make us timidly conservative in politics make us bravely liberal in morals; it is as difficult to be ascetic with full pockets as it is, with full pockets, to be a revolutionist. Puritanism did not die from bichloride of *Mercury*, it was poisoned with silver and gold.

Partly the situation issues from a contradiction in our hearts: it is the same soul that hungers for the license of liberty and the security of order; the same mind that hovers, in its fluctuating strength and fear, between pride in its freedom and admiration for the police. There are moments when we are anarchists, and moments when we are Prussians. In America above all—in this land of the brave and this home of the free—we are a little fearful of liberty. Our forefathers were free in politics, and stoically stern in morals; they respected the Decalogue, and defied the State. But we deify the State, and riddle the Decalogue; we are Epicureans in morals, but we submit to all but one of a hundred thousand laws; we are slaves in politics, and free only in our cups.

It is revealing that when an American

speaks of liberty's decay he has reference to his stomach rather than to his mind. A convention of the American Federation of Labor threatened a revolution some years ago: because of the open shop?—certainly not; but because of the closed saloon. All the liberalism of the respectable American to-day confines itself to making alcohol the first necessity of a gentleman, and broadmindedness the first requisite of a lady. What does it matter that a Polish immigrant is nearly hanged by a Massachusetts court for expressing his skepticism of an ancient faith—or that the aged saints of orthodoxy, lavishly financed by manufacturers who forget the practices of their middle age in the theology of their infancy, are everywhere introducing bills for the outlawing of biology, and the refutation of Darwinism by legislation? What does it matter that freedom to think is lost, if freedom to drink remains? *Primum est bibere, deinde philosophari.*

It is not law that takes our freedom from us, it is the innocuous desuetude of our minds. Standardized education, and the increasing power of mass suggestion in an increasing mass, rob us of personality and character and independent thought; as crowds grow, individuals disappear. Ease of communication facilitates imitation and assimilation; rapidly we all become alike; visibly we joy in becoming as much as possible alike—in our dress, our manners, and our morals, in the interior decoration of our homes, our hotels, and our minds. God knows—perhaps even our moral freedom is a form of imitation.

Yet some rebellion is better than none; and possibly our thirst for liberty will go to the head, and dare to include thought. It is good that men should resist wholesale moralization by the law; to forbid the use of stimulating and consoling liquors because some men abuse them shows the amateurish weakness of a government that does not know how to control the fools without making fools of all. Civilization without wine is impossible. Civilization without restraint is impossible; and there can be no restraint where there is no liberty.

Let us listen for a moment to those who believed in every freedom. Perhaps it will refresh and strengthen us to forget for a while our countless laws and walk a little way with the idolators of liberty.

II

"Great part of that order which reigns among mankind is not the effect of government. It had its origin in the principles of society and the natural constitution of men. It existed prior to government, and would exist if the formality of government were abolished. The mutual dependence and reciprocal interest which man has upon man, and all parts of a civilized community upon one another, create that great chain of connection which holds it together. . . . In fine, society performs for itself almost everything which is ascribed to government."

Who is it that writes with such unfashionable courage and simplicity? Brave Tom Paine, protagonist of two revolutions, remaker of two continents; the American Voltaire, the English voice of that great Age of Reason, that audacious century which won the name of the Enlightenment. For in that fearless time, when the passage of economic power from the idling aristocracy to the thriving middle class had disturbed every tradition, broken the cake of custom, and loosened the holds of ancient superstitions upon mankind, the individual found himself unprecedentedly free, as if for a little while the iron grip of the past upon the present had been released. The senile dynasty of the Bourbons reigned but it did not rule; the Church, in a society where irreligion was *de rigeur* and even bishops flirted with rationality, was powerful only in the village, powerless in the capitals; every law was relaxed, every canon criticized, every norm of art or conduct violated without fear and without reproach. It

was the age in which Rousseau denounced the State as an evil, and Jefferson proclaimed that government best which governed least. It was the epoch of the individual.

From the beginning of human history, presumably, man had fretted under social restraints, and the natural barbarism of the will had seen an enemy in every law. "Laws," said Rousseau, "are always useful to those who own, and injurious to those who do not. . . . Laws gave the weak new burdens, and the strong new powers; they irretrievably destroyed natural freedom, established in perpetuity the law of property and inequality, turned a clever usurpation into an irrevocable right, and brought the whole future race under the yoke of labor, slavery, and misery. . . . All men were created free, and now they are everywhere in chains."

It is remarkable how far the ideology of the rising bourgeoisie, in the century of revolution, partook of that hunger and thirst for liberty which generates in anarchism the simplest and most alluring of political philosophies. Adam Smith argued that the wealth of nations depended upon the freedom of the individual. Mirabeau *père* and the Physiocrats wished to let nature alone in her management of commerce and industry; and Herbert Spencer, inheriting the liberal tradition from Bentham and Stuart Mill, reduced the state to a vanishing point, retaining it as a "night-watchman" for his property.

The theorists of logic developed with blind logic this cry of the middle class for freedom from feudal tolls, dynastic government, and aristocratic snobbery. If liberty was good in commerce and industry, it must be good in morals and politics. Godwin was sure that human nature, of its own inherent virtue, would maintain sufficient order without law; let all laws be abolished, and mankind would progress in intellect and character as it had never progressed before. Shelley versified these ideas when their author had ceased to believe in them, and practiced the new liberty with Godwin's daughter without consideration for the right of a philosopher to change his errors with his years. The patriotic Fichte made the individual will the base and apex of the universe, and saw all reality as the creation of a mind walled and moated in from external things and other souls. Stirner, condemned to teach in a young ladies' seminary, consoled himself by conceiving a superman liberated from the despotism of the state: "The state has never any object but to limit the individual, to tame him, to subject him to something general; it lasts only so long as the individual is not all in all . . . just straighten yourselves up and the state will leave you alone."

This aspiration to absolute liberty shows an arresting universality and a strange persistency. Among the pupils of Socrates there were Cynics who preferred the life of nature to the rule of law, and aimed, like Aristippus, "to be neither the slave nor the master of any man." Among the Stoics, who had no goods and many bonds, there were some who hoped for an earthly paradise in which all goods would be shared and all bonds would be loosed. Among the primitive Christians the use of force, for any purpose at all, was self-denied, and little saintly groups lived in peace and brotherhood, till wealth increased. The Anabaptists of the Reformation preached anew the gospel of freedom, and anticipated heaven by abolishing marriage. In the French Revolution Marat and Babœuf proclaimed the dawn of liberty and the twilight of the state. During the rebellious forties Proudhon wrote that "the government of man by man in every form is slavery. The highest perfection of a society is found in the union of order and anarchy. . . . In any society the authority of man over man is in inverse ratio to the intellectual development which that society has attained." In revolutionary Russia Tolstoi defined government as "the association of property-owners for the protection of their property from those who need it" (or

want it, as the owners would amend). Bakunin, abandoning his wealth and aristocratic position to join the Nihilists, predicted that education would spread so rapidly that by 1900 the state would be unnecessary, and men would obey only the laws of nature. Kropotkin, prince, gentleman, and anarchist, labored to show how, in the Utopia of liberty, men and women would need to work only an hour a day; and almost succeeded in proving that the spontaneous co-operation of man with man has been the basis of all sound social organization, far more powerful and salutary than the artificial compulsions of the state. In England William Morris indicated his respect for government by describing a happy Nowhere in which the Houses of Parliament were used to store Utopian manure. In *laissez-faire* America Emerson preached the frontiersman's self-reliance—"no law can be sacred to me but that of my own nature," and "the only right is what is after my own constitution"; Whitman conceived the function of government as a preparation for the time when men would rule themselves; and Thoreau, while he made his perfect pencils, gayly announced, "I heartily accept the motto, 'That government is best which governs least'. . . . Carried out it finally amounts to this, which I also believe: 'That government is best which governs not at all.' And when men are prepared for it, that is the kind of government which they will have."

III

What shall we say of this brave religion of liberty? How far is social order natural, and how long can it maintain itself without the prop of law? How far is freedom possible to man?

In human affairs (to spoil a perfect phrase of Santayana's) everything artificial has a natural origin, and everything natural has an artificial development. Expression is natural, language is artificial; religion is natural, the Church is artificial; society is natural, the state is artificial. Like language and theology, obedience to law comes through social transmission and individual learning rather than through impulses native to mankind. Hence the perpetual conflict, within the self, between the desires of one's heart and fear of the policeman; and hence the joy which triumphant rebels find in violating, with social approval and comparative impunity, some artificial and irksome prohibition. We are anarchists by nature, and citizens by suggestion.

But though in the secret sanctuaries of our souls we are lawless savages, we are not indisposed by nature to a moderate measure of spontaneous order and decency. Society is older than man, and older than the vertebrates. The protozoa have their colonies, with a division of labor between reproductive and nutritive cells; and the ants and bees bring this specialization of function to the point of physiologically differentiating the organism for its social task. Even the carnivores, whose tusks and hides and claws are individualistic substitutes for the strength and security of social order, include those gentle-eyed dogs who can be more sociable than a salesman and more loyal than a rural editor. "The Hamadryas baboons," says Darwin, "turn over stones to find insects; and when they come to a large one, as many as can stand round it, turn it over together, and share the booty. . . . Bull bisons, when there is danger, drive the cows and calves into the middle of the herd, while they defend the outside." Imperiled horses gather head to head, heels outward, forming a *cordon sanitaire*, as the Gauls put their women at the center when they engaged the foe. It was in such unions for defense, presumably, that animal society had its origin, and through them that it established a heritage of social impulse for humanity.

Add to this spontaneous sociability the formative co-operation of the family, and the case for a purely natural order

simulates plausibility. "The social instinct," says Darwin, "seems to be developed by the young remaining a long time with their parents." The brotherhood of man is in this sense as old as history; it vitalizes a thousand secret societies and forms of fellowship; there hardly lives the brute with soul so dead that he has not thrilled at times with a sense of his almost physical solidarity with mankind. Along with natural fraternity a beneficent spread of parental tenderness helps us to mutual aid; and altruism, which the Enlightenment (in Taine's phrase) reduced to virtue furnished with a spy-glass, is as natural as love and as universal as maternity. Kant marveled that there was so much kindness in the world, and so little justice; perhaps it is because kindness is spontaneous sympathy, while justice is bound up with judgment and reasoning. Women, in consequence, are a little less than just, and infinitely more than kind.

Finally, society itself, supported on these instinctive and economic props, develops in the individual certain social habits which become as powerful as any second nature, and constitute a pledge of order far more reliable than law. The longer we live the more gregarious we become; the more susceptible to the opinions of our neighbors; the more imitative and respectable; the more attached to custom and convention; the more reconciled to those restraints upon desire which make civilization depend upon habit rather than upon force.

Every organized psychological power strives to complete this taming and socialization of the individual. The church sets up, almost at his birth, a bombardment of moral exhortations from which some gentle influence remains even when their theological basis has passed away. As parental and ecclesiastical authority wane, the school replaces them more and more; it pretends to prepare the individual for economic and artistic victories; but quietly and subtly it molds him, as Aristotle advised, "to suit the form of government under which he lives"; it pours into his receptive constitution the peculiar habits and morals of his group; and it modestly covers the naked truth of history with such a glorification of the nation's past that the young graduate is ready to spur his neighbors to any sacrifice for the enhancement of his country's power. If the school fails in this socializing strategy, or the individual eludes it by immigrating when adult, the press will carry on the work; mechanical invention co-operates with urban aggregation to bring every mind within reach of that ancient thing called "news," and that delicate indoctrination which lurks between the lines.

When these molding forces are viewed in summary, the drive to good behavior seems so irresistible that one might reasonably question the necessity of laws that would regulate morality. In a large measure it is society that exists, and not the individual; as the scornful Gumplowicz has put it, "what thinks in man is not he, but the social community of which he is a part"; even his conscience is only his master's voice. "Man," said that supreme psychologist, Napoleon, "is a product of the moral as well as of the physical atmosphere." By biological heredity we are bound to our animal past; by social heredity—through our imitative and educational absorption of the traditions and morals of our group—we are bound to our human past; and the forces of stability, so rooted in our impulses and our habits, leave precious little in us that requires the unnatural morality of the state.

Since these forming influences act upon us in our tenderest and most suggestible years, we hardly overcome them except at the cost of a struggle that involves our very sanity. A miserable nostalgia visits us when we depart from the *mores* of our country and our time; and when we settle down in life it is most often into one or another of the grooves that the past has dug. Contented people are usually those who adopt without question the manners, customs, morals, and grammar of their group, becoming

indistinguishable molecules in the social mass, and sinking into a restful peace of self-surrender that rivals the lassitude of love. The greater the society, the stronger will be the pressure upon the individual to divest himself of individuality even in those fashionable novelties which delight the modest soul because they are felt to be not really innovations, but respectful variations on an ancestral theme. In the final result a large population becomes an almost immovable body; the natural conservatism of society outreaches the chauvinism of the state. The individual, made in the image of the whole, becomes so docile and well behaved that the compulsions and punishments of law appear as a gratuitous extravagance; and we are for a moment tempted to sign our names defiantly to the doctrine of those fearful anarchists whom we exclude, or deport, or vilify, or imprison, or hang.

IV

Let us reassure ourselves: there are defects in this philosophy of freedom. For first, it underestimates the violence of the strong: the same ruthless domination that makes the state would rule with more visible and direct force, and with more suffering and chaos, if there were no state at all. Civilization is in part the establishment of order and custom in the use of the weak by the strong. The precariousness of international law reveals the imminence of violence among the mighty; only little states are virtuous. "If, while living among mankind," said Socrates to Aristippus, "you shall think it proper 'neither to rule nor to be ruled,' I think you will soon see that the stronger know how to treat the weaker as slaves." Every invention strengthens the strong and the unscrupulously clever in their manipulation of the unintelligent, the scrupulous, and the weak; every development in the complexity of life widens the gap and makes resistance harder. It is a bitter thing to realize; but society is founded not on the ideals but on the nature of man. His ideals are as like as not an attempt to conceal his nature from himself or from the world.

Again, the social dispositions upon which a natural order rests are far less deeply rooted in us than those individualistic impulses of acquisition and accumulation, of pugnacity and mastery which underlie our economic life. Even the cry for liberty comes from a heart that secretly hungers for power; it is because of that hunger in the human beast of prey that liberty is limited and bound. In some measure it is the weak who by the pressure of majority ideas curtail the freedom of the individual, lest unshackled strength should so widen the gap between itself and the unfortunate that the social organism would burst, like a growing cell, into revolution. The first condition of freedom is its limitation; life is a balance of interferences, like the suspension of the earth in space. Men are so diverse in capacity and courage that without restraints their natural differences would breed and multiply through a thousand artificial inequalities into a stagnant and hopeless stratification of mankind. The French loved Napoleon because, with all his despotism, he kept careers open to all talents wherever born, and gave men in unprecedented abundance that equality which timid souls love a little more than freedom.

Ages of liberty, therefore, are transitions, brave interludes between eras of custom and order. They last while rival systems of order struggle for ascendancy; when either system wins, freedom melts away. Nothing is so disastrous to liberty as a successful revolution; the greatest tragedy that can befall an ideal is its fulfillment.

Why is it that wherever there has appeared in history the spontaneous order that rests solely on the natural sociability of mankind, as in primitive societies, or in the California of forty-nine, or in the Alaska of the nineties, it has passed eventually into the artificial and com-

pulsory order of the state? It is a large question, for which a single answer will not suffice; no formula can do justice to the infinite variety of truth. Doubtless part of the cause lies in the passage from the family to the individual as the unit of production and society. Visibly the family loses its functions, even to the care of the child; filial respect and fraternal loyalty give way to a patriotism that becomes the only piety of the modern soul. Divested of its functions the family rots away; nothing remains but centrifugal individuals, magnificently independent in a common slavery. For slavery looks much like freedom when the master is never seen.

Meanwhile the aggregation of people in cities breaks down neighborhood morality as a source of spontaneous order; every egoistic impulse is free in the protecting anonymity of the crowd. Where natural order is still powerful, as in simple rural communities, little law is necessary; where natural order is weak, as in our sprawling cities, legislation grows. The state replaces spontaneous society as the corporation replaces the small dealer, or as the great railroad system replaces the stage-coach of picturesque individualistic days. The developing complexity of life has bound us into a highly integrated whole, and taken from us that independence of the parts which once was possible when each family was economically a self-sufficient sovereignty. Political and economic liberty decays for the same reason again that moral laxity increases: because the family and the church have ceased to function adequately as sources of social order, and legal compulsion insinuates itself into the growing gaps in natural restraint. Freedom has left industry and the state, and survives only in the gonads.

If the implements of production had remained as in days of barbaric simplicity—a spade and a plot of land—the state would not have swollen into the monster that now dwarfs our petty lives. For then each man might have owned his tools and controlled the conditions of his earthly life; his freedom would have kept its necessary economic support, and political liberty would not have become, like political equality, a baseless sham. But invention made tools more complex and more costly; it differentiated and evaluated men according to their capacity to use or direct or acquire the subtler or larger mechanisms; and in the end, by the most natural process in the world, the ownership of tools was centered in a few, self-sufficiency disappeared, and freedom became a politician's phrase, an honored relic commemorated annually like the rest of our noble dead.

On every side, then, we are caught in a current of development in which ancient and natural liberties are swept away. Our industrial relations are too intricate to be left entirely to "economic law"; certain functions, like transport and communication, are so strategically powerful that without legal limitation they would bestride all industry like some colossal beast of prey. All in all, it is well that these processes should fall under regulation by the state, incompetent and partial and corrupt as every state must, in our generations, be. Perhaps all the main channels of the economic life should be under such national control, and every vital artery between producer and consumer should be withdrawn from the strangling dominance of entrenched and irresponsible individuals. When all the avenues of distribution welcome every user on equal terms, production and consumption will be as free as human lust will tolerate; and industry—cured of that arteriosclerosis, that narrowing and pinching of the arteries of exchange by multiplying intermediaries, which threatens our economic health in the very heyday of our wealth—would sprout and flourish like an unbound plant; the initiative and enterprise of individual ownership would be liberated rather than enchained; co-operatives would find some protection from the hostile lords of our distributive machinery; and freedom, so pruned and trained,

might in the outcome be deeper and richer than before.

V

All this is a grudging concession; for the Jeffersonian ideal of the government that governs least still grips the heart with its simple lure, and every added law desecrates the sovereignty of the soul. Order is a means to liberty, and not an end; liberty is priceless, for it is the vital medium of growth. "In the end," as old Goethe said, "only personality counts." The state was made for man, and not man for the state. Heredity was invented to preserve variations; and every custom began as a broken precedent. Evolution feeds on difference and change; social development demands innovation and experiment as well as order and law; history moves through genius and invention as well as through impersonal forces and unthinking crowds.

If we let our economic lives be limited we ought to guard a hundred times more jealously the freedom of the mind. Mental liberty should be at least as dear to us as liberty of body to an animal; caught and caged, it never reconciles itself to captivity, and paces about forever on the watch for a way to freedom. Perhaps it is because we can bear to see such pitiful prisoners, and can look without remorse into eyes deepened and softened with the longing for liberty, that we are unworthy of the freedom our fathers had when they met the animal on equal terms, and killed it in fair fight instead of imprisoning it as a pleasant sight for a Sunday afternoon. But we ourselves are caged, and do not complain; how can we understand the hunger of the fettered beast?

There is a Chinese proverb to the effect that when a nation begins to have many laws it is slipping into senility. The ancient Thurians provided a halter for every unsuccessful proponent of new laws, suggesting his fit punishment for mutilating liberty. Our legislatures in America, one hears, pass some six thousand laws per week; if this is so, we are a nation of thieves, and we need not laws but education. Sessions of Congress are a source of national apprehension, to rich and poor alike; and perhaps the quiet esteem in which the present executive is widely held is due to the fact that he is a *roi fainéant*, who may be relied upon, like an English king, to do nothing but draw his salary. Even his vetoes are gratefully received; what if the bills they nullify should by strange chance be good?—even a good law is a law, and so far bad. There is not so sharp a contradiction as we supposed between the unpopularity of virtue in our cities and the popularity of an abstemious president; in either case it is liberty that is served.

If this appears to imply that our current moral laxity is not so unmixed an evil as those of us suppose who soothe our consciences by making other people virtuous, the presumption is correct. Much of our immorality takes the form of honesty; we oldsters were as lax as we could afford in our guarded and impecunious youth; and when we sinned we sinned in silence, and carried pious faces into meeting. The growing generation is not so skilled in secrecy, and likes to boast of greater crimes than it commits. Its sins are superficial and will be washed away in the confessional of time; experience will make men mature enough to love modesty again. Meanwhile of what moment is it that in our youth our grandmothers smoked malodorous pipes respectably, while in our desuetude our daughters smoke whatever satisfies? How shall we dissuade youth from making *vade mecums* of whiskey flasks (whose contents they manfully pretend to enjoy), except by ceasing to forbid it? What does it matter that nudity can be seen more readily and less furtively than in our hooped and petticoated days, that undue stimulation replaces morbid brooding? Habit will correct the evil gently by dulling sensitivity, and clothing will have to be restored to generate again the illusions of desire.

Against this magnificent uprising of the young the old can only think of laws. Every timid and jealous voice calls upon the immaculate assemblymen of America to come to the rescue of morality. Because some sleek panders have made filthy lucre by exposing God's handiwork upon the stage, tired people demand that policemen be empowered to revise all pictures and dramas before their public unveiling. But one supposed the police had full power to stop indecency by pre-existing legislation. One supposed that the police had the power to put an end at once to any spectacle that violated the statutes against obscenity. Possibly there is no need to resort again to indiscriminate prohibition; possibly public opinion, if it is the public's opinion, would suffice to condemn excess, and might prove (as it does in the case of drink) more effective than any law. It would stamp us indelibly as a provincial and infantile nation if we relapsed into the strait-jackets of Puritanism at the very time when America begins to create its own literature, its own drama, and its own art. Better a Charles II than a Cromwell.

Luckily for us, life is on the side of youth in these matters, and youth is on the side of life. Our heirs may commit suicide, and prefer baseball to epistemology, and forget to say grace before drinking, but these diversions must not obscure for us the buoyant health and bright good-nature of contemporary adolescence. Let the young be happy; soon enough they will be old; and the lassitude of the flesh will make them virtuous. If morals are transiently too lax, they will correct themselves as knowledge and wisdom grow; in the end, as Socrates suggested, we must instruct rather than forbid. Every vice was once a virtue, necessary for existence, and every virtue was once a vice, developed beyond need; not laws but public opinion hewed them into social form. If we wish to improve other people's morals let us improve our own; example speaks so loud that precept is unheard. The best thing we can do for the community is not to fetter it with laws, but to straighten our own lives with tolerance and honor. A gentleman will have no morals but his own.

The time must come (for the world does move) when men will understand that the highest function of government is not to legislate but to educate, to make not laws but schools. The greatest statesman, like the subtlest teacher, will guide and suggest through information, rather than invite pugnacity with prohibitions and commands. The state, which began as the conquest and taxation of peaceful peasants by marauding herdsmen, will become again, as it was for a moment under the Antonines, the leadership of a great nation by great men. We need not so despair of our race as to believe that government will be in the hands of politicians forever. Day by day the level of intelligence rises; generation after generation the ennobling heritage of culture grows, and finds transmission to a larger minority of mankind; soon men will not tolerate the charlatans whom we have suffered so patiently and so long. Our children's children, lifted up by our care, will choose their rulers more wisely than we chose. They will ask not for lawmakers but for creative teachers; they will submit not to regimentation but to knowledge; they will achieve peace and order not through violence and compulsion, but through the advance and spread and organization of intelligence. And perhaps—who knows?—as their knowledge mounts they will deserve, and therefore get, at last, the best of all governments—which will govern not at all.

THE LORDLY DISH

BY FORD MADOX FORD

I SELDOM sit down to an American meal without remembering pleasurably the scriptural verse: "He asked water and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish," and when I am not otherwise engaged I frequently wonder why it is that Americans who are not sparing of their criticisms of things Continental never—or never as far as I know—grumble at the parsimony of European *restaurateurs* in the matter of that comestible. For myself the continually refilled miniature saucer of firm, fresh butter that is always beside my plate on the American table is a constant source of pleasure. And to all appearances it is supplied gratis, though whether it be or no I have no means of knowing since I have never looked at a bill in this country.

I don't look at bills—not because I am extravagant, or British, or plutocratic. In France or England I not infrequently examine a waiter's reckoning with some attention. In France you are not respected if you do not do it, and I do not care whether the English waiter respects me or not, so having learned the habit in Paris, I do not bother to discontinue it in London. But then in London and Paris I know the language. I don't mean to say that in New York or Chicago I should not understand the wounding things that a detected waiter might say to me—the point is that I should not know how to sass him back, whereas in either of the other metropolitan cities I enjoy making a scene in dishonest restaurants. I remember one . . . That has nothing to do with American cooking but it has this American association for me in that we were taken for Americans—and South Americans at that—and treated as such. That is to say that we were—or rather my friend was—charged eighteen pounds odd, or say ninety dollars for four indifferent dinners such as are served at monstrous and expensive caravansaries the world over, for three bottles of wine two of which were corked, and some liqueurs. With its sequelæ that made an agreeable evening.

But I do not mean to write of those large and despicable places which are all the same the world over. Their procedures are identical, find yourself in which hemisphere you may. They hire a famous chef. He has as a rule one special dish which he rides to death in the menu and only carefully prepares for the very rare customer who is well known to be captious. He has too many underlings to be able to superintend them properly and as a rule he lets them do as they will after a lesson or so. His hot plates—or whatever means he adopts of keeping dishes warm—keep dishes warm until they are tasteless, tepid, and entirely tedious. It is indeed the tediousness of meals in these places that is their chief characteristic even if the chef has distinguished himself over his special *plat*. For what is the good of eating canvasback duck *à la* New Orleans, or *canard Rouennais*, or wild duckling with marrowfats and orange-peel sauce, be they never so delicious, if all the rest of the meal be tepid and slovenly? That is deep boredom. I would rather have a little bully beef, a raw onion, some good strong cheese, a leaf or so of cos lettuce and salt, some good crusty bread and

plenty of fresh butter—and of course a bottle of hard old ale. I aver that I have had better appetite for such a meal—and better talk over it—than I have ever had for the most excruciatingly French-misnamed cookery in any of the Ritzes or Carltons or Splendides in any city of any continent. Of course their champagnes will stimulate the tongue, but personally I hate both champagne and the conversation it induces. Claret is the only wine over which to converse; *Château Neuf du Pape* is good if you are tired and wish to soliloquize or talk heated politics; burgundy is good to make love upon—but champagne is good only for the fag-end of dances, and in the form of cocktails for young ladies at that.

But what is this? . . . I am writing in Chicago. This is a daydream. I must have nodded. Here I drink ginger-ale with my meals, the water tasting nightmareishly of chlorine.

But how else is one to write of cooking? The purpose of meals is companionship, reminiscence, and communion, otherwise they are mere stoking. And immensely much of the pleasure of consuming choice meats is geographical. How often when, at a really good board, you are dwelling on chicken with all its fixings will you not observe a dreamy look steal over the face of your dinner partner! Then you know that she is thinking of Maryland with its steamy fields at dusk when the chickens come to hand and the grasses are fragrant. Or how often have we not dreamed of the Common and the Back Bay, or of Lexington, or Concord or the Adirondacks when we consumed *cassoulet de Castelnaudary*, which in its more commercial forms of the Paris restaurants is nothing but baked beans and pork? . . . Of course when you consume *cassoulet de Castelnaudary* in Castelnaudary I do not know what geographically you think about. You compose, I imagine, a *nunc dimittis*. I know I have done so. We had on that occasion between us two bottles of the most priceless 1906 Ch— But I know I must not. The *cassoulet* came off a fire that has never been extinguished since 1367 and that has always had a *cassoulet* on it. . . . And the sunlight beating down on the white road sent hot rays up through the jalousies and the commercial travelers cleaned their knives on the tablecloths and like the morning stars sang in their glory. Do you know what you sing on such occasions? It is

Aussitôt que la lumière vient entrer mes rideaux,
Je commence ma carrière par visiter mes tonneaux
Le plus grand roi . . .

But I *know* I must not.

The curious thing is that I cannot remember what I ate long, long ago in Baltimore or elsewhere in Maryland—except for watermelon which comes back to me as resembling a bath sponge that has sopped up some very weak sugared water. We used to cut chunks out of it with the machetes with which we cut the corn, and then we would return to cutting the corn beneath a vertical sun in the copper sky. I remember, too, sitting with my feet on a barrel at the store at crossroads, waiting with the rest of the inhabitants for the mail and consuming dried apple-rings from another barrel. And I used to wonder what could have been the cause of the subsequent nightmare. I remember, too, bringing numerous packages back from the store in the buckboard I was given to drive. I remember how the buckboard was tied together with bits of string and the harness with decayed rope. I still see the agile chestnut horses; I still feel the jolting over the roads which in England we should have called sand dunes and ravines because of the rocks; I remember the sun which in England we should have called a blast-furnace and the dust and the catydids. . . . But as for what was in those packages from which we presumably ate . . . nary bite!

But stay. There comes back to me succotash in little saucers which did not interest me. But corn grilled, or rather

toasted on the cob! Ah, that I remember. I remember the butter dripping off the elbows in the kitchen of the colonial farmhouse where we ate. And, by a process of reasoning rather than by recollection of taste, I remember fried eggs and chicken on Sundays. I say process of reasoning because I remember the farmer saying that he dare not kill one of his own beasts or hogs because they were all marked down by the meat trust. You could not, he said, buy fresh meat between Baltimore or Philadelphia and San Francisco. Perhaps he was exaggerating.

At any rate I do not remember much of the rural food of Maryland or Pennsylvania in those days; but I do remember pleasurably certain foods in New England and New York. I never, I think, ate baked beans actually in Boston, but I do remember eating admirable beans in Fall River, Massachusetts, in a little frame-house, the property of a trolley conductor. He had begun by asking if I were English and then had said that his wife was English. I talked queer but not so queer as her. So he took me home to lunch with him. And there, sure enough, was his wife and, sure enough, she did talk queer, for she was a Lancashire cotton-operative lassie speaking a dialect so broad that it was all I could do to understand her. So we cowered us down in i' th'ingle and had a gradely pow, while the beans were baking in the bean pot, which was as delicately browned as any meerschaum. She was a high-colored, buxom creature. I don't remember whether she had come to Fall River of her own accord to make her fortune in the cotton mills or whether the trolley conductor had visited Manchester and married her because she was a skilled cotton-operative. But she wore a shawl over her head for all the world as she might have done in Ancoats market, and in spite of it her beans were admirable—as good as the *cassoulet* of Parisian restaurants. I have certainly latterly never tasted anything so good. But that is perhaps prejudice.

You see, the other day, somewhere north of Boston, I read the wail of a New England gastronome. It was to the effect that, alas and alas, local comestibles no longer come from the designated localities. Boston beans come, the pork from Chicago, the beans from, say, Milwaukee; and they are all canned somewhere in the Middle West. And so with all food in America: it came, he said, out of tins—even canvasback duck, Russian caviare, and soft-shelled crabs. That writer indeed averred that there were only two clubs in New York where you could be certain of eating genuine canvasback and you had to order it beforehand at that. He perhaps exaggerates!

How that may be I do not know. Standardization must have its victories that are more cruel than those of war. It is true that during the late War we had frequently to eat baked beans and mutton out of cans. I remember a first-class carriage on a siding outside Hazebrouck at one o'clock in the morning with the thermometer below zero and no windows in the carriage; and my batman heating one of those Mackonochie rations over three candles tied together; and our sharing it. And damned good it was. But to eat it in an apartment house in peace time, with no chance of even such exercise as running from shells would be pretty cruel.

II

Standardization and de-territorialization go on the world over. Last summer in Avignon in the south of France under the shadow of the Palace of the Popes, in a restaurant that I had found admirable for thirty years—I had, indeed, years ago eaten there in the company of Frederic Mistral, the Provençal poet—there, in that sacred and august shadow I was offered Norwegian anchovies with the *hors d'œuvres* and *pêche Melba* made with California peaches out of a tin. The Mediterranean that swarms with real anchovies was only fifty miles

away, and Norway is seven hundred or so—and Heaven alone knows how far it is from California to Avignon, whilst in the spring whole hillsides of Provence are nacreous-pink with peach blossoms. But the peaches go to London; and Norwegians and Californians go to Avignon to eat their home products, and I come to New York to eat Mediterranean anchovies. It is perhaps not a mad world, but it seems a pretty queer one sometimes.

The gentlemen who write to the newspapers about the deterioration of their national cookings may perhaps be regarded with suspicion. They are apt to cry *O tempora O mores!* because it is agreeable so to cry and, being usually oldish, their palates have frequently deteriorated. I daresay my own may have. And I usually avoid newspaper comments on food. I never can understand what sort of person writes them. Nevertheless, they are sometimes amusing. I have lately been reading a controversy between a writer in an anti-American English paper and another in a pro-German and, therefore, anti-English review published in New York. Says the one, "It is impossible to find anything decent to eat in New York"; and the other, "It is impossible to eat any London food." Cries the Briton, What price the shoulder of mutton at A's; the beef-steak, oyster and kidney pudding at B's; the quince and apple tart at C's; the beef *à la mode* at D's; the Welsh rarebit at E's; the entrées at F's; the dessert at G's? . . . all in London. Retorts the American, What about the *Sauerkraut* at H's, the *Kaiserschmorren* at I's; the *Limburger mit Pumpernickel* at L's; the *gedaempfte Gaenserbrust* at M's? . . . all in New York. And so the contest rages. Let us try to ascend into regions more serene.

Think of oysters. . . . There are few things that I have so frequently discussed with Middle-Westerners on the boulevards not of Chicago, Ill., but of Paris, France.

There are few things over which excited patriotisms are more hideously stirred. You may more safely blaspheme against the Tricolor, the Union Jack, or Old Glory than breathe a word against the blue point, the Whitstable native, or the Marenne. And on the boulevards where the battle of the oyster is daily waged during all the months that have r's in them I am frequently alarmed for fear knives should finish up these contentions.

The Americans allege that American oysters alone are divinities amongst bivalves; they allege that all European oysters taste strongly of copper. The Europeans have naturally never tasted American oysters, but the idea that anything can be said against their sacred and nacreous sea-food with the traditions that go back to Caligula—*that* sets them foaming at the mouth. The subject last year so intrigued me that I one day determined to give the matter an exhaustive test. The idea occurred to me in Paris, in mid-September, and from that day to this I have consumed oysters daily and at almost every meal. In New England I have even had them for breakfast. This you will not believe, but I have. And well, I have eaten them in Paris, in New York, in Boston; and—though I was warned against it—in Chicago. I even wished to eat them in St. Louis, but I was there taken firmly in hand and given some sort of soup instead. I hate soup.

So imagining myself fairly qualified and being sure of my impartiality, I venture to give this verdict. It is incorrect to say that the European oyster tastes of copper. Indeed, how can the American gastronome know how copper tastes, whereas have not every Briton and every French child sucked coppers in their cradles? He ought not to do it but he does, so that few savors can be more familiar to him than that of the humble ha'penny. At any rate, it is familiar to me and I solemnly aver that what the European oyster tastes of is the sea—and that is why we love it. Whilst we devour it we see frigate-warfare in which

the victories are won by Nelson or Villeneuve according as we were born on one side of the blanket or the other; we see the limitless verges of eternal ocean; the blue of Capriote grottoes gleams translucently before our reminiscent eyes. And as I have already said, one of the chief values of food is the reminiscential romance that it causes to arise.

The clam does taste of copper and, except in the form of clambake eaten on an open beach, I personally dislike it very much. But the Blue Point and the other American oysters are different. They are completely flavorless and they rely for their attraction on texture. For their flavor they have to fall back on such adjuncts as tomato catsup, horseradish sauce, and other excitants of the palate. They are, in short, different. No doubt if you have seen them in their beds or if you have consumed them on the shores of Nantucket they will make you see the ocean by means of their texture; but for me the only thing that happens when I eat a Blue Point is that I see the face of the nice person with whom I was eating when I first self-consciously and with attention placed one of those morsels, duly dripping with cocktail sauce, between my lips. . . . That is good enough; *je ne demande pas mieux*. And by a curious coincidence, it was the same person who refused to allow me to eat oysters in St. Louis.

The singular flavorlessness of the American oyster impressed me so much that at first in my haste I averred that you might just as well take one of the little round crackers, butter it well, and soak it in cocktail sauce. But that is not true. I remember, by the bye, twenty-one years ago at Mouquin's—alas, there is no longer any Mouquin's—asking Miss Cather, whose name I permit myself the pleasure of mentioning, why she took horseradish sauce with her oysters. She replied, "Well, you see they have sometimes rather a funny flavor." But that was twenty-one years ago, and refrigeration has abolished that characteristic. Still it is not true that buttered cracker will really replace the Blue Point. I eat them frequently just for the flavor of the cocktail sauce but I don't then see any pleasant visions.

No, the real merit of the Blue Point as of the Cape Cod and their even vaster compatriots is their texture. If you could give the denizens of East Atlantic shallows that texture or if you could give their American relatives the European flavor then indeed you would have called the New World in to redress the balance of the Old. You can indeed convey their jolly plumpness to the Whitstable native and doubtless to the Marenne. I once kept a number of English deep-sea oysters in a shallow tub of frequently renewed sea-water, feeding them on very fine oatmeal the while, for about a fortnight. At the end of that time they were as plump as butter. . . . But they had completely lost all flavor! And they had not the pleasant—let me call it resilience, of the Westerner.

And of course, with its great varieties of size, the American oyster can give points and a beating in the matter of emotion. Its gamut is extraordinary. The Marenne or the Whitstable native—or even the humble Portuguese oyster which resembles a teaspoonful of sea-water to which has been added a little gummy mud—all these you must eat in a sort of reverie so that your tongue may miss none of the passages of flavor. They should, I think, really be eaten in solitude. But over the American oyster you can converse freely, you can be gay, I daresay the young could even make love, as they can over burgundy. Madame la Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnere in her admirable book on *les bonnes choses de la France* states that the favorite—the almost sole comestible consumed in the *cabinets particuliers* of that pleasant land is the crayfish, the drink being Pommard, so that it is on the scarlet shells of those crustaceans rather than upon the nacreous blue-gray ones that you tread when mounting the stairs. How that may be I do not know but the

duchess' assertion goes to prove my contention that the European oyster is an attendant upon reverie.

But it seems to me that you can do anything over any American sea food. I daresay you could even cry over a Cotuit, and as for me, when called upon to consume one of those things as large as soup plates that now and then come in one's way, I feel myself to be a cave-dweller, a real he-man, devouring young babies, having in each hand a half-gnawed shinbone with which I bash on the head my fellow guests to right and left.

III

I am now going to make a terrible confession: I find American food in practically *all* public places to be huge in size, splendid in appearance, but almost invariably as nearly flavorless as possible. That is not really an indictment of American cookery, but merely of the material employed and, if it is an indictment at all, it is meant to attach only to meals served in public places. For I want to make as strong a point as I can of the following statement, since it is the Great Truth about cooking. If I could I would print the whole in capitals so as the more firmly to rivet it on your attention. I am amazed when I hear Americans complain with heat and even as if with hatred that you cannot get decent food in England. These individuals I always ask at once, "Do you know any English families? Have you ever eaten in an English upper or upper middle-class home? Or have you ever even eaten in a first-class English club?" Of course they never have. You could exactly reverse the questions and the answers. And that is the Great Truth.

In wealthy—and still more in wealthy-ish—American homes the cooking is as admirable as it could be anywhere. I remember an American dinner which was cooked in Paris by a French woman whom the American family in question had taken with them to spend two years in this country. She had been an authentic *cordon bleu* to start with and she had picked up her American cooking from negresses in, I think, Kentucky. At any rate it was in the South. And this combination resulting in this particular dinner was as good as anything I have ever eaten. It was as good as anything could possibly be. That was American cooking.

But if you reproduced the same sort of circumstances for English cooking—I mean that if you took a French cook and installed her for two years in England in such circumstances as would let her assimilate the knowledge of English "good plain" or "professed" cooks, the dishes she would cook on returning to Paris would be just as admirable. They might, indeed, be better. Except for the wine—since you cannot get good wine in England!—they might really be better if she remained in London where materials are better than they are in Paris—at any rate in the department of meat and fish.

That would be English cooking. For there is no sense in talking of any national cooking except in terms of meals produced by really skilled professional practitioners in moderately wealthy homes, the meals to be composed of first-rate materials. For it is to be remembered that cooking begins before the kitchen is reached, the selection of foods being almost as important as their preparation or their heating and dishing up. I cannot, of course, claim to have any very intimate knowledge of the materials that are at the disposal of the American professed family cook. I have taken the trouble to visit one or two markets and to examine the meats, fish, and fruits displayed. They all seem to me to suffer from standardization, and certainly they all do seem to suffer from cold storage or refrigeration. But that very good material can be obtained in this country I know because of innumerable meals that I have eaten in kindly and hospitable families.

American public meals are horrible—

but so are English public meals and so, for the matter of that, are French, German, Italian, and Spanish Anglo-Saxonized ones. For, in the matter at least of cookery, the world suffers from over-communication and too efficient transport. I daresay that in California even Californian apples, oranges, or figs may have some flavor. They certainly have not in London, New York, Boston, Avignon, or Strasbourg. That may, of course, be due to transport, but I happen to have paid some slight—of course mainly epistolary—attention to the matter of fig-culture in the Far West, and I believe it to be due in that case to climate and soil—the most delicious of small Italian brown figs becoming almost as entirely tasteless and fibrous as the native Californian fruit within a year or so after transplantation. But it is not merely the transporting of food materials from one end of the world to the other that is responsible for the dead monotony, inedibility, and indigestibleness of all western European and farther Occidental public cooking. I sometimes think that, long before the invention of wireless telegraphy, *restaurateurs* and restaurant cooks must have developed some thirteenth or fourteenth sense by which from the Prado to the Lido and from the Strand to the banks of the Nile and back again to the shores of Lake Michigan they have telepathically communicated their terrible secrets of the preparation of tepid underdone beef, sauces compounded in imitation of bill-stickers' paste, *côte de veaux Clamart*, chicken cutlets, and the even more unnameable vegetable horrors that you are called upon to eat amongst marble and gilding, with spiky palm leaves threatening to tickle the back of your neck, to the sound of standardized jazz or standardized Tzigane or Viennese waltzes. As far as I am concerned, the best public meals I have eaten I ate lately in Chicago—but even they were nothing to write home about.

These things run in strata. Below these gilded atrocities are to be found the Cimmerian box-shaped caves where eat the poorer white-collared classes—the clerks and stenographers who are the ball-bearings of our civilization. Here you may reach the lowest depths of despondency over imitation-marble table tops. I say despondency because whether in London, in New York, in Birmingham, Manchester, or any other American or British provincial city to eat regularly in these places you must not only feed without interest but you must have arrived at a state of being without hope, and so your digestion will color your mentality with the gloomier shades of despair.

The curve goes upward in the strata socially below this. I have eaten in what we call "good pull-ups for carmen," cabmen's shelters, and the like in I don't know how many European cities, and in several American ones, and I have never in one of them come across food that was not admirable in quality, if usually a thought tough, roughly served, of course, but always piping hot and well-flavored. That is because that class of human beings—the men who drive horses in wagons, or motor lorries, who haul heavy burdens about the world and up to sixth or fourteenth floors—goes to make up the one Occidental city class which takes a keen interest in its food. It needs good keenly flavored viands to crush between its powerful teeth and it sees that it gets them. Its subsequent labors take care of its digestion.

IV

It sees that it gets them. . . . The whole moral of the world of food considered as a delight lies in those words. Except by accident or when making purposed excursions for the purpose of this writing, I have lived as well, I have found as good food and as well cooked, in New York as I habitually do in Paris. That is because if I may express a he-man's sentiments in soldierly language I damn well see that I get it. It takes some trouble, it means explor-

ing nooks and corners, mostly in the basements of obscure streets. But it can be done. It might be done by everybody.

It might be done and Anglo-Saxondom should do it, as they used to say of the Northwest Passage. I have spent some time lately in examining with attention the weekly menus afforded presumably for non-wealthy households by the cookery experts of Sunday papers of many cities in this continent, and all I can say is that when reading them I have felt precisely the same profound dejection which has been mine when perusing similar diet sheets in Great Britain. And I know something about it. For a long period of time I prepared the weekly diet sheets for large units of His Britannic Majesty's expeditionary force. Nay, I even waged an eternal war in the course of which I was frequently disciplinarily but not morally bruised—a war with the Commander in Chief of the culinary branch of the service. In private life the gentleman who commanded this arm of our forces was the director of one of those immense concerns that spread indigestion, ennui, and despondency through sixty per cent of the thirteen million population of the capital of our empire. He would produce for my guidance diet sheets that might have been compiled by Isabel of the *New York Sunday Eagle* or Dora of the *Liverpool Weekly Herald*. There was the same superfluity of what I believe is called in this country "roughage" and the same complete want of anything with any taste to it. I for my part completely ignored his orders; I gave my men as many savory, small portions as the food at my disposal and the industry of my cooks could command. I tried to contrive that frying was done with animal and, if possible, with pork fat; I nibbled coppers away from money allotted to the awful things called in this country cereals and spent it on condiments. In France I even bartered small quantities of, say, hominy-ration for garlic. All hell broke loose over my battalions; the G. O. C. i. C. Messing launched worse than papal bulls at my head. But my men were contented, alert, cheerful, good at drills, admirable marksmen, and perfect demons with the bayonet. . . . And I was not shot.

The dreadful topic of "roughage" needs a whole volume to itself. I must limit myself here to the briefest moral summing up. Happiness, contentment, alertness, clear eyes, bright crisp hair—and even, who knows? consummate salesmanship!—can come only from eating many small portions of food that you really like and that is so savory that your mouth waters in anticipation. It is by the water of your mouth that your eyes will be made to shine. You must eat, when you eat in restaurants, in tiny places—they can be found in New York—where there are no gilding, palms, or music. The money that might have been spent on those will there be put into the viands and the wages of the cook. You must talk frequently to the proprietor about his menus and discuss what you eat with your wife or your fellow guest. And above all you must eat what you like and only what you like. You must also see that garlic is in your food but only in sufficient quantities to accentuate the flavor, not to have a taste of its own. You will object that in that case you will be distinguished by an unpleasing odor. But in a whole gay population which consumes garlic you yourself, having consumed it and being gay, will not be so distinguished, neither will your neighbors.

Those terrible inquisitors, the physicians of to-day, have discovered that in garlic is to be found the real fountain of youth. So they are prescribing it for you—for almost all complaints—but synthetically and flavorlessly. The doctor is like the priest. He tries to kill joy, but along the lines of your superstitions and fears. We—you and I Anglo Saxons—are trying to-day with our cookery to condone the sins of our Puritan ancestors. It is the only Puri-

tanism that remains in New York, which is not America, and also in Great Britain, which is not yet America. So we let the physician replace the priest to whom we no longer resort; and the doctor, knowing that our superstitions trend that way, knowing that we think it sinful to take a delight in the palates that the good God has given us for our health and delight—the doctor insists that we eat things tasteless, uncondimented, unassoiled, unblest—and horribly productive of what in this country is, I believe, called "gas," but to which our grosser shepherds give a more romantic name.

Let us, then, limit the term the American cuisine to the admirable, the almost perfect, meats that negroes here prepare in their culinary ecstasies. For no negress knows how she cooks. Neither do I when I cook. I use everything within sight in a frenzy resembling a whirlwind, and it takes an army of scullery maids to clean up the kitchen after me. But you won't have a headache after a hogshead of their—or my—cooking.

Let me finish with a story—for people like stories. When I was last in London I listened to a dialogue of two young women of the shop-assistant type on the top of a bus. Says the first, "You aren't out with your toff to-night?" Says the second, "No, I says to 'im, 'Charley, you've 'ad me out every night this week. We've bin to Lyon's Corner House, to the A. B. C., to the Carlton Grill, and the Savoy. I don't know where we 'aven't bin. And what I says is, "Give me a rest. Let me stop at 'ome and eat something out of a tin."'"

I thought it might have been New York. And upon my soul I don't know whether I ought to have rejoiced because the populace is revolting against the food provided in public places or whether I ought to have cried *O tempora O mores!*

THE LIE

BY HORTENSE FLEXNER

I CAN believe the maddest things,
That ever madman told:
The smile of gods, the wrath of kings,
Mountains that nod or beasts with wings;
A princess with two wedding rings,
And the moon once bought and sold.

And I can doubt the sanest truth:
Rain on a rainy day,
An empty purse, an aching tooth,
A snarling word or shrug uncouth;
A fever and a cry called youth,
That came—and went away.

But how can I believe this lie
The gossips love to spread:
"Some day," they say, "when Spring comes by,
"Twirling her skirts and stepping high,
"Juggling the earth and a bit of sky—
"Why you? You will be dead!"

CHARACTER AND TALENT

BY ALFRED ADLER, M.D.

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Translated by Walter Béran Wolfe, M.D.

THE thesis advanced by the group of psychological thinkers known as the Individual Psychologists—the thesis that talent is not inherited, and that the possibilities and potentialities of any individual for performance are not fixed—has been a bombshell in the camp of the old-line academic psychologists. Individual Psychology has given evidence to show that talent, potentiality, endowment, special gifts are merely elements in the structure of an individual. It has shown, further, that these elements may be variously employed, depending upon their relation to the total activity of the individual.

The Individual Psychologists have decided to understand the totality of the individual before regarding the partial phenomena of his existence. They hold that a partial phenomenon, such as a talent, a gift, an endowment, can be properly evaluated and properly understood only when the total is first known and thoroughly understood. In other words, we can judge the potential performance of an individual in some specific situation only when we can determine his total reactions, his total behavior pattern, his general style of life, his "distance" from the normal goal of life.

An example will show you how valueless any other viewpoint than that of Individual Psychology becomes in the face of an actual problem. Consider the case of a thirteen-year-old boy who gives the general impression of a backward, mentally retarded, neglected child. He has not made the usual progress at school, has been forced to repeat several grades, and is brought to a social agency because of thievery and vagabondage. The reports concerning this boy are uniformly bad. He is irritable, unsocial, has a poor memory, is unable to concentrate, inattentive. These reports are the results of psychological tests as well as the schoolroom experiences of his various teachers. Closer study of his character and history shows that he was the younger of two children for some eight years, during which time he was inordinately spoiled by his mother. Then his younger brother was born, and at the same time financial difficulties occurred in this family, with the result that the mother had to leave the home to help earn a living. The net result was that the boy began to receive far less attention and love than he had previously been accustomed to experiencing.

School, therefore, found him in an entirely new situation. His thievery occurred chiefly outside of his own home; but everything that he gained by stealing he gave away as presents to other children, in order to gain their friendship and affection. You can see by this that one cannot make final conclusions when one brands a child as a "thief."

We next learn that this child often ran away from home when his father was particularly brutal to him, but that he always managed to deposit a bundle of stolen kindling on the doorstep for his

mother to cook with. This done, he spent the nights in the streets, sleeping in alleyways or old barns.

We can hardly evaluate this "truancy" or "delinquency" according to the time-worn conceptions. It is quite evident that his thievery is more than mere stealing, and his truancy more than running away from school. And we must call attention here to the inadequacy of branding the actions of an individual with some set label and then believing that we have understood him!

This "delinquency" and this "thievery" mean something different. It is as though this boy were saying, "I want to force my parents into a situation in which they will pay more attention to me, love me more, sympathize with me. I can best do this by showing my mother that I care for her needs!"

I should like to ask whether there is anyone who could suggest to a boy like this, for whom normal activity in the schoolroom seems hopelessly distant because of his bad preparation for life, a better method of winning the affection and love of his parents and school friends than he has chosen? I shall later show why this normal activity seems to him so impossible of realization. For the present I simply want to indicate that we cannot call such a child "delinquent," "criminal," or "backward." If we want to characterize this boy, we could say that he is a child who demands and needs an inordinate amount of mother love. That this boy seeks for this affection in an asocial way, which he does not particularly like, is due to the fact that the normal approach to his goal seems to him effectually barred by circumstances. The normal paths to affection would be industry and progress in school, giving pleasure to his parents and teachers by helpfulness, attention to work, etc. But we have already heard that he was a spoiled child. It is the characteristic of all spoiled children that they cannot change the behavior pattern which they have developed as a result of being spoiled. It is their tragedy. A child has formed and shaped his behavior pattern at the end of his third year of life. A change in the nature of his character as a result of external influences seldom occurs thereafter. Particularly in the case of a child with the behavior pattern of the spoiled child. Such a child never learns from experience. His experiences, good and bad, are all assimilated into his pattern. He takes an experience and twists, turns, distorts, reshapes it until it fits into his predetermined scheme of things.

Naturally, he does not want to go to school, because the warmth and affection which he is used to is found in greater abundance at home. As a result, he comes to school on the first day against his will, and resistant to all attempts at instruction. His teachers will say that he is inattentive, lacks concentration, day-dreams, spoils the games of other children, cannot concentrate, has a bad memory. All these things are explained when we know that he has an entirely different goal in life than that of a normal schoolboy. The truth is that our boy finds himself in a new situation for which he was never adequately prepared. And in this situation occurs the tragedy of the petted child. He is always right! Since he does not play the game in school, school becomes a very unpleasant place for him. To make matters worse, he now finds his home also unpleasant. Bad school reports turn his mother against him. She does not show her love and affection to the same degree as before. The child blames the school for his misfortune at home, but he does not change his style of life. Love and affection he must have. He seeks it in other places, and with other means.

Enough for our example. It proves very simply that when someone characterizes an individual with a definite character trait we really know nothing about him. We are in much the same situation as a musician who is asked for his opinion of a symphony after hearing three chords. But let the musician be acquainted with musical history, play

him a simple melody, and he will be able to say, "That is Bach!" or, "That is Wagner!" We cannot judge a personality unless we have its dominant motif, unless we understand it as a totality.

II

The Individual Psychologists have also shown that the development of a personality cannot be foretold from the phenomena of physical inheritance. The inherited instruments with which we fight the battle of life are very varied. *How we use these instruments*, however, is the important thing.

We can never tell what actions will characterize a man if we know only whence he comes. But if we know whither he is going we can prophesy his steps and his movements toward his objective. It is for this reason that we have found the concept of goal-attainment, of goal-appropriateness, the essential one for the understanding of human behavior.

In the case of our boy, knowing that his purpose in life is to achieve warmth and affection, we can understand the means that he will choose toward that end. And we know also what our therapeutic approach must be, for we understand the tragedy of this child's life. Suppose, for instance, that we could discover that the father and the grandfather of this child were thieves also. This would in no way be responsible for the activity of this particular boy. To be sure, it is interesting to know just why the boy should choose thievery as a means to gaining love and affection. This point must be cleared up in order to rule out a possible hereditary influence. But we shall clear up this point, too.

In the earliest remembrances of childhood we often find the key to later activities. Among this boy's earliest remembrances is the following: He recollects that he was present at the burning of a delivery truck. The men on the truck threw many rubber balls out on the street, in order to save them from the fire. Children and adults who had gathered about the burning delivery truck seized upon these balls as the acknowledged booty of the onlookers. Nobody seemed to have any scruples about helping himself to this property. This remembrance served the boy as a model, as a training, if you will, for his future career as a thief. He found that there were, so to speak, extenuating circumstances even in thievery. Later, when the normal development of a child seemed barred to him, he chose the way to enrichment and power for which this scene had prepared him.

A word now about his development in school. In kindergarten things went rather well. He had a very tender, loving teacher, who was not unlike his mother. But in the primary grades he met a very strict and stern teacher—and he immediately withdrew into himself, failed miserably in class, and resigned himself to the conduct mentioned above as a protest.

The great majority of our opponents stand on the theory that the really important factors in the development of a character or personality are hereditary and congenital. These opponents are always anxious to show that subsequent developmental "trends" modify the result. In support of this theory they often make very keen observations, as for instance Kretschmar and his school. We do not deny the findings of Kretschmar; in fact, we have anticipated them long ago when we stated that if an individual gets off to a bad start in life, by reason of congenital defects or hereditary anomalies, it requires an extraordinarily beneficent environment to prevent him from developing a warped style of life. Lacking this beneficent influence of a fostering environment, the individual assumes a false and unwholesome behavior pattern which fits perfectly with his defectively developed physique, his inadequate endocrines, his sickly habitus. He is just like a man on a slippery incline: if he falls and sprains his ankle it is not to be wondered at. But wonder-

ing is not enough. We must attempt to keep him erect, and actually that is what we have succeeded in doing.

III

What I have said about the development of character holds also for the question of talent. In discussing this question I rule out those individuals whose equipment is so woefully inadequate as hardly to come under consideration. I mean the congenital idiots and imbeciles whose condition is actually due to a failure of organic development, to enormous defects in the actual nervous substance of their brains.

There remain, however, the great majority of children and adults, who have the materials but have not developed them to the full extent. Is it absolutely impossible for such people to render a good performance with relatively poor tools? In the early days of our human race were there not accomplishments which could be compared with ours of to-day, even though our forefathers lacked our developed technic and worked with poor instruments? Are we capable of imitating to-day what the old guild workers accomplished with relatively poor tools? Of course we are!

And here we are back at the problem of hereditary faculties and talents. And again I must deny that heredity has a great deal to do with accomplishment or performance. It is not true that with heredity the last word is said, that the chromosomes are inexorable determinants of subsequent genius. In fact, it is probable that an organism equipped with deficient organs, with inadequate tools, will actually develop a better and more ingenious technic to combat the rigors of its environment. Such an organism will pay a great deal of attention to detail, will devise more unerring "short-cuts," will undergo a more intensive training. This brings us to the surprising, the terrifying conclusion of reality. The great accomplishments, the really worthwhile achievements, have been made by individuals whose equipment was poor.

Normal individuals with normal organs approach the normal adjustments of everyday life with a greater equanimity, since accomplishing these tasks seems easily within reason. They lack the tremendous tension that is characteristic of an individual who sees less clearly than his fellow, or a left-hander who is forced to work with his weaker and more poorly co-ordinated right hand. The normal individual seeks for no tricks, no legerdemain, because he can adjust without tricks and legerdemain. Try to drive a nail with a hammer. The hammer almost does it by itself, because it is an efficient instrument. But try to drive that same nail with a pair of scissors, or with a pocket-knife! You need tricks and legerdemain now, and a refinement of technic, to accomplish the same result that comes easily with a hammer.

We must come to the conclusion that it is one of the greatest advantages to an individual to be born with defective organs. That is the conclusion that we arrive at when we regard the question of heredity in a purely objective fashion, the great majority of psychologists, physicians, and laymen to the contrary notwithstanding. The average layman believes that he carries his future with him into life, like his milk teeth: a given quantum of creative ability, which need only be unpacked, so to speak, to make him a dolt or a genius. This superstition lies at the basis of the premise which so many investigators use when they say, "Let us see how far this individual has developed his native talent."

We are constantly hearing people say, "Yes, there is a definite quantum of talent given every human being!" But this is not true. What occurs is this: There is a definite human constant of talent and potentiality, but this constant remains only so long as no effort is made to develop and train it. The boy whom I discussed in the beginning of this paper certainly belonged to the "untalented." He had been forced to repeat two grades

by the time he had reached the fifth grade. After treatment he became the best student in his class. The psychologist of the old school will counter, "Yes, he had a latent talent." That is precisely my point. Everyone has latent talent.

I shall cite several examples from our experience of so-called "untalented" children who developed a marked "talent." This development, however, does not take place by magic, or occur over night. I am choosing for illustrative purposes some of the easy cases, but you must not believe that it is always so simple to make a brilliant student out of a backward child. Sometimes one succeeds easily; often it requires great effort and greater patience. In the end, however, it is always better to be able to say that one boy has talent because he was properly and encouragingly trained to overcome a defect, and that another boy is untalented because this or that error was made in his education.

If we disregard professional activity for a moment and investigate, rather, very small details of child activity, we can best see the development of talent. Take for instance a little three-year-old girl who tries to sew dresses for her dolls. She takes a few stitches which are certainly far removed from works of art, and her mother comes to her and says, "Do you know, that is a very good beginning. Now if you take a few more stitches like this" (showing the child), "then you will have a beautifully dressed doll!" Such a mother, by encouraging this child in its efforts, giving it new fields to conquer, appealing to the child's ability to do more, is preparing the way for a "talent." Contrast another mother whose three-year-old daughter makes the same clumsy stitches in a doll's dress, and is met with, "For heaven's sake, don't bother with that needle! You'll only prick yourself! Little girls can't sew dolls' dresses!" In the first case the child is encouraged to find new combinations, new colors, new models, and develops its technic because its efforts are met by encouragement and applause. The second child loses all desire for activity in which its clumsiness is held up as a cause for shame and punishment. The first develops a talent. The second will complain all her life, "I have absolutely no talent for needlework!"

An eight-year-old girl came into the office, weeping, with her mother. The latter explained that the child made no progress in school. She had come in from the country with excellent reports, having finished the third grade. She was put in the fourth grade in a city school, failed, was demoted to the third grade, failed again, was finally demoted to the second grade, and was doing very poorly there. The disparity between the previous excellent reports and the present bad reports was very marked. From the standpoint of Individual Psychology the change in reports represented not a change in talent, but the substitution of a bad environment for a good one.

Investigation of the child's life disclosed the fact that until recent months she had lived in the country with foster parents. The mother had been divorced from her husband and, while trying to gain an existence by work in the city, had sent her daughter to the country. Now that she had succeeded in establishing herself financially, she had brought the child home to live with her.

From our standpoint this amounts to a psychological experiment, and the experiment in this case had been unsuccessful. The reasons for the child's failure are not hard to find. We can imagine that this child living in the country with foster parents expected that the return to her mother would be something of a triumphal entry into a promised Eden. She expected her mother to be the apotheosis of beauty, kindness, goodness. One question gives us our clue. I ask, "Did you like it out in the country with your foster parents?" The girl answers, "Yes. They were very kind to me, treated me like their own child, and bought me pretty playthings."

Now I ask the mother, "How did you receive the child, and how do you treat it?" The mother answers, "I have had a very sad life with my husband. He was an habitual drunkard, and I was afraid that the child had inherited his bad traits, and so I have tried to educate her very strictly, and prevent, if possible, the curse of drunkenness falling upon her, too!" "How do you do this?" I ask. "How does one educate a child to prevent the curse of drunkenness from showing itself?" The mother replies, "One must be very strict and severe with the child; not allow it to play with bad children, criticize all faults, punish all lies and moral failings."

Now put yourself in the child's position. This is the promised land, this is the mother from whom one expects the goodness of an angel, the beauty of motherly love! And the mother turns out to be a nagging, anxious, criticizing, punishing sort of an avenging witch.

I take the mother aside and tell her that perhaps under other circumstances her actions would be advisable, but that in this case it might be better if she attempted to win over the child to her with love and affection. "If I were in your shoes," I tell the mother, "I should go so far as to admit to the child that I had made a mistake, that I had meant well but had followed a bad method, and that now I wish to be reconciled, and to try to forget the past and do better in the future. I know that you will not follow my advice entirely, because it requires great courage on the part of a mother to admit an error to her child, but you can at least try love and affection."

This mother, however, did have the courage. "I shall do exactly as you would do," she said. Mother and daughter were reconciled before my eyes, in the midst of ceremonial tears and sobs. Fourteen days later, mother and daughter returned. The picture was entirely different. Both were laughing, both were happy. The little girl was leading her class in the third grade, and brought a note from the teacher saying that a miracle must have occurred.

We have the records of a number of similar cases. With the more complicated cases I do not wish to burden my readers, but it is precisely these most complicated cases which come into our hands, as psychiatrists. These are the cases of patients who have suffered a total shipwreck of their personality upon the rocks of somebody's prejudice and have been mis-educated in their childhood. Either the individual believes he is totally untalented and unworthy, or, as frequently happens, the individual or his relatives believe that he is enormously talented, but the talent does not appear because the individual is "so nervous!"

There are hundreds of such individuals, who find themselves duty-bound to live a life of sickness and "nervousness" in order that their "talent" (which they inwardly fear does not exist) shall not rise to the surface. You can see what mischief this conception of "talent" can accomplish in a life. The paradox is that the poorly equipped man, the man who starts behind the line, has the greatest advantage. Progress and achievement result only from the conquest of difficulties. He who conquers difficulties wins.

The question of talent, particularly in America, England, and Germany where the need for trained technicians is great has reached such importance that nowadays half-grown children are tested for their "talent" for some adult profession. It is my duty to point to the fact that the most expert and highly trained experimental psychologists all make timid, unconvincing reports concerning tests of ability. All their experiments point to the fact that no well-defined, actual judgments can be rendered concerning the "talent" of an individual for any particular task. All of them agree that reality is quite different from the tests, and that one finally has to take the stand that the average man can perform the average task. The riddle really

begins where we find an individual who cannot pass the tests.

IV

What science has designated as organic defects are a very general phenomenon. No one has ever seen a normal child, and one can find some kind of organic defect in everyone. What is important is the *sense* of defect which the child feels because he has an inadequate organ, and more particularly, what that child's environment says about his defect. There are families who believe their children are sick if they do not weigh twice as much as normal children. As a result, a perfectly normal child grows up in an atmosphere of a chronic invalid. We have seen many children who have grown up with the idea they had weak hearts. Despite the fact that no cardiac lesion could be discovered, these individuals could not run or exercise, and shrank from every effort. Their anxiety and care for their preservation from excitement went beyond the bounds of all reason, and the tendency to guard and defend themselves as though they were fragile porcelain remained long after their discovery that they were quite healthy and as capable of work as anyone else. They had prepared a soft berth for themselves in life, and were loath to leave it. But as a matter of fact we find many children who suffer from organic defects, particularly of the sense organs. And we know well that such individuals suffer much more in life than normal children. They experience the deficiencies of their bodies, as for instance a weak digestive tract, a bad skin, poor eyes, more intensely; and they feel a certain pressure which, under normal circumstances, would develop into an added attention, a greater training, a better technic for overcoming their difficulties.

All poets probably belong in this class. Goethe and Schiller both had bad eyes, and the German poet Gustav Freytag writes in his diary that at the age of fourteen he could imagine better than he could see, as his ignorant father refused to let him wear glasses. The organic defect often gives direction to the total activity of the individual.

Under unpropitious circumstances an organic defect is compensated in a useless way. In such cases we have problem children, criminal children, neurotic children. It may be stated with certainty that wherever we see a child occupied with useless or criminal or neurotic behavior it is because he has felt himself "untalented" for the normal activity demanded by our world. Here is another angle to the difficult problem of "talent." You see, the catchwords with which other psychologists finish their work remain the challenge of the Individual Psychologists to begin to do something about it. A boy learns that he is not talented for mathematics, and finds himself in a group of similar boys who have been branded in the same way. Or a girl finds herself in a group who "cannot learn Latin." These individuals present us with a very ticklish problem, because if we cannot prove them otherwise, they maintain that they are right, that they are untalented, or talented only to a certain degree.

One of the greatest contributions of Individual Psychology has come in the discovery that there need be no actual organic deformity or inferiority for a child to consider himself hindered at the start. The sense of pressure which I have described as occurring in the actual presence of organic inferiorities may occur also in the presence of purely social difficulties, or as a result of the position of the child in the family constellation. In other words, a child with a normal digestive tract but bad nutrition may assume a behavior pattern similar to that of a child with a malformed stomach.

It is possible to burden a perfectly normal child with a pressure so great that he feels himself unable to cope with it. This point explains the fact which

has been the thorn in the side of other psychologists, namely, that one occasionally finds an individual with perfect organs, with good inheritance, and of good family, who is, nevertheless, untalented, incapable, a poor performer, the proverbial black sheep. We have determined that this is entirely due to the relative picture, the context within which this child finds himself, and that the blind fate of his behavior pattern has been fixed in previous relationships.

Similarly, in children who are educated without love or affection we find a characteristic behavior pattern. The unbelievably large number of illegitimate children who are tossed from pillar to post by our society come in this category. But a child does not need to be illegitimate to grow up with the idea that he is hated. The petted child sooner or later comes to the same conclusion. A petted child in a situation in which he does not get his accustomed love and affection shows all the reactions of a hated child. This becomes particularly evident in the case of first-born children who are followed by other children. The parents may not actually change their attitude toward the first-born, but he interprets the presence of the second-born as an insult to his prestige. He considers himself a dethroned monarch, and acts accordingly, making every effort to regain his lost power. Suspicion, hate, envy of the rival are the natural consequences. This type is particularly frequent among first-born children.

It is at this point that I wish to blast another superstition. It is generally believed that children who grow up in the same home pass through the same environmental influences. This is a fallacy. The tension, the relative context is as different for each individual as can be. No other child ever lives through the same situation that a first-born experiences. Every other child always has a pace-maker. The first-born always occupies the family limelight for a time. Put a child in the limelight and accentuate the situation strongly, and you build up an unmistakable behavior pattern. This will be the style of life in which one strives always for the center of the stage, in which one must always occupy the main position. Quite different is the second-born. He directs all his energies at making power crash from its throne. He is always under steam, always on the go; he is always looking for short-cuts to power. I do not say that every first-born son and every second-born must follow this pattern; but we are more accustomed to finding these reactions in these situations.

V

If I have now given brief proof of the influence of the environment in determining the social and professional capabilities and talents of an individual, their preparation or lack of preparation for the solution of the problems of life, what remains of that mystic quantum which we have been accustomed solemnly to call talent? Where is this alchemic thing which psychologists want to weigh and evaluate with scientific instruments? Our problem is quite another one: To make talented individuals out of untalented ones.

The opposite school of thought has always suffered shipwreck. Wherever one has tried to foster the so-called talented individuals, one has come to no good end. The schools for talented, psychologically tested "over-average" pupils hide their heads in shame because of their poor results. What of classes for talented and untalented children? I have always found, particularly in Vienna, that the classes for talented children consisted mostly of relatively well-nourished individuals from the better classes, whereas in the untalented classes the poorly fed and poorly dressed children of the proletariat were to be found. Binet, the father of psychological tests, made the same discovery. In the very beginning of his researches he called attention to the remarkable

fact that there was a constant relation between talent and body-weight. We should not be surprised at this constant relationship. But it is not a cause and effect relationship at all.

The elements which the Individual Psychologists have found most necessary to the development of a child into a useful social being are a good relation with the rest of humanity and the feeling that he is equal to other children. Training toward the social feeling should be begun in the earliest years, and continued through life. Courage and the consciousness of power and equality should be fostered wherever possible. If this is done, we find an individual always on the useful side of life, showing the personality of a worthwhile, courageous, socially-minded man or woman.

Rob this child of his courage and the feeling of his equal chance, and you thwart his development. The bogey of talent is one of the most effective means of putting bounds to the development of a child. If you tell a child offhand he is untalented, and he then proves untalented, this does not prove that you were right. You "fixed" him! And you must not wonder at your evil results. A similar damage can be done to the so-called "talented" individual. By constantly giving him tests of his prowess, usually useless ones, one runs the risk of serious damage to his self-confidence and self-esteem. At any rate, a pathological ambition is bound to develop and the chances are that this talented individual will soon have to hide behind a smoke-screen of "nervousness" to defend himself from useless tests of powers.

The courage which is the basis of talent must be combined with an adequate training. Many seemingly untalented individuals are simply poorly trained. Their slightest actions bear the inhibitions of this inadeqate technic. We know that there are individuals who walk badly, who have no talent for speaking, and of course others who seem to have no talent for studying, or reasoning or thinking, or reading books. It is simply a question of finding the right technic.

Let us refer to the biography of Charlemagne and read the amusing words of his biographer: "Although Charlemagne tried with might and main to learn to read and write, he never accomplished these things because he obviously had no talent for them." But since the days of Pestalozzi, it is no longer necessary to have talent to read and write—every child can do it!

Growing insight into technic and training will doubtless open up new fields for the formerly "untalented," and I prophesy that in not many years the delusion of "talent" will vanish into the limbo of witchcraft, the evil eye, and the casting of spells. If we could develop the technic of teaching composition better, we could make a half-way adequate composer out of everyone. This sounds like heresy to the composers, to the musical genius. But I need only remind you that while Beethoven's mother was pregnant with him, his father said, "If this will be a boy, he will be a second Mozart!" We can say that he guessed correctly, that the boy had the appropriate talents. But what was the most outstanding feature about Beethoven? A hereditary organic defect. Otosclerosis, a hereditary disease of the ear ossicles which results in severe deafness about the twentieth year. What would one of our modern vocational guidance psychologists have said to the young Beethoven? Would he have prophesied talent as a musician? Certainly not. He would have made a shoe salesman out of him, would have directed him to leave music strictly alone. And had Beethoven followed his advice, become a shoe salesman, the vocational guidance psychologist would have claimed that he was right. No musical genius would have developed in him!

SEVERSON

A STORY

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

"I WILL tell you a story," said Weatherby, "to prove my point. The story of Felix Severson."

We waited, for his "point" of a moment before had been stated with a peculiar passionate brevity that left it a little obscure in our minds. Somebody had brought up, more or less idly, the question of what is most necessary to man. It had started one of those discussions—"Love," "Health," "Success," "Faith." All these were put forth when Weatherby, the new arrival, quietly said, "The thing most necessary to a man is that he be known."

This stopped us, of course. We waited for him to go on, to explain.

"Simply that," he said, "to be known. I have known a man to be willing to give his life for that. To be known—identified."

And then he offered the story of Severson—in support.

It had begun, he said, in New York something like six years before. He supposed we hadn't read anything about it at the time, and shouldn't remember it if we had. It wasn't the kind of sensation to reach across the continent. Even the New York papers had carried it on the second page and dropped it entirely after the second day. Severson was not a celebrity. Not at all an "important person" in the popular sense. He was simply a quiet, easy-going, but immensely likable fellow whom Weatherby had known for years. He had some kind of small but fairly profitable importing business, "although," said Weatherby, "you never thought of him as a business man. You thought of him as just—Severson. I believe he had inherited the business from an uncle and since it was established he had carried it on. It gave him an occupation, made, as he said, a 'respectable citizen' of him, and left him free to live the sort of life that suited him. I used to see him on an average of once a week. If I didn't happen to meet him anywhere else, I was sure to see him at Dave O'Mara's studio."

He was, it seemed, one of four or five men who were accustomed to dropping in at O'Mara's studio on Saturday night. Not so much, apparently, because of any special entertainment offered them, nor yet because of the excellence of O'Mara's Scotch, but chiefly because it afforded them an arena for irascible debate.

It had come to be a kind of standing engagement with all of them, "See you at O'Mara's Saturday night," an engagement somehow more likely to be kept since it was never specifically made. There was Hooper, the painter, Viet, a young attorney, Sloane the adventure writer who had never been out of New York, and, of course, Severson.

They were so used to seeing him there, sunk into one of O'Mara's comfortable old chairs, his long legs stretched out before him, relaxed and indolent after what he called "a day in the marts of trade," looking as if he were about to go to sleep, but in reality just waiting to catch in the talk the seed of one of those endless abstract arguments that, once

begun, grew like a fakir's tree fantastic out of all proportion to the seed, until there was nothing left for the original idea but to climb up it and disappear. For Severson loved ideation as another man loves drink. Those nights at O'Mara's were sheer sport to him.

Like most men who "live in their heads," Severson felt no need of outward excitements to fill his life with interest. He was the one man among them least marked for drama of any active kind. And certainly not the man to have a Secret in his life. He was, when it came to facts about himself, the most candid and straightforward soul alive. He had, moreover, a queer streak of sentiment for his friends. And he cherished a really old-fashioned allegiance to O'Mara, because he was his oldest friend, because they had played together as boys. "Dave knows me," he used to say, "better than I know myself." A statement which oddly seemed to please him, to satisfy him in some way.

All this may have been because he had no people of his own, and there had been a time when the old O'Mara house in Stuyvesant Square had been almost like home to him. During the years when he and O'Mara were away at the same prep school, there had been a room in that house known as Felix's room, and a standing invitation from O'Mara's mother for Christmas and Easter holidays. And later when both boys went to New Haven and began to come down to town for parties and theaters, Mrs. O'Mara had insisted upon Felix having a key of his own, so he could come and go as he liked.

Severson still had the key, although after his mother's death O'Mara, who had no need of a whole house, for his tastes were simple and he liked being "all together" as he said, had the interior of the house remodeled, an apartment on each floor, keeping only the studio and living quarters on the top floor for himself.

But the street door remained the same, and Severson said that it gave him a sense of permanence in a much too changeable world to come round to the old brownstone house in Stuyvesant Square, let himself in with his key, and climb the stairs to the familiar studio. He and O'Mara often dined together on Saturday nights, but even if he had some other engagement that had to be kept, he always turned up at the studio before the evening was done.

That was why on the night when he didn't come at all, they kept asking one another, "Where's Severson?" O'Mara had talked to him on the telephone about four o'clock, and he had said he was coming then. Weatherby had seen him at lunch, and he had said, "See you tonight at Dave's." He had certainly meant to come. But although they stayed talking until nearly two o'clock, Severson had neither come nor telephoned. They had wondered about it, of course, since it was unlike Severson, but they dismissed it casually enough on the score that "something had come up" at the last moment and he couldn't get away.

Probably not one of them had thought of it again until in a late edition of a Monday morning newspaper a headline appeared:

"Man Killed in Office. Importer Disappears."

The story followed. An unknown man had been found shot dead in the private office of Felix Severson, importer of —— Broadway. Employees arriving early that morning had discovered the body on the floor and, after telephoning Severson's hotel and being told that he had not been there since Saturday morning, had notified the police. From papers found in the pockets of the slain man his name was thought to be R. DeSoto. Further than that no identification had been made. He had apparently been dead some thirty-six hours. It was believed that the shooting had taken place late Saturday afternoon when the downtown office building was practically deserted for the half-holiday. Up to the time of going to

press no trace of Severson had been found. A warrant was out for his arrest.

It was the sort of thing that happens in cities every day—but not to people like Severson. "Not Severson, not good old Severson," they kept repeating all that afternoon while they futilely searched, conjectured, and waited for news.

O'Mara stayed by his telephone, in the belief that Severson would communicate with him. Viet had come forward at once as Severson's legal representative. Both he and O'Mara had been in touch with the authorities. O'Mara, recalling his last talk with Severson over the telephone about four o'clock on Saturday, could not say where Severson had been when he called. They had talked about meeting somewhere for dinner, but had decided against it because they were both going to be busy until late. Severson had definitely said he would be at O'Mara's studio that night. Certainly at the time of that conversation there had been no hint of anything wrong.

At the garage where Severson kept his car it was learned that he had taken out the car shortly after three o'clock on Saturday afternoon. He had turned south on Broadway as if he were going to drive downtown. The car had not been returned to the garage.

The identity of the slain man remained a mystery. And no one connected with Severson had ever heard of his having an enemy.

O'Mara still stayed by his telephone. And that night they waited again for Severson. And again he neither came nor telephoned.

"If he is alive," O'Mara said, "he'll communicate with one of us. . . . Good God, he knows we're his friends!"

At ten a message came to the effect that the dead man had been identified by the proprietor of a small downtown hotel as a man who had registered "R. DeSoto, Buenos Ayres, Argentina," on Tuesday of the week before. He had left the hotel on Saturday and had not returned.

The information left them more than ever in the dark.

Weatherby stayed at O'Mara's studio that night.

"He has the key," said O'Mara, alert for the slightest sound at the door.

When morning came and still no word they began to make use of that phrase by which the worst of fears may be both covered and conveyed. They began to say that "something had happened to Severson."

And that day Severson's car was found in a spot deserted at that time of year on the Long Island shore. Footprints in the moist sand led to the rocks at the water's edge—and did not lead back again.

The police, suspecting a ruse, continued their search. The investigation trailed along for several weeks, and gradually gave way to cases which promised at least some chance of being solved. The authorities at Buenos Ayres reported that a man named Rinaldo DeSoto, and answering the description of the man killed in New York, had operated as a "Mercantile Agent," dealing in various products and commodities, in several cities of South America. He had left Buenos Ayres some months before. He spoke English and was believed to have gone to the States.

It offered only the clue that a "Mercantile Agent" might have some business dealing with an importing house. But beyond that the mystery remained insoluble. Severson did not return. His body was not found. The case stood on the records as "Murder and Suicide."

Here Weatherby, telling the story, paused, made a short gesture of finality, and said, "And that was all. All we knew, and all we seemed likely ever to know of what had happened in Severson's quiet downtown office that Saturday afternoon."

Severson was gone, the victim of one of those fortuitous tragedies that sometimes overtake the least adventurous of men. And he himself, given a similar case, could hardly have devised a theory improbable enough to account for the mystery of so sudden and violent an end.

His friends could only say, and say again, that Severson was not a murderer. If he had killed a man it was for good and sufficient reason, that they would stake their honor on. Yet, if that were so, why had he taken his own life afterward? Surely there was conviction of guilt, surely there was evidence of remorse.

Like all questions to which there is no answer, that question finally ceased to ask itself. And although his name came often into their talk, they ceased eventually to speculate upon his fate.

O'Mara continued to produce his bold and eccentric simplifications in black and white; Hooper to paint his characteristic canvases; Viet continued to appear before the bar, plead, make motions, win or lose; Sloane, the adventure writer, continued to fabricate, from his vantage point in New York, his extravagant tales of the far places of the earth. And they all continued to forgather at O'Mara's studio on the top floor of the old house in Stuyvesant Square.

A man is never really forgotten by his friends; but his memory will come to be like a story told. A word may recall it, a figure in the street, a turn of phrase, a point of view. And so it was with Severson, as with the best of men.

Even O'Mara no longer thought of him instinctively on those nights when the others came.

Five years may be long or short, according to the change they bring. But time flows easily in such safe and pleasant lives; and five years found them all with little outward change. Viet was married, Hooper engaged, but still with their personalities intact, and managing to look in at O'Mara's with a good deal of regularity. Sloane had been prevailed upon to take a trip around the Horn, thereby "losing his perspective" on the world at large, and he had come back to write a novel of sophisticated New York life which had gained him a reputation that seemed to embarrass him, "accustomed as I am," he said, "to my well-known obscurity."

The book had been seized upon at the height of its popularity and dramatized, and it was of it that they were talking at about half-past ten o'clock one Saturday night at O'Mara's in November of that year.

Viet and Sloane had earlier in the evening looked in at a rehearsal of the play, from which, according to their report, they had departed unwept and unsung. And Sloane was saying that he had "regained his obscurity."

"I'm the author of the book behind the play."

Viet, measuring a highball, said, "An actor asked me who you were."

"Who did you tell him?"

"I told him," Viet began—and looked suddenly toward the door.

It had thrust abruptly open, to admit a man. A tall lean man who loomed upon them from the threshold, stopped there, halted, just within the light—as if he challenged them to some encounter, some violence of word or act.

Silence spread throughout the room, the sudden immobility of men whose eyes report an impossible event; whose reason waits the re-establishment of normal sight.

No one moved and no one spoke.

He faced them from the doorway, his hand still gripped upon the knob; his body, tense and static, seemed to wait upon some signal of release. His eyes had terror in them, submerged terror and demand.

Beneath the surface of the stillness something seemed to vaguely move. And then he launched into the silence his desperate command.

"*Recognize me!* . . . For God's sake *recognize* me!"

It struck them for a moment to a silence deeper still.

Then a voice said quietly, "*Severson.*"

From his chair O'Mara slowly rose.

"Felix," he said, "Felix—"

And then the tension broke. Every man was on his feet, every man cried out his incredulous "Severson!" "Severson!" "Severson!"

And with every repetition of his name the light flamed higher in his eyes. As if the answer to his challenge far excelled his hope. As if it fed some hunger long denied.

"Yes, Severson! Felix Severson!" he cried, "That's what I've come back to hear!"

Then suddenly he sank into the nearest chair and for a moment seemed to verge upon collapse.

"Let me sit down," he said. "Let me look at you."

"You're alive," O'Mara said, as if only now at last he took it in when he saw him sitting there.

"I am now," he said, in a curiously tired and quiet voice. He looked up, and his slow half-ironic smile brought sharply back the Severson of five years before.

"You see," he said, "I committed suicide." And then he burst into a laugh so full of an insane relief that they stepped toward him, laid their hands upon his shoulder. "Of course," they said, "we heard that, thought that, at the time; but now—you're back—you're here—"

He broke off laughing suddenly. "I've been dead five years! The only difference was I knew it—and most dead men don't. That's what brought me back—to hear you tell me that I'm not!"

Viet had stepped quietly to the window, and the rasp of a shade being drawn startled everyone but Severson. He came back then and gently said to Severson, "Old man, does anybody know you're here? Anybody else, I mean?"

Severson shook his head. "No, I came straight here."

"From a train?"

"Yes, from the train—straight here."

"All right," said Viet. "We're your friends . . . your friends, you understand."

"I know," he said, "I've always known you were."

It was clear that he had not understood the thing that Viet had meant.

But O'Mara understood.

"How did you come here, Felix? In a taxi—from the station—how did you come?"

"Yes—in a taxi—why?"

The questions seemed to bewilder him, and O'Mara said, "Viet's your lawyer, Felix, and he ought to know."

Severson looked from face to face. It was as if they had reminded him of something he had forgotten until now.

"I know," he said, "I killed a man. . . . God, how long ago that seems!" Then he looked up suddenly and asked, "Who was he—did anybody ever know?"

"Didn't *you* know who he was?"

"I? . . . I?" He seemed to be trying to recall that after all we hadn't known. . . . "Of course you thought I must have known him—that I must have done it for a reason . . . a *reason*—" He sat there slowly shaking his head, lost in some intent reflection of his own.

"It's queer," he said then, rousing himself, "I still can't get it into my head that it happened—just that way. It never has seemed real. I was coming here that night—you remember that? It was Saturday afternoon."

Did they remember? The memory of that night came back to them as vividly as if it had been the night before. How they had waited in that very room for him to come, and how during the weeks that followed they had waited, expecting him to make some sign, to let them know, to let them help.

The vividness of their memory seemed to surprise him, as if he hadn't counted on it, as if he had failed then or afterward to visualize the implication of his disappearance to his friends.

And it was clear throughout his story that he did not see himself as a man in danger, but only as a man come back to

life. He saw no peril in this return, or if he did, it had no terror for him, it had taken second place. If in fact it occupied his consciousness at all.

Even when Viet, intent upon protecting him in spite of himself, interrupted him with questions now and then his answers had a puzzled tone, as if he didn't quite see the point, although he answered without annoyance, repeating patiently what obviously seemed to him the most unimportant details.

He told his story, as Viet suggested, from the beginning, "to get it straight." And the beginning took him back to that Saturday afternoon of his disappearance and the lunch he had with Weatherby, when he had left him with "See you tonight at Dave's."

They had parted at the door of the restaurant shortly before two o'clock, and Severson had taken the subway uptown, and had spent the next two hours in the second-hand bookshops along Fourth Avenue and University Place, looking for some book he wanted that was out of print. It was a diversion he particularly liked, and he would probably have spent the whole afternoon nosing about in the old bookshops if he had not remembered suddenly that he had left some papers at his office which he wanted over Sunday. And since he was in the neighborhood of the garage where he kept his car, he decided to drive downtown to the office and look over the papers there. On his way to the garage he stopped in at a telephone booth and called up O'Mara. That was about four o'clock. He drove downtown, parked the car, and went up to the office. There wasn't anybody there, and he was looking over the papers when a man telephoned. He had an accent, Spanish, Severson thought. He said his name was DeSoto and that he wanted to see Severson on business. He seemed so urgent that Severson told him he would wait if he would come right up. He said he was in the vicinity.

He was there in ten minutes, a stoutish man about forty, with a black mustache and very black eyes, and Severson didn't notice anything queer about him when he let him in, except that he was foreign, Spanish, maybe, or Mexican, and a little more excitable than you expect a business man to be.

He began to talk about money to be made in importing hardwood, mahogany from South America. Severson told him that he didn't handle anything of that sort.

"But you're an importer, aren't you? You want to make money?" And Severson explained that it was out of his line. He said he just wanted Severson to listen, and he could show him how they could make a lot of money. He began to explain some sort of scheme he had for getting hold of some big tracts of hardwood in South America, and the more Severson tried to tell him he wasn't interested, the more he talked. Severson saw that his scheme was crooked, but for a minute he didn't know that the man realized it himself, and he said, "You can't put that through."

The man stopped like a flash and demanded to know why not. Severson saw then that he knew it was crooked, and he said simply, "Because it's not legal. You know that. It's crooked—that's why."

He had tried to let him down easy, he wasn't interested in it anyway, but the fellow wouldn't let go. The whole thing, mind you, happened in no time at all. Severson said that it wasn't more than twelve or fifteen minutes, and that he still didn't think of it as having really *happened*, as being real in the way ordinary things are real. He ought to have seen it before, but he didn't. The man was desperate, but Severson thought he was, you know, just an excitable Spaniard talking to a phlegmatic American. And when Severson said, "It's crooked, that's why," the fellow's black eyes dilated horribly, he waited a minute, yelled "*Crooked!*" shouted something in Spanish, and whipped out a gun. I suppose the man was mad. Insane. He looked

it, Severson said—out of his head with rage—crouched and coming toward him with the gun. Severson jumped for him and landed, and somehow got the gun. But the man was on him like an orang-outang. Stronger than two men. He was using some wrestler's trick, after the gun—Severson knew he'd get it—and he shot. Shot wild. The man just rolled over away from him, and was still.

Severson got up with the gun in his hand, and looked at him there on the floor—dead, a strange man he'd never seen until half an hour before. Never heard of, didn't know existed—and now didn't exist. Twenty minutes was the extent of his life, so far as Severson knew.

Severson said he didn't know whether he could make us understand, but from that minute—the minute he got up and saw him there on the floor—the whole thing began to seem unreal. It had exactly the quality of a dream, one of those queer light floating dreams where the wildest things seem not to have any meaning, perfectly clear, but you're not surprised by any kind of violence. He didn't remember hearing anything, didn't remember any sound when he shot the gun; didn't remember *thinking* anything. He didn't seem to have any reaction to it at all. He knew he wasn't thinking. And he wanted to think. Everything he did from that moment on he did without premeditation, without plan.

"You see," he said, "I'd never killed a man before. I suppose I wasn't used to it. But, as I tell you, I didn't think of that then. I was moved by the idea that I must think—that I must—wake up—realize what had happened, and do whatever was to be done. I didn't feel guilty. . . . I suppose it *was* a kind of shock."

For he had seen it himself, afterward, but when it was too late. The thing that had happened to him was simple enough and familiar to all psychologists. The mind seeks escape from an intolerable reality. Under the shock of some unforeseen and disastrous event the unwilling consciousness rejects the truth, and reality itself takes on the quality of an illusion, the inconsequential sequence of a dream.

At the time Severson merely acted, without emotion, and without thought. It seemed perfectly simple to him. He got his hat and went out of the office, shut the door behind him, and went down the hall and rang for the elevator. He couldn't realize that the thing had actually happened, and he knew that he must get it straight, he had to realize it before he could do anything about it.

The elevator didn't come up and, still without thinking about it, or making any plan, he walked down the stairs, and out of the building to the street. Then automatically he remembered the car, and he thought quite calmly that he would drive somewhere, drive and think. He went to the parking place, got the car, drove to the bridge and across. And all the way to the bridge and crossing it, and getting through the traffic on the other side, he hardly thought at all—just drove. He noticed how easily he got through the traffic, slowed, stopped, waited, made time, all without seeming to have to think. He saw everything, took everything in. It was, he said, like any other day. It was impossible to realize that there was anything unusual about that drive.

Of course he didn't have any objective in mind. He just wanted to drive out somewhere and get the thing straight before he went back—before he took it up, you see. He actually even forgot the whole incident, just responded to the usual things, one-way streets, what turn to make. He even enjoyed the feeling of a kind of unusual skill in managing the car. Just as he might have felt any other day when the car and everything else went especially well. Then he was out on the open highway—just driving, driving. It was a moonlight night, and he caught himself forgetting that anything had happened—forgetting that he had come out there

alone to think. The movement seemed to hypnotize him into the illusion that he was just driving for pleasure, taking a drive, you know, and he would catch himself beginning to whistle under his breath—he used to do it always when he drove in the country at night.

At last he turned off the highway and followed a country road, drove along that for miles, he supposed, in the direction of the shore. He must have turned off again into one of those private lanes, for he had an impression of passing some buildings, all dark—the summer people had gone back to town—and he must have been driving along by the water for some time before he noticed it. Without knowing why, he stopped the car, got out, went over, and climbed up on to the ledge of rock where he could look at the water.

He was going to light a cigarette, and put his hand in his coat pocket for a match—and felt the gun. He had no idea it was there, hadn't even felt it all that time. And it gave him such a start that he jerked it out and threw it with all the force of his arm across the water. A crazy thing to do—but he didn't know it then—nothing seemed crazy to him then. His whole and only impulse was to get rid of it. To fling it off.

It struck the water and disappeared. He felt an enormous relief.

Now it may have been that the disappearance of the gun had some curious effect upon his subconscious mind. It may have carried the suggestion that he might himself disappear as easily as the gun. Yet at the time he attached no importance to throwing the gun away beyond the instantaneous physical necessity to be rid of it. He couldn't attempt to account for what he did. But after he had stood there perhaps fifteen minutes longer, as if he were waiting for something, he turned and began to walk along the ledge of rocks until he came to a place where the ledge widened to the edge of the road. He went down there, and he remembered stepping across the road on scattered loose stones. The woods came to the edge of the road on the other side. The earth under the trees was covered with moist dead leaves, and he struck through the woods, walking. He felt about the car almost as he had felt about the gun—rid of it—free.

He had gone fully three-quarters of a mile before the idea occurred to him that it might look as if he had drowned himself, committed suicide. And then it only passed through his mind lightly. Idly, really, as if it had nothing to do with him, though there must have been a part of his consciousness somewhere telling him what to do. Something must have directed him, for example, to step carefully across that road on stones, so that no footprints would be left in the moist sand. He didn't even think of why he had done it until days later he read in a newspaper that "The tracks led to the water's edge, but did not lead back again." It gave him a kind of shock when he read it, the kind of sensation, he said, that you get in a detective story when an important point is made. But at the time he didn't think anything about it except that in crossing the road he was—leaving himself behind—it was all part of that sense he had of freeing himself.

He was in a state of mind entirely new to him. It wasn't normal, but it seemed normal, natural, without stress, serene.

He must have walked that night for hours. Straight ahead. He came out of the woods at last and found himself on a road. He passed by villages, automobiles went by him, he went through towns—all without the least feeling of fatigue. He walked until he came to a small railroad station on the outskirts of a town. A train was just coming in, and Severson automatically got on the train, and took a seat. When the train started and the conductor came round, he had no ticket. The conductor said, "New York?" and Severson nodded and handed him cash for the fare.

When he got out of the train with everybody else at the call "Last stop!" he was surprised to find himself in the Pennsylvania Station, where all the Long Island trains come in. He walked along the slip and through the gate with the crowd, and the first thing that caught his eye—it seemed abnormally large and prominent; he could *see it*, you know—was the sign on the starting board, "WASHINGTON EXPRESS." People were already going through the gate, and without any thought about it, just as if he had meant to do it all along, he went across to a window and bought a ticket and berth to Washington.

He must have been fairly exhausted from the hours of walking, for he slept that night. He said he still meant to think, but that he simply hadn't been able to keep awake.

And the porter woke him in the morning when they were getting into Washington.

When he left the train, he walked through the station, and along a street. It was Sunday morning and quiet, with very few people out. Passing a restaurant, it occurred to him that he wanted breakfast, but the place was closed. Sunday. He walked along block after block until he found a little lunch-room open, and he went in and had breakfast there. An odd thing was that Severson had had the same breakfast for years—fruit, tea, and rolls. But he didn't think of it there that morning. He had coffee, toast, and an egg. Looked at the menu and ordered it, quite as if it were the usual thing. And he had that same breakfast every morning afterward—as if it had been his habit, always.

The sun was brilliant and warm, and when Severson left the restaurant he continued to stroll about the streets, as if he were merely out for a Sunday-morning walk. He had no plan. Nothing he did was planned. If he had planned it it wouldn't have worked. He'd have slipped up somewhere.

He had turned down one of those side streets with a succession of little shops that deal in electrical supplies, novelties, old furniture, greeting cards, phonographs, that kind of thing. People had begun to come out and sun themselves in the wider streets, but this side street was still deserted, quiet, asleep. Presently an old Jew came out the door of a shop and stood looking idly into the street. In front of the shop and in the window were used and shop-worn trunks and luggage, and it suddenly occurred to Severson that he would buy a bag of some kind, and go to a hotel. The proprietor said he wasn't open for business, but of course if he wanted anything . . . Severson asked the price of a suitcase in the window, and followed the proprietor inside. The suitcase was worn but in good condition and cheap, and while Severson waited for his change, he discovered that one end of the case had the initials "J. D. McI." stamped in black ink. He took his change, and went out with the suitcase in his hand.

For the first time he had an objective and, turning out of the little side street, he walked along block after block until he came to a hotel. One of those out-of-town business men's hotels. He could see through the window men sitting about the lobby in big leather chairs, reading the Sunday papers.

He went in and asked for a room. The clerk whirled the register about and handed him a pen. Severson set down the suitcase on its end, and as he did it the black stamped initials stared up at him. "J. D. McI." He took the pen and wrote without the least hesitation, "John D. McIntyre, City."

The clerk twirled the register round again, wrote down a number, and called a boy. "Take Mr. McIntyre up to 643." And he handed the boy a key.

Severson said it was exactly like passing through a door. It seemed perfectly natural, as if his name really *were* McIntyre. And it's queer how easily you could imagine him as John McIntyre. It suited him. Tall and rugged, with his likable friendly face, his gray eyes, his

stubborn sandy hair. Anglo-Saxon—Scotchman—John McIntyre.

Sunday and Sunday night he spent at that hotel. He had lunch in the public dining room. He bought the New York Sunday papers and looked them through, reading the headlines and a paragraph here and there. The world was as usual. It had not occurred to him that nothing would be discovered until Monday morning. And the fact that nowhere in the news was it mentioned increased his sense of its unreality. It hadn't happened in the way things happen that get into the papers. He didn't expect really to see it—ever. Not then or afterward.

In the afternoon he went out and walked, sat for a while in a motion-picture theater, and came back to dinner at the hotel. After dinner he played several games of chess with an elderly stranger in the lounge and won every game, easily, without any conscious effort of concentration. And the elderly stranger said as they parted to go to their rooms, "Give me a chance at you to-morrow night if you're going to be here."

"I'm sorry," Severson said, "but I won't be here to-morrow."

And the next day, Monday, he left for Chicago. A curious physical necessity to keep moving seemed to lead him on.

It wasn't until two days later in a Chicago hotel room that he read the headline in a New York paper, "Man Killed in Office. Importer Disappears." And a day later the account of the car being found, with the sentence, "The footprints led to the water's edge, and did not lead back again."

At that sentence all that had happened seemed to clarify itself, like the emerging sequence of a plot. He saw for the first time that his actions had been those of a guilty man fleeing from the scene of his crime. He *had* fled. He thought the word quite calmly, without emotion, without feeling that he had fled. And he had thrown away the gun—without looking at it. He didn't even know what kind of gun it was—what make, what caliber. They would never believe that he had deliberately destroyed the only bit of evidence that could have established the fact of self-defense—his assailant's gun.

It was clear that they believed he had drowned himself. Why else had he so carefully picked his way across that road on stones, leaving no trace of his coming away from the spot? They would search for his body. It would not be found. This, too, was like a detached picture in his mind.

He felt curiously free and safe. Safer than if those waters had closed over him, and his body drifted out to sea. He tried to imagine going back, but could not. His mind veered from the idea before he had really encountered it. Some deep distaste not only prevented his turning back, but drove him farther on.

He had been living meagerly, but his money was running low. It was only by good luck that he had a more than usual sum in his pocket on that Saturday afternoon. He had been to the bank that morning and cashed a check. But railroad fare had made inroads upon the supply, and he had bought a few necessities.

Well, a man could always find some kind of work. It would fill the time, give him something to think about. Yet that same profound distaste for the whole situation kept him from facing squarely the problem of what he was to do. He would be moved by chance, which had guided him safely so far.

It was certainly by chance that he saw in a Chicago newspaper one of those Chamber of Commerce advertisements of a small town in Western Illinois. "Opportunities for live young men. Choice factory sites. New residential additions booming. Invest in town lots."

Two days later he stepped off a train at the station of that little Illinois town, carrying the suitcase marked "J. D. McI.," and walked up the main street until he came to an obviously new

plate-glass window with gilt lettering, "OAK PARK ADDITION. Agents. Building Sites. Farm Lands."

Severson went in, presented himself to the Manager, and asked if there was an opening for a salesman for the new addition. He gave his name as McIntyre, and said in reply to the Manager's questions that he wanted to get out of cities, and into a smaller town. Asked if he had had experience in selling real estate, he said yes, and the Manager took him at his word.

There was nothing anxious or stressed about his manner, for he wasn't particularly concerned about the job. He had merely walked in and asked for it. It was all part of that curious effortless flow of events which had carried him forward day after day. And he felt neither relief nor surprise when later the Manager told him that if he would come back after lunch and meet the President of the company, he thought they might arrange to take him on.

To be sure, Severson wasn't the type of man who walks into a small-town business man's office every day, ready to go to work. He was neither down at heel, nor too obviously presentable. He didn't quibble about salary—enough merely to live on, and his chance at commissions for the rest. He made no insistent effort to sell himself. His very unconcern, and the simple directness of his approach must have inspired them with confidence. It is easy enough, knowing Severson, to see why they took him on. Then too, they could use him. The new addition they had opened was at the height of its selling campaign.

That afternoon Severson drove out to the ground with the President and went over the section with blue prints until he knew what he was to sell. And the next morning he woke to find himself established, with a job. The name of John D. McIntyre, Salesman, was set down on the books of the company. By the end of the week he had closed several sales, and had been taken home to dinner by both the President and the Manager.

All this had happened so suddenly, so abruptly had he come to the end of his flight, that he could scarcely credit it himself. It gave him the uncanny sense that he had actually "left himself behind"—that he was no longer Severson, but McIntyre.

Already in the second week the young men were beginning to call him "Mac." And people to whom he vaguely knew he had been introduced were calling "'Morning, Mr. McIntyre," as they passed him in the street.

Unused to the ways of small towns, Severson did not know how quickly their judgments are formed; how the advent of a new and unattached young man into any small town is news that spreads overnight. It creates a flutter of anticipation, a pleasant subterranean stir. The stranger is seen, judged, taken in, or left to shift for himself all before he has learned to recognize his judges by name.

"Have you seen the new man?" the question goes the rounds. For it is upon this first impression that their decision mysteriously rests. Few questions are asked beyond, "What is he doing here?" and that they already know. It is part of the original news, and he remains only to be seen.

In Severson's case the verdict was obviously favorable from the first. He was puzzled and embarrassed by their friendly overtures. They opened their doors to him, invited him to their homes —and he found no way to refuse.

There was something almost appalling in the way they had taken him at his word. They asked him no awkward questions about his past. It was plain that their interest lay not in him as a messenger from the outer world, but in him as an addition to themselves. It seemed to be generally understood that he had come from Chicago, but that he had come was the important thing to them. And if they were not interested in the past of McIntyre, they were un-

aware that there had ever existed anywhere the man called Severson. He had only to avoid speaking as Severson, to remember that he was McIntyre.

Only that night when he had gone home to dinner with the Manager—his hostess had said pleasantly, "Your home is in Chicago, I believe, Mr. McIntyre—your people, I mean," and feeling queerly that he was lying, he had replied that he had no people, and consequently, really no home. And she had said kindly that she hoped he was "going to feel this was his home." It was an expression he was to hear more than once. Apparently it was the thing they were accustomed to say.

Whenever after that the truth about Severson fitted McIntyre, he had the same queer sense of its being a lie, and the feeling also of Severson about to reveal himself, about to break through. He must keep them separate. They must not be confused. McIntyre was the disguise he had assumed in order that Severson might be kept intact. When the time came he would discard the disguise and resume his life again as Severson.

Just when that time would come, or how, he did not know. Would a hand be laid on his arm, a stranger pronounce his name, and furnish a ten days' scandal to the town? Or would some miracle occur, some unpredictable solution set him free?

In his pocket he still carried the key to O'Mara's house in Stuyvesant Square—the key O'Mara's mother had given him when he and Dave were boys. Often his fingers would close upon it as upon the reassuring hand of a friend. It was the one actuality that remained to him of his life as Severson. Alone, on Saturday nights, he would take the key from his pocket, and look at it in his hand, thinking, trying to imagine them there in the old familiar studio. Were they thinking of him, talking of him, his friends? And then he would remember that they believed him dead. Nevertheless, he was haunted by the absurd hope that one day in the streets of that little town, O'Mara might appear.

But weeks passed into weeks. O'Mara did not appear. No hand was laid on Severson's arm; no stranger quietly spoke his name. No miracle occurred.

Day after day he showed people lots, talked persuasively to prospective buyers, eased them to the point of signing, talked of steady increase of values, the inevitable growth of the town. Day after day he told himself that it wouldn't do. And day after day he became more involved. He stayed on, answered to the name that was not his, grew accustomed to the sound of it, identified it more completely with himself. He learned to play bridge, spent evening after evening at one house or another, with no talk beside familiar bantering, trivial personalities, and the game. An easy surface relationship was all they seemed to require of him—and McIntyre carried it on.

McIntyre appeared to be a much more practical and efficient man than Severson could ever have been. Perhaps it was because he did not really exist, and so had nothing to settle with life itself. He walked, talked, ate, and slept. But when he slept it was Severson who dreamed. In his dreams he walked again in the familiar streets of New York, heard the familiar voices of his friends, and woke from those dreams to struggle slowly back to consciousness and the sound of a strange voice calling across a continent, "Seven-thirty, Mr. McIntyre!"

All this Severson told them on that night when he so startlingly appeared on the threshold of O'Mara's studio five years afterward. For as John McIntyre he had lived in that little Illinois town five years. And as John McIntyre he came very near to living out his life. It was not until the middle of the second year that Severson had begun to recede. "Recede" was the word he used in telling it that night. "As an entity," he said, "apart from McIntyre."

He had been living for some time in the house of a quiet elderly couple whose children had grown up and gone to homes of their own. They had taken Severson "for company." He had a big corner room with windows overlooking the lawn, and little by little he had come to feel at home in that room. He had begun to read again and to acquire books, which he ordered from the publishers or from bookstores in Chicago—the habits of Severson beginning to fuse with McIntyre.

He grew used to keeping what he read to himself, to having no one to talk it over with. He grew fond of the kind old couple with whom he lived, and often on summer evenings he sat with them on the porch and talked politics, town news, or the small things of the day, until it was time for him to go perhaps for the usual bridge at the home of some friend, or if it was a party, to call for some girl he had been assigned to take. For McIntyre was that treasure of hostesses in small towns, the odd man who could always be depended upon.

He had developed an easy facility in the current small talk of the town, of the people he knew. He heard their reminiscences of the days when they were children, growing up together there, all the old stories they had in common, the old jokes, the days of their youth. His own youth seemed very dim, far away, and unreal. They did not notice that he had no stories of his own boyhood to tell. They had forgotten that he had not always been one of them. He had long ago ceased to be the "new man" in town. Already another had succeeded him, and he had heard them ask, "Have you seen the new man, Mac? What is he doing here?"

He no longer woke from sleep with that painful struggle to place himself. He slept without dreaming now. Or perhaps he dreamed and no longer remembered his dreams. Perhaps his dreams enacted themselves in so deep a level of his consciousness that he no longer knew he dreamed.

And then a curious incident occurred. One morning, arriving to open the office as usual, for he had progressed steadily to a position of trust in the company, he discovered that he had mislaid his office key. He searched his pockets for it, but it was not there. He decided that he must have left it in his room, and quite naturally thought of trying other keys before he went back for it. After trying his house key and the key to his room, only one key remained. He had drawn it out with the rest. The key to the old brownstone house in Stuyvesant Square. He slipped it into the lock, it turned, and the door opened inward as if the key had been made for it. He felt a kind of inner shock and stood there staring at the door as if some magic had been worked. He heard a voice at his shoulder, "Well, what's the good word this morning, Mac?" The bookkeeper had arrived. Severson took the key from the lock, and followed the bookkeeper in. The bookkeeper was in a cheerful mood and inclined to talk as he prepared for work. The key was still in Severson's hand, and he did not return it to his pocket until a moment later an early farmer came through the door, and the day's business had begun. But all that day his thoughts kept coming back to the key and the queerly disturbing fact that it had opened the office door.

That night he searched his room for the office key, but could not find it anywhere. And the next morning, half wondering if it would work again, he opened the door with the key to O'Mara's house in Stuyvesant Square. He searched his desk, and had the janitor look for the other key, but it was not found. He had lost it then. He would have a new one made. To-morrow he would see to it. And the following morning he used his key again. And the morning after that.

Day after day he told himself that he must have a new key made. And day after day he let it go, until he no longer reminded himself of it. He grew accustomed to using the key. But never

once did he draw that key from his pocket and slip it into the lock that there did not pass before him the momentary vision of another door—a high black-painted door, with plate and knob of polished bronze, and a flight of brown-stone steps leading up to it.

At the end of that year Severson was made an officer of the company. The President, then seventy, had died, the Manager had succeeded him, and the letterheads now bore the name of John D. McIntyre as manager. The little boom that had brought him there had passed, but there was the usual steady business, farm lands bought and sold, insurance, mortgages. He was sharing a percentage of profits now. A respected citizen, with a growing bank account.

At this point, telling his story to them there that night in O'Mara's studio, Severson had come to a stop. He was silent so long, gazing into the fire which was dying now, for no one had remembered to replenish it, that they were almost startled when he spoke again.

"And then," he said, "there was a girl named Mary."

He was silent again, and they knew he was wondering how best to tell them about her. And presently he began.

It had come about, he said, so gradually that he hadn't known it was happening at all. Not until one day he had heard somebody, planning a party of some kind, end a list of couples with, "And of course, Mary and Mac."

Not until then had he realized how much he had been seeing of her, and how natural it had come to seem that he should call for Mary when they were going anywhere. Had it begun by chance, as in such places those things do so easily? Or had he brought it about himself, as a matter of choice? Had he really preferred her to the rest? He didn't know. And after all, what difference did it make? He did, in fact, prefer her to the rest. And it simplified things for him in a social way. He was certainly far less often bored than he had been when he was at the beck and call of every hostess, pressed into service to take home any unescorted girl. Often when he took her home he had gone in and sat talking with her for half an hour. She was pretty and companionable, and she made none of those demands upon his time that foolish girls so often make. And then he began to go round to see her on other nights as well. To spend whole evenings with her alone. Of course he was falling in love with her, and concealing it from himself. Fighting against it all that time, without knowing why. That she was in love with him was plain enough, but this, too, he did not allow himself to think about.

One night he realized that there had been a moment when she had expected him to ask her to marry him. He found himself walking away from her house in a most perturbed and troubled state of mind. She wasn't, he told himself, the first girl he had ever kissed. And the others hadn't expected him to marry them. But this he knew was not the same.

He avoided seeing her for several days, and then went back again. He didn't want her to think him a fool. Girls were used to men making love to them. She had probably not taken it seriously at all. Very likely she had forgotten the episode. But he knew she had not forgotten, the instant he saw her face. Yet she played her role of easy platonic friend as if nothing had happened between them to suggest that it might be otherwise. And his visits continued as before. But now the more watchfully she kept to her role, avoiding even an accidental touching of their hands, the more urgent his impulse grew to take her in his arms. Why shouldn't he make love to her? Why shouldn't he—marry her?

One morning as he was unlocking the office door to begin the day as usual, he woke to the incredible fact that for months he had not thought of the key in his hand as ever belonging to any other

door. It had become the key to the office, nothing more. Abruptly he realized that it was Mary who had made him forget. He had not only forgotten the key, but he had almost forgotten Severson. He saw the danger toward which he had been drifting and which he had but vaguely sensed before. He saw what it would mean to marry her. Nothing could save him then. He would never again be known as Severson. He must wear to the end of his life the mask of McIntyre. More dreadful still, he would actually *become* McIntyre.

It was then, he said, that he began to dream again. Harassing dreams in which his life as Severson and his life as McIntyre and long-forgotten details of his childhood were hopelessly confused.

"I even dreamed," he said, "of those andirons." He pointed to the fire. "You remember, Dave, we used to call them the prancing horses when we were boys and this room was your den? I dreamed that they pranced out into the room, dragging the load of burning logs, and set fire to the room, to everything, and burned up the world. There was nobody left alive but Mary, and she couldn't hear me when I spoke to her. . . . Nightmarish dreams."

He dreamed that he was fighting for his life, his antagonist a swarthy dark-browed brute, who, as they struggled, turned slowly to a girl who smiled at him with Mary's smile.

And still he kept on seeing her, because he had no reasonable excuse to stay away. And she expected him. He knew the danger, but he went. They all expected him to go. Her family, who kept so pointedly out of the room. Her friends. His friends. They all expected it. Expected him to marry her. They treated it as an established fact. His employer said to him one day, "Well, how about it, Mac, my boy, can I sell you a nice corner lot? You'll be building a home of your own pretty soon, I suppose." Even the bookkeeper, seeing him sitting abstracted at his desk, said flippantly, "Why don't you marry the girl?"

He had got through the summer without asking her, but he knew that he would ask her before the autumn passed. He knew he must because, although she had become the symbol of the thing he dreaded most, so long as he went on seeing her he wanted her. He seemed to be three men. He was Severson, who had come to life and was fighting for the right to live; and he was McIntyre, the man the others saw; and he was the man who desired a woman and knew himself desired by her. And these last two were leagued against the first. One fought for peace, the safe opinion of his fellows, for habit and security. One fought for desire of a woman. And one for something more deeply rooted still; he fought for his own identity.

The obsession grew upon him to have someone call him by his name. To be recognized. He contemplated telling Mary that he was not McIntyre but Severson, just to hear her say the name. But it was not the name itself, he must be *recognized*. And that she could not do. It would only be to her a strange name she had never heard before, a name to be explained. And if he told her everything, he would then become to her a fusion of two strangers, neither one of whom she knew. No, he must keep them separate. If he was to stay at all, it must be as McIntyre intact.

At last a day arrived when he knew that if he saw her again that night his resistance was at an end. At last he would say the words she expected him to say and be forever lost.

Suddenly, sitting alone in the office at noon, he got up and put on his hat and coat. The antagonists, spent with the struggle, had fallen apart. The stronger among them had won. He crossed the street and entered the bank, where he drew out fifteen hundred dollars in cash. The teller looked surprised at the size of the check, and Severson said calmly that he was taking a little business trip. As he shoved the bills across

to him, the teller said knowingly, "Some sparkler, I guess. Chicago, eh?" Nothing, it seemed, could break the luck of McIntyre.

Severson recrossed the street to the office, took out a sheet of paper and wrote, "Chicago for two days. J. D. McI." He left the paper on his desk, looked at his watch, and went out, closing the office door behind him carefully. He walked straight to the station where, ten minutes later, he boarded the twelve-twenty train.

Three days later, on Saturday night, he appeared in the door of O'Mara's studio.

"And so," said Weatherby, "that is the story of Severson." He made again his short odd gesture of finality.

Presently, out of the silence, somebody spoke.

"What happened? Did he get off?"

And another voice said, "Yes, did they arrest him? For killing the man, I mean?"

"Oh, that!" said Weatherby, and it was plain that he, as well as Severson, had long since ceased to consider that an important point, or part of the story at all. He came back to it as Severson must have come back to it that night when Viet kept trying to remind him of the danger he was in.

"His trial comes up next month. I'm going back for it."

"Murder?" Several voices asked at once.

Weatherby nodded. "Naturally," he said.

THE COSTUMER

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I SEE you trying them all before Life's glass,
Robe after brilliant robe—and slipping them down:
Sackcloth and motley ashes, seaweed and pearl . . .
Once it was a prophetess' starry mantle,
Once the pitiful grief-torn robe of a heartbroken girl,
Now it is a courtesan's scarlet gown—
This too shall slip from your slender shoulders and pass.
I am glad Life lets you try on so many to glitter before your eyes—
Beauty is always a good—and the world will pause and stare,
Wondering still at the many tires that you set on your hair,
And the many shapes of your garments, their glittering dyes.
One day you will find the robe that you like the best—
Life will sell it to you for but little—and smile and step down and rest.
Only I cannot help wondering a little wistfully
Why it was that Life only held up to me
One dark garment for working in, straight and brown,
And once for a moment, only to touch and see
For a very little while, a rose-patterned dancing-gown.

WHAT PASSES FOR ART

SOME REFLECTIONS ON CONTEMPORARY PAINTERS

BY WALTER PACH

FOR TWENTY years I have been trying to strangle this article—now let somebody else take the job. Like others, I had long known that a worse form of art was being produced to-day than ever before in history, and I was convinced that it was misleading numberless people. But I believed that the prodigious wealth of great painting and sculpture in the modern world offered a sufficient guaranty against permanent harm, and also that the underlying conditions of modern life must change before what was bad could disappear and a healthy and beautiful result in art become general. I still believe both arguments to be right; but it may be that a survey of the counterfeit of art in our period can hasten the needed process of improvement. While I was making a final attempt to be faithful to my conception of the critic's duty —which is, as I see it, to increase the recognition and understanding of good artists and to ignore the bad ones—a chance conversation furnished me with certain facts which brought the problem into such startling relief that the need of speaking out appeared more necessary than ever. A curious old directory of artists in the Paris of somewhat less than a hundred years ago had turned up in a small bookshop. Its total of entries, including artists of all kinds, was about two hundred. "How many are there in Paris to-day?" "Forty thousand" was the estimate of a man in a position to speak with some accuracy. Of the two hundred artists listed in the old directory, perhaps 10 possessed either genius or first-rate talent; 80 or 90 had enough talent to be of some interest to somebody; therefore, there were about 100 who made the world richer for their presence. I doubt if more than 100 men in Paris to-day can stand that test. What is to be said, then, of the remaining 39,900? And of the innumerable thousands of others in the rest of the world? What causes them to turn to art? Why do they fail at it? And are they all known to be failures? This last point is what interests us here, for there has been a misleading silence concerning it.

What we have failed to say is that a large number of the men who should be ranked with the failures are considered by the general public as successes. Yet they not only leave the world no richer than they found it, but do harm to their admirers by diverting appreciation from the things worth while. We need not trouble ourselves about the vast majority of men who spend their time in art-work without winning praise either from the profession or from laymen. They are, as a rule, incompetent rather than bad artists, and the interest they offer lies in their number—a phenomenon unknown even a century ago, as we have seen, and even less known in an earlier time.

But the bad artists are a positive force —the more so since their organization into societies, their titles, their public recognition, and acceptance in museums give them a spurious authority before which the critics and, too often, the genuine artists are silent. They them-

selves are far from silent. If one man in America succeeded in making his name a by-word for artistic deadness, that man was Kenyon Cox. And so one can feel nothing but gratification over the following among his comments on the Armory Show of 1913: "The thing is pathological! It's hideous. . . . Many of Matisse's paintings are simply the exaltation to a gallery of the drawings of a nasty boy. . . . That row of Rodin drawings in the Metropolitan Museum is a calamity." Such calamities—to the artists represented by Kenyon Cox and his like—are increasing in frequency. If they are growing more and more powerless to prevent the acceptance of the better men, they lose no means of minimizing the effect of their defeats. Thus when Manet had reached the Metropolitan Museum (and his early recognition there is one of the real triumphs of American connoisseurship), the opponents of the great painter managed for many years to reduce his biography in the catalogue to the following lines: "Pupil of Couture, with whom he studied six years. An eccentric realist of disputed merit; founder of the school of 'Impressionists.' His pictures were several times rejected at the Salon."

Manet's fame is secure, despite his various rejections. And it is not the masters who are harmed by the bad artists, it is the public that suffers. The travesties of Raphael committed by Mr. Cox and other pretended classicists bear the sole responsibility for the reaction against the divine painter of the Vatican. Theirs also is the fault if the firm discipline in drawing, which was general in the past, is being neglected to-day. By the shallowness of their work they have so disgusted the younger men as to lead them to avoid the schools in which they taught. And often it is only in later life that they come to a realization of the beautiful thing that drawing is.

It is true that the vogue of the bad artists is ephemeral: they reach the Luxembourg, the testing museum, but not the Louvre, the place that means permanence. For some years we have them in the Metropolitan Museum; but the older visitors to our gallery can remember the acres of bad painting we have banished and can be sure that the quantities of worthless stuff still on our walls will follow "Diana's Hunting Party," "Columbus before Isabella," and the "Boatmen of Barcelona" to their well-earned oblivion. But is it necessary for the years of apparent success to intervene? Are we not paying too high a price for the incompetence of the men who permit unworthy things to usurp the place from which the next generation will evict them? If the question were merely one of space in exhibitions or even museums, we might regard it with indifference; but in those places standards are set which determine the public's whole attitude toward art. It is museums and exhibitions that decide which pictures shall be the daily companions of people in their homes, what type of illustration shall adorn or deface their magazines, what kind of posters shall exercise the great influence that advertising possesses in the modern world, above all what idea of the great and ancient force called art is to develop among the children growing up in a time when the tradition of the classics is so little regarded.

If you doubt this, go to any museum which has both good and bad works on a day when crowds are there. The Greek rooms will be practically deserted; the Old Masters of painting will hold the attention of a few persons who are evidently enjoying them, while a few others are attempting to like them; but the great mass of visitors will be in the galleries of modern work, and that would be a very healthy sign if the modern paintings and sculptures were not so low in their average of merit. A Corot, a Courbet, a Manet, and, within the last few years, perhaps even a Cézanne will tell the educated visitor that the great tradition continues vigorously; but for the ignorance of the majority the modern

rooms are almost a condemnation of the ancient ones. The people feel, rightly, that there is a fundamental difference between a Ranger landscape and a Ruisdael landscape; they decide, wrongly, that the picture of a place they know, painted in familiar colors, is the one with which to spend their time. Those among the visitors who have come to the museum several times begin to call the Ranger or the Murphy old-fashioned, without any of the endearing sense of the term, and turn for more up-to-date sensations to Zuloaga or to Frieseke. Or, if they are determined to be very "modern" indeed, they betake themselves to the current exhibitions and gorge themselves with Le Sidaner, Foujita, and Kandinsky, or Paul Manship and Mestrovic. (I have resorted to the names of European painters whose vices or errors are peculiarly modern, because the American representatives of their schools are not sufficiently known to justify mention.) The joke of the matter is that from "Diana's Hunting Party" and the other bad pictures of an earlier day right along the line down to the bad art of to-day, there is no essential difference in the value of the work, for all the change in its aspect and in the motives behind it.

We hear people pronounce the name of Bouguereau with contempt and then refer to Bakst as a painter to be taken seriously, or even as one of importance. Did not the newspapers record the names of artists, men of affairs, and society leaders who gathered for luncheon in order to march in a body to the opening of a Bakst exhibition and so inaugurate it with befitting pomp? But Bouguereau, whose pictures they would blush to remember on their grandfather's walls, was a better artist than Bakst. For if the latter managed to bedeck himself with a little of the color and design of certain modern masters, he remains, beneath all his finery, a slight and ill-schooled draftsman, without vision or conviction. Low as Bouguereau's ideals were, whether of humanity or of art, he held to them consistently, and in his very hostility to the better men was sincere enough to cause one to look on his narrow talent with a species of respect. The fact that his sugary painting sold to hundreds upon hundreds of people was not due to any deliberate cheapening of his ideas. Those sentimental platitudes remained unchanged from the beginning of his career to the end, and were simply the type of picture congenial to people who never looked seriously into the value of art. They found the famous Hoffman House Bouguereau agreeable to glance at between courses in the restaurant, while the more opulent saloons were hung with work by less famous artists of the school. Their present-day descendants furnish the magazine covers that bedizen our newsstands.

Still, the weak, lazy attention which is all such objects require is genuine, the product of our natural desire for youth, for attractive features and healthy bodies. All that is requisite to depict the possessors of those charms is a slight natural gift and a modicum of schooling, and so there is an ample supply of such representation. We see it on a small scale in the case of those "nameless folk," as Mr. Berenson once called them, who produce the magazine and advertising images, and on a large scale, but with the same ideals, in the mural decorations of John W. Alexander or E. H. Blashfield, for example. Having once entered the chapel of the College of the City of New York, where Mr. Blashfield's big mural of "The Student" is located, and being struck with the identity of type between this young man and those "ideal American youths," the wearers of a much-advertised collar, I wondered what effect would be produced if some of the subway advertisements were placed beside the painting. Would their resemblance cause the observer to condemn the work of the well-known decorator? Or would the "touch of vulgarity that makes the whole world kin" (to use Whistler's

paraphrase) work in the other direction and lead the subway rider to see in his daily art exhibit a higher value than he had imagined it to possess? I fear the latter effect would be the one produced. Finding still more of such pictures in the museums, the public accepts them as the art of our time—and is quite logical in regarding it as a condemnation of the classics.

If Daniel C. French and Lorado Taft are right in the affirmation made by their work, if the one thing to be asked of a sculptor is the ability to render in naturalistic fashion the appearance of beautiful women and handsome men, then, of course, the Greeks are wrong, and the public does well to pass by the mutilated fragments of Attic marble as having only an "archæological" interest. If, however, as artists contend, the quality of sculpture is in the sense of scale with which the Greeks first found harmonious proportions for steps and columns and pediment, then adjusted the figures within the pediment to its lines and spaces, and finally gave each detail of the figures its relationship to the whole, then the buttery surfaces, the mean forms, the absence of any structure save that of the anatomy room in the figures on most of our buildings and in most of our parks—are a travesty of the classic qualities.

The good word "conservative" could not be abused more thoroughly than by applying it to such sculpture. Instead of leading to a conserving of the art-values which the great schools of the past have stored up in man's instinct, the brainless naturalism of these works breaks down all standards save that of resemblance to a type held to be pleasing at the time. How often has each one of us heard the remark (as to a Rembrandt, let us say) "It's wonderful work, but why should he choose such an ugly subject?" And the folly of Chardin in spending so much time over still life! "A picture of some pots and pans, or of such a dead animal would not be pleasant in one's home; it ought to be put in a museum." There you are—the distinction is clear: the classic things are all very well in their way, and may be stored in certain galleries that no one has to visit, but for real enjoyment a very different type of art is demanded by the man educated in the subway and its corresponding galleries at the museum.

II

It is impossible to estimate how different America's idea of art might be if we had excluded from the walls of our chief museum such works as "Washington Crossing the Delaware," Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," Cot's "The Storm" (also called "Paul and Virginia," even to-day the best seller at the photograph desk, as Laura Jean Libbey is our most widely read author), Detaille's "Defence of Champigny," and Meissonier's "Friedland—1807." Quite certainly the problem of attracting crowds to the museum would have been greater. But what they would have learned would have been of greater value. Such pictures have, in the main, done nothing but harm. "We began with them and went on to better things," it is objected. A few people did, those whose native bent for art cautioned them to investigate the master-works that at first seemed forbidding; but the authority which the bad pictures gave to venal or ignorant artists throughout the community, and the pressure brought to bear on the minds of the vast majority of people by the mass of bad works, make up a thousand times for any good they may have done in attracting visitors to the galleries. Had the museum been an opponent instead of a partial ally of false ideas, the Augean stables now to be cleaned would not present the task they do. The newer museums followed the older ones; the magazines, the bill-boards, the calendar-makers, and the like spread the imagery broadcast, and the art schools trained their thousands of students to continue and increase the output—and often still

further to degrade popular vision. The tide has visibly turned, in the latter years, and we are heading for better conditions, but we are scheduled for disappointment if we look for rapid progress.

It was so easy for the man in the street or his friend the commercial artist, or the dealer "with a heavy rent hanging over him" to show the beauties of the bad pictures. What nobler appeal was there than the patriotism of "Washington Crossing the Delaware" or the "Spirit of '76"! How natural that red-blooded men and women should enjoy the contemplation of those young lovers in "The Storm," their sweet nudity allowed by the manners and customs of their far-off country (a little flying drapery making them only the more alluring, and at the same time keeping the picture within the bounds of decency)! And those military pictures—they are larger, more distinct, more convincing than the illustrations the boy found in his books of romance or of history, while for the adult there were the wonders of the artist's patience, the minutiæ of that big canvas by Meissonier with every stalk of wheat painted, every glint on the cuirasses, every head in the distant line of soldiers. Photography could do certain things, but these pictures outdistanced any product of the camera. A painting by Vibert that hung for many years in the Metropolitan Museum went, however, a step farther by rendering simultaneously the inside and outside of a building. Workmen appear in one section repairing the roof of a women's bathing establishment, they peer through an opening they have made and delight in their view of the beauties below, who are unconscious of their admirers; a bar of the frame, to represent the roof, separates the two scenes. Until the cinematograph adds motion to the artist's figures, the imitation of nature cannot go much farther.

Painstaking fidelity to the object seen has been a feature of various great schools of art. But each tiny fact observed by Brueghel, for example, is co-ordinated with the whole. The grandeur of his conception of the world is marked by the broad lines of his design, and his minutiæ, a thousand times more finely rendered than those of Meissonier, take their due place in the scheme of the picture; and from it there emanates a kind of truth utterly different from the machinelike exactitude of the modern accumulator of isolated details. But at a time when Brueghel, van Eyck, and Fouquet could be disposed of as "Primitives" no considerations as to the art of the picture-maker would trouble the admirers of external finish and naturalistic resemblance. Ask any dealer about the pictures by those idols of forty years ago, those "defenders of tradition," as Gérôme and Cabanel styled themselves, and you will hear a tale of disappointment—not that of the dealers themselves, for they had got rid of their share of the stuff long before—but the disappointment of people who had thought their possessions of value and then found them worthless. Counterfeit art, like counterfeit money, when once detected cannot be made to pass current again.

During the latter years of the nineteenth century the failure of the bad realists had become apparent to people who gave even a mild attention to the problem of art. The great mass of the contemporary public continues to look at the pictures made for it, and even to admire them in a vague way, without the dawning of a realization that these works are the lowest form of pictorial and sculptural effort ever produced by man. To say so is indeed to understate the case. They are not only the worst things ever produced, they are in a class of badness never before known. The commercial art of the Phœnicians was so close to the great schools it jumbled together that something of their quality remains in the poorest Cypriote work. The dregs of Greco-Roman art look bad enough when compared to the things of the golden periods, but the sorriest

type of ancient melodrama, the most grovelling pettiness of their late realists looms up as something colossal beside the ineptitudes of our time. Titian might caricature the figures of the Laocoön group as squirming monkeys, and so avenge the later world for its subjection to the decadence of classical art; but what knowledge, what power was still left in the ancient body when the fresh mind of the Christian era gave the genius of the world into other hands. The most barbaric stuff of the centuries which follow still has vigor to recommend it, and when we come down to the Renaissance and its decline, the sentimental piety-pictures of a Carlo Dolci or a Sassoferrato still retain something of the immense style attained in the period before them; and, besides, they were an authentic expression of Italy's weariness at the time. The effort, unparalleled in the modern epoch, which that country had made left no energy for the latecomers of the school. And, conversely, the best reason for condemning the bad art of our time lies in the fact that it misrepresents us, for we are not in a period of decadence. The modern period is one of research, of invention, of courage, and creativeness. Its character can be expressed only by works of the same qualities; and there is a wealth of them around us.

But courage, inventiveness, and the rest are qualities which the artist develops unknown to himself, while his conscious effort is directed to the problems of vision and the laws of harmony. To-day, the more obvious forms of realism and sentimentality having been discredited, the aspect of bad art has changed. "The trouble with you is that you are still thinking of the old-time professors at the École des Beaux-Arts," said a student at that institution some years ago; "to-day it is well in the modern tradition." Which meant that Besnard and Henri Martin are held up to the students as the masters of our time. The answer to such a claim was given by Claude Monet: "When the Impressionists appeared, the pictures at the Salon were in general of a brownish tone, now they are bright pink and blue and green; but whether they look like chocolate or like English bonbons, they are nothing but confectionery still." What the great painter said of the color is true of every other phase of the more recent works. A Zorn portrait has a certain dashing quality of brush-work that makes it seem a bit more "advanced" than the stodgy painting of Léon Bonnat, but the flippancy of its idea of life represents no progress over Bonnat and his Victorian respectability. Besnard's excursions into sunlight-painting tell only of the reduction to academic formulas of the knowledge that Monet, Pissarro, and their group wrested from nature in the joy of pioneer adventure. The poverty of Besnard's school-taught drawing remains as much a matter of copying the accidental as ever; and the votes that sent him to the Institute last year were the same that denied the incomparable perfection of Renoir and the majesty of Cézanne. Henri Martin, the "official revolutionist" of the French government, is even more flagrant in his counterfeiting, for he uses the broken brush-work of the Impressionists in addition to their color (or a simulacrum of it). The emasculate flabbiness of his saccharine art scarcely gains by the disguise—which, none the less, has won him honors withheld from the men too strong to be accepted by the crowd. Forain has more partisans than Henri Martin, but he belongs none the less among the men who, feeling the worthlessness of the school popular in the time before him, are impotent to create. More intelligent than the other men I have been mentioning, he knows which way the genius of the period lies, and helps himself to its products with an agile hand. Let those who maintain the contrary explain away the sentence that Degas passed on Forain: "*Il vole de mes propres ailes*" which, paraphrasing the English proverb equivalent to

the French one, might be rendered: "He stands on my own feet."

The common factor of Zorn, Henri Martin, and Forain is the attempt made in their youth to get away from bad schooling and to enter the current of the real art of their time. Sargent is the member of the group who came nearest to success. Indeed, when one looks at certain of his portraits, that of William M. Chase, for example, one is almost persuaded that he had saved himself. Yet go from a Sargent exhibition to the work of a man so unquestionably a trifler as Carolus-Duran, his teacher, and you see that our brilliant technician is far nearer to the bad painter than to Manet, for example, whose work was championed by Sargent in the enthusiasm of his youth. Was it the favor with which society flattered his mundane elegance that led him to turn away from the conscientious effort of Manet and his descendants? Was it a confused memory of his Florentine youth and the glorious frescoes he saw then which led him to those hollow theatricalities we have in Boston? Could less facility have saved him from the blatant commonplaces of the landscapes in which he took refuge when portrait painting became intolerable to him? Or is not the final *débâcle*, represented by the "Marching Soldiers" at Harvard, foretold by the first works of the man, their acceptance of the squalid literalism of his school, which no virtuosity in his later years ever veils completely?

To be exact, and at the same time to explain why people of culture could accept the bad art we have been discussing, one should state that there is a species of achievement in all those works. No Salon painter but Bouguereau could draw with quite his precision; Meissonier had no equal for his type of skill, and, in the later generation, no one surpassed the verve of Sargent. But what of their successors? To name any of the men who followed their style directly would be too doleful a business. The salons and academies are becoming their own refutation with the public, even the general public. The National Academy in New York recently invited the participation of a large group of the artists who had for years abstained from showing their work at its exhibitions. All formalities of choice by jury were waived and a special room was reserved for the newcomers, many of whom had never submitted work at all, knowing it to be of a type which contradicted the whole tendency of the things previously shown at the galleries. The affair is mainly significant of the realization by the academies that they must make some change in their offering. Relatively few dealers try any longer to sell such wares. Even in England, where the Royal Academy seemed to be beyond attack, its puerility is becoming clear to a swiftly growing number of people, as exhibitions and reviews acquaint the public with the real art of the time. The visitor to the Tate Gallery, recalling its unrelieved dreariness of but twenty years ago, rubs his eyes in wonder at the magnificent modern work shown there now. In Paris each year sees more of an effort to redeem the unfortunate past of the Luxembourg. The idea of French decadence which obtained before the War might have been amply proved from that museum as it was for so many years, when the small Caillebotte Collection and the Rodins were almost the only things worth seeing. And yet the mass of commercial clap-trap that filled the rest of the galleries represented the modern art of France to millions of foreigners. Going to Paris for frivolity and sensation, they found them in certain theaters and cabarets at night and in the Luxembourg during the day. Lip-service had, of course, to be paid to the "old stuff" at the Louvre. But the easy virtue of the Luxembourg artists, their engaging smiles and their yielding of all that was in them without any of that study and thought demanded by the old masters made the modern gallery the favorite of the tourists. To-day the fine pictures,

moved to a room of honor, are increasing in number, and the worst of the old disgraces are disappearing from the walls. In Germany, with the intelligence which is so notable in the country's museum-directing, the proportion of bad work in the public galleries is probably the lowest of all. Even the "patriotic" impulse, that most insidious means of propaganda for bad art, is not allowed too free a rein. If a fault is to be noted, it is in respect to over-tolerance of new forms. The mistake is so rare as to suggest that in a short time it will correct itself.

III

On our side of the Atlantic a measure of popular success still goes to the type of work represented by most of the pictures in the Hearn Collection at the Metropolitan Museum and those bought by the Friends of American Art for the Chicago Institute. But the recent additions to the latter museum are a clear indication that the period of acceptance for bad art in our museums will be shorter than it was in the past. The example set by Chicago will not go unheeded by the rest of the country. Dissatisfaction with the ignorance shown by our earlier museum-men (honest and public-spirited as they usually were) is to be noted in many of our communities. Five years ago the Detroit Museum made a start in the right direction by acquiring a Van Gogh and a Matisse, and by building up a better collection of ancient works. The Cleveland Museum's acquisition last year of a painting by Redon gave such pleasure to the city that the purchase of a second one soon resulted; and the intelligent guidance of public taste through which the institution has made an enviable name for itself was demonstrated this season by a loan exhibition of works which Clevelanders have bought in the last few years. The dictatorship over exhibitions previously exercised by the bad artists is gone. To-day there are in all countries some exhibitions open to creative men. It is not possible for the case of Cézanne, hidden away for almost his whole lifetime by the stupidity of juries, to be repeated. And the knowledge that men of his caliber are in the world is what has aroused the world's impatience with the counterfeits.

The bad work of the modern school does not present a very grave problem. The false art of yesterday, asking no more than the ability to recognize the pleasing subjects it portrayed, addressed itself to a wide and ignorant public. But the painting and sculpture wherein a viewing of life gives rise to new harmonies of form and color (which may, perhaps, define the art of to-day and of yesterday, and of to-morrow) will at present appeal to few other people than those who have formed their judgment on the great works of the museums. And they will not be fooled as were the Innocents Abroad of the eighties and nineties when they brought home the typical collection of their time. Or, if the world again reaches the happy state it has known at times in the past, when judgment is instinctive, and people do not need a period of conscious study of the classics in order to form their taste (one saw such a condition in the Japan of yesterday, one sees it in the Mexico of to-day), then the acceptance of bad work will be rendered impossible.

Among the thousands of worthless efforts in the so-called modern style there is practically nothing to correspond to the work that brought prestige to the bad artists of the past. The drawing and color, and the conception of the world thereby expressed may be as execrable as one could imagine, but nothing about the work suggests that its purpose was the pleasing of the ignorant picture buyer. Usually it is the product of sincere men and women who lack the talent to carry out their ideals. That means failure, it is true, but not the ugly failure that comes from flattering bad taste. To be sure, one sees some work whose purpose is to profit by

our latter-day confusion of standards. But the presence of certain externals of modernity without the solid qualities of the recent masters is soon recognized for the sham it is. Even when aided by newspaper puffery its success has been of the meagerest. Without the school-taught ability to copy nature, without even the academic formula for design and color, the false art of the modernist camp-follower is about the poorest in the whole scale. It usually avoids cheap sentiment, but cheap æsthetics is just as futile. Its one chance for acceptance lies in the "snobbism" that swallows the rubbish of the "moderns" because it looks different from the bad art of the past.

The quite recent years are the ones which have brought forth by far the larger part of that increase in the number of artists which I mentioned at the beginning of this article. The thousands now crowding into painting and sculpture are, in general, akin to the amateurs of the past. But as the hard drive of our latter-day materialism has increased, their nostalgia for beauty causes them to devote their whole lives to arts in which they seek the satisfactions furnished to their ancestors by work in iron, pottery, and the other crafts now replaced by the machine.

New outlets for the impulse toward beauty are being provided by the machine itself; and as we come to understand it better we shall increase its means of satisfying the need which now finds expression in the limited field of painting and sculpture. It is an immensely healthy sign that the number of people interested in the fine arts is being multiplied. And that result is due, in no small part, to men and women whose own work will be forgotten. They are the symptom of a need in the modern world even when they have not the ability that produced the minor artists of the past.

And I have said enough to prevent confusion of the minor artist with Ananias—who is the spiritual forbear of the maker of counterfeit art. Ananias does not merely lie, he is the man who, when the others are putting the whole of their substance into the common store, keeps back a part of his goods. The bad artist is one who knows the unique significance of the work on which he has entered and yet cannot give himself to it wholeheartedly. With Sapphira, his wife, he professes the faith that is to change the world, but he clings to the tokens of an opposed order of existence. In reading the marvelous story, one wonders how far Ananias knows what he is doing, to what extent he is confused by a heritage from ancestors who had worn away the ability to think straight. It is probable that not one of the bad artists has been fully aware of the quality of his work.

The comparison with Ananias seems to me a very exact one. For a work of art is always, at base, a religious expression. Whether its subject is specifically religious or not, it is man's chief way of telling of the meaning which the world has for him. Beauty of form and color are simply the attributes by which we judge the artist's success in conveying his idea. And that idea may not be tampered with for gain, even in face of the poverty which has beset so many artists. One feels that Ananias comes off rather easily by incurring only death as the penalty of his act. The false artist lives on in a blindness to standards, not knowing his own debasement nor the spreading of untruth for which he is responsible. It is likely that we have already seen the widest acceptance his work will ever have. The monstrous confusion of the nineteenth century is on the wane, and a new growth of understanding will reduce the demand for bad art until it reaches the vanishing point. The improvement is beginning at the top, as it should. For the museums and great collectors set the pace which is followed throughout the whole body of society. It is not the masses and their ideas which need give us concern. Their instinct is sound and will accept beautiful things, such as were produced by the popular arts of the past, if they once more have the opportunity to enjoy them.

THE LIVING SAND

A STORY

BY LEOKADYA POPOWSKA

Awarded First Prize in the Harper Intercollegiate Contest for 1927, in which several hundred undergraduates from colleges and universities throughout the country competed. An announcement of the results of the Contest, with the names and colleges of the prize-winners, is made on page 131.—*The Editors.*

LAST night I heard our neighbor describing to father a hunting expedition from which he had just returned. "We had a great time," he said, "except for a deuce of an experience with some quicksand. Lost my dog there—Gyp, you know." We were all sorry when we heard of poor Gyp's fate.

Whenever anyone talks of quicksand a chill goes through me, for the word brings back the memory of a certain summer day long ago. That, and some thoughts arising at other times from I know not what source, brings to my mind the name Stefanie, and the picture of the magnificent woman whose name that was.

She always comes into the picture as she looked that summer, tall, charming, beautiful, and with a loving disposition. She was extremely pleasant to look at. Her skin was delicate in texture as a child's, her hair dark and heavy, her eyes dark and deeply set beneath long graceful eyebrows and a high, clear forehead.

Stefanie was my mother's best friend; they adored each other. I entered their close bond from birth, because she too loved me.

Young as she was, Stefanie had four small sons, the eldest some four years older than I. Both she and my mother had older sisters who were married, but not one of them had a daughter. For this reason I was petted and spoiled, especially by Stefanie, who said that her three youngest boys owed their existence to me, as it was a hope for a daughter that brought them to her. What she meant I did not then know that summer when I was only seven; to-day the meaning of those days is clear enough.

The preceding winter my older brother had died, and the following spring another brother—the last one—went too, leaving my father and mother stunned and sick at heart, and me sadly lonesome.

Therefore, instead of the usual resort, mother chose the far wooded country away from all people and places she knew. Early in the summer father brought us to an estate of a distant cousin of his, to a hilly, wooded, glorious land with only a clearing where the buildings stood and the garden which surrounded them and the fields back of the house. He left us there and went back to the city. After that he came every two weeks or so and spent a few days with us.

Then, one day more than two months after our arrival, there came a letter from him which mother permitted me to see.

I read it with great difficulty as I had to spell out each word, but after considerable effort I made out that, "and now what do you think I have to tell you, my dear! Why, Stefanie says she must and will come to see you. Her heart is set on

it—no budging her. George is coming too—got him to do it though he stubbornly refused for a time. I insisted on his coming because I knew it would make Stefanie worried if he didn't. She looks bad anyway. It may cheer you up to have her there for a time. We'll make a jolly party—hunting and all—while you two gossip."

"Why doesn't George want to come, Mother?" I wanted to know.

"I'm not sure, dear. Perhaps he doesn't care for the country."

We went at once to tell our hosts that all those people were coming. They were hospitable folks: preparations for more guests was a pleasure to them. The little, old, red-faced, white-haired man started at once to prepare more provisions. He smiled and rubbed his hands. His buxom wife hustled about giving orders here and there. She was greatly excited. People visited there seldom as they lived miles from all civilization.

I whispered to my dog, Turk, the names of those who would come, when they were coming, what we should do when they finally arrived.

Mother and I went about happier now in our anticipations; the hours flew if we dreamed of the moments of their arrival, dragged if we counted them. However, we were not as lonely as we had been before.

At last they came. What a day that was! Noon was approaching when we noticed two specks on the horizon of the road which stretched at the back of the house; we saw them clearly when they were still more than a mile away. A great commotion began.

In the garden against the low, rambling, white house the very hollyhocks, bright red, and white, and deep vermilion, peeped out from under the dark broad leaves nodding their whole stalks in unison, "Yes, they're coming! Yes, they're coming!" Purple asters and chubby yellow calendulas whispered together as they rested comfortably in their large beds in front of the house. Masses of red poppies drooped their heads, waving lightly in the soft breeze which caressed them. And here and there, from the thick grass where it was shady and cool, blue forget-me-nots looked out wanting to know what was going on. The tall ancient poplars, white birches, and sweeping weeping willows which protected the buildings tenderly now all tried to out-murmur one another, "I see them! I see them!" The farm folks rushed across the yard at the back of the house now for this, now for that, so that the chickens and ducks and turkeys ran around wildly chuckling, gurgling, quacking, "What's the matter! What's the matter!"

Mother and I and Turk went up on the hill which arose a few hundred feet at the side of the buildings and looked across the country to catch the first glimpse of the approaching carriages.

Straight and tall, mother stood there, shading her sparkling eyes with one hand and with the other waving a handkerchief. Her white soft dress floated in the breeze—now it flapped away, again it clung to her. I skipped about her jumping and waving excitedly, especially as now someone from the first carriage waved back. All this was too much for Turk; he shivered in ecstasy, barking, running madly after a bird or a chicken, or pulling at the bows on my slippers.

At last we ran down to meet them. So much embracing, laughter, shouting! The horses neighed, Turk barked sharply, the children screamed, "Oh, look, mama! Look at that!"

Stefanie with the three older boys and the young governess came in the first carriage; father, George, and the old nurse, Maryanna, with the baby came in the second one.

As soon as they all got down and the carriages were taken away the governess sat down on the nearest bench, looking miserable.

Father turned to mother. "Look, dear, Miss Henry is ill. See to her a little, will you?"

"Oh, yes, Eugenia," Stefanie's gay

manner left her. "My fault. Miss Henry has been ailing for more than two months now. Stomach trouble. I insisted on her coming with us, thinking this wonderful country air would do her good. She nearly died on the way. Feeling worse, Miss Henry?"

No, she wasn't feeling any worse. She'd be all right if she could lie down a little.

"Come with me, Miss Henry," said my mother. They went into the house. I could see mother was sorry for her. Stefanie stared after them with a troubled look on her face.

"You'll love this place," father said to Stefanie. "Dandy country!"

George kicked Turk who came up to make friends. "Keep away from me, you little rat. I don't care much for dogs," he said turning to father.

I put my arm around Turk's head. He was no little rat—he was not! Besides he reached to my waist line. Now he licked my chin, but father said, "Dear, don't let him do that."

Turk understood. He went at once to father, tail and ears down, and looked up into his face. Dear father petted him. Then we both skipped and jumped into the house to see why it was that the boys were shouting so and laughing.

Later when I was alone with Turk in my hiding place in a little clearing among some lilac bushes I played with the pretty yellow beads which Stefanie brought me and the new doll father gave me. But I kept thinking of George. Now I disliked him more than ever, and I told Turk this. "Don't you think, Turky dear, that he looks like that picture of the devil we saw in father's book long ago? He's tall and thin just like that terrible man, isn't he? And he's got just exactly the same kind of a little goatee—hasn't he, Turk?" And Turk agreed with me entirely.

Later in the afternoon it again became quiet, more or less. Everyone began to get accustomed to the new surroundings. We had dinner, the baby went to sleep, the governess was feeling better, so that she came out and walked in the garden.

Mother and Stefanie were sitting in one corner of the garden on a low wooden bench under a willow tree. About them were masses of poppies and deep-blue cornflowers. They were saying little, only a sentence now and then. The sun was slowly sailing off behind the trees of the forest for the night and, as it left, it sent a gold-and-yellow-and-red good-night. The breeze flew away somewhere, too. A hush settled on everything.

The men were back of the house, smoking, talking, looking at the horses, the guns, and fields. The three boys and I went on top of the hill. But the forester followed us. He was heavily built and had a great red mustache. Turk and I thought he was wonderful; he told me such interesting stories, and gave Turk nuts, which he always carried in his pockets, and which Turk liked as much as bones. We sat there on the hill, listening to the forester, who gave us strict orders never to dare even approach the woods which stretched before us a mile or so away and which faced the front of the house. There were places, he told us, in those woods which looked like clearings, but which in reality were death traps—living ground which pulled you in until you disappeared entirely.

He frightened us with gruesome stories until we assured him eagerly that we would never go near that forest. And we kept our promise. We gazed at the woods before us with fascination and dread.

That moonlit evening in the garden the forester told more stories of accidents. His dog had found death there; a cow had wandered there and was never seen any more. More terrible than all this, one of the farm hands who disregarded all warnings went there, and disappeared.

I could not fall asleep that night until father came to hold my hand—these stories frightened me so.

The house was of a rectangular shape. The front door opened into a large comfortable room which had two extremely large windows and a huge fireplace on

the side opposite the front entrance. On the left were doors leading to the kitchen and dining room, also to one bedroom which was now occupied by the nurse and the governess. On the right side were doors leading to three rooms, one of which was given to George and Stefanie, another to mother and father, and in the third slept the three boys. Our host with his wife made themselves comfortable in a small attic room, and the baby and I had to sleep in the living room. A cot was made up every night for me, and chairs were put against it so that I should not fall off. The baby, who was then about two years old, I think, slept in a small crib. No one could enter his room without passing through the living room. After the children went to bed the older folks tiptoed and whispered their good-nights so as not to awake them.

A week went by, days filled with sunshine. We played games, held races, marveled at the poultry, the animals.

Mother and Stefanie took long walks; sometimes I went along. She taught me pretty little songs. Mother would say, "Stefanie, sing the one I like so much." Stefanie then sang that one.

Or I would say, "Please, please sing the one about the raindrops." Then she sang that—softly, sweetly.

In the evening came the tender moments in the garden when everyone was there, and even the children were quiet. The men smoked as the host told stories of these forests or of the war he had been in years before. Then the children were put to bed while the older people went on smoking, talking, and enjoying the clear, fragant air.

Only once we had a fight—the boys and I and Turk taking part until the mothers and fathers had to settle it. We were playing Indians out in the fields one afternoon and we tied one of the older boys to a tree. Our attention being attracted by some unusual excitement in the yard, we ran to see what was going on. The men returned from hunting. We forgot all about our Indian game. Supper came, the boy was missed, a servant was sent after him while we children laughed, thinking it such a joke that we forgot him. He came back in a fury, shaking with anger. Then the fight!

We were put to bed early that night, directly after supper. The baby whimpered, so Maryanna had to sit near him. Soon soft thuds, muffled sounds came from the boys' room. These grew in intensity until there was no mistaking the fact that another private war was going on. George appeared in a few moments with a heavy strap in his hand. After he entered their room there was a moment of stillness, then the slapping of the strap resounded and painful cries of one boy, then the other. Stefanie rushed in frightened. I hid my head under a pillow, but still the sound of George's voice reached me, "Get out of here. If you can't bring up these brats right, then don't interfere when I'm trying to make something of them. Get away from me, do you hear!"

She ran out. Again there came the sound of the strap and their cries. I was crying, too; the baby was screaming at the top of his voice. But father came in now, and the noise in the boys' room stopped almost immediately.

"I'll teach those damn kids to be quiet," George said as he came out with father.

"But, George, that isn't the way to punish children, if you permit me to say so," father answered quietly as they left the house.

That night they did not sit in the garden as usual. There was no sound of music from the farm boy's violin, no soft voices of the women, and no men's laughter. Stefanie went to her room at once, mother and father soon after her. In another hour everyone had gone to bed.

The baby was asleep now, his regular deep breathing could be heard in the room. The moon, shining behind a tree, sent rays of light through the win-

dow and the glass in the door, making deep shadows of the leaves that played on the floor and walls. I tossed about, and could not sleep because I was excited and frightened. The moving leaves soon began to take on human shapes. My heart beat hard and fast.

Then the sound of George's voice came to me—angry, harsh. In a few minutes Stefanie came out and sat near the baby's crib, or walked up and down the room. I could see that she was putting a handkerchief to her eyes often. I held my breath. "Oh, she must be hurt—she mustn't cry—she mustn't cry!" something said within me. Tears came to my eyes. I sat up and cried, "Stefanie!"

She stepped quickly to my bed and, sitting on it, she took me on her knees and hugged and caressed me. I could feel warm tears drop on my bare arm. I embraced her tightly. "I love you, Stefanie, I love you so very, very much."

We sat this way for quite a while when suddenly the door burst open, a flood of light spread over the room, and George's hard quick voice commanded, "Come here!"

Stefanie tucked me into bed again, and went to him at once. As their door closed their voices could be heard again for a time.

The house became still again. The rustling of the leaves came in through the open window, crickets chirped merrily, a cock crowed twice. A board creaked somewhere above me. My eyes opened wide, breathing became painful, I watched the shadows of the room intently, then suddenly I called, "Mother, mother!" Both father and mother came to me. Others who came out of their rooms to see what the matter was were told that I was afraid of the dark.

Turk was called and given permission to sleep near my cot. Now I should not be afraid any more. Mother and father went to their room again. Some time later they came out to see if I was still afraid. Mother bent over me, and heard my regular breathing. "She is already asleep," she said.

"Dear little kid. Had too much excitement in one day," father whispered. Mother sat down near my bed, and father stood near her. He added, "I think George frightened her. I'm sorry he came after all."

"Poor Stefanie," mother sighed.

"The dirty blackguard. He should be drowned like a rat."

"Stefanie suspects, I think," said mother. "What will she do? Why is she keeping her? There certainly is no mistaking that that woman is with child. I could see that after I had a good look at her. You can always tell by a woman's eyes and the lines of her face."

"I think Stefanie is afraid of him."

"It isn't that so much, dear. But she worships the very air he breathes. His neglect of her is torture to her. She couldn't bear the thought of punishing him—the foolish woman—or of living without him. She told me as much."

Father said, "Sh . . . dear."

"Yes, we mustn't awake her." She bent down and touched my hair lightly with her lips.

"Thank God, you're not like George. God made me suffer by taking my babies from me, but he blesses me in other ways. Poor Stefanie, poor dear."

They stood for a moment in silence, then went away.

The next morning we could not go out after breakfast because there was a shower. So we sat in the living room. The baby tried to dance and made the children laugh. Stefanie was more pale than usual; she was looking out of the window. George was reading, mother was sewing, and father had the next to the youngest boy on his knees, teaching him how to tell time. Maryanna kept her eyes on the baby, the governess was looking at a picture album.

The baby, tired of playing, climbed into Maryanna's lap. She held him closely. My glance fell on her and I watched her face intently. It happened to be quiet in the room when I said, "Maryanna, are you the woman who is with child?"

Not a word was said. Everyone was looking at me, and I could not understand why, so I looked from one person to another uneasily because all the faces changed. Stefanie turned sharply to look at mother with widely opened eyes. She became very, very pale. Mother kept on sewing, or pretended she was; but I could see that her hands made unnecessary helpless movements and a deep flush covered her cheeks. Father was looking into the fireplace, so I could not see his face, while George continued to stare at the book after a flashing glance at me and the others in the room.

Miss Henry also kept on looking at the pictures before her, but her hands trembled so violently that she rested them heavily on the book which was lying on her lap. She breathed quickly and I could see her breast rise and fall as if she had just been running hard.

I didn't know what to do with myself, when Maryanna looked around at all, then kindly said to me, "Yes, my dear. I am always with this child, and he is such a darling little angel."

Mother sent her a grateful glance.

After a time everyone regained composure more or less, but the silence remained until father said, "Here, little girl, let's see how much you remember about clock faces. Are you going to let this young man get ahead of you?"

"No, I won't, father, he's just a baby."

"Who's a baby! You're a baby yourself. My brudder's a baby, an' you're a baby, an' a girl besides. I can tell time better'n you. It's ten o'clock an' a half."

"Now, young man, wait a minute," said father. "This is just a little girl. You mustn't get so angry at her."

And he went on to amuse us with his watch while Stefanie slowly walked into her room, from which she came out a few minutes later in a raincoat. She passed mother, touched her hand with the tips of her fingers, "I have a little headache, Eugenie. A good brisk walk will do me good. I'll be back before long."

"Oh, Stefanie, take me with you," I said. "Mother, may I go, too?"

"No, dear, not this time. Don't be long, Stefanie, will you? Perhaps you'd like to have me go with you?"

"No, Gene, I'll return shortly. Thanks a lot."

She returned two hours later when it had already stopped raining. The sun broke through the clouds clear and sparkling.

She looked ill, but smilingly assured us all that the headache had disappeared entirely.

While Stefanie was absent the rest of us wandered about the house depressed by the rain and humors of the older people.

Father went to help our host repair something in one of the buildings back of the house. Mother went in to help with dinner. Maryanna carried the dozing baby with her into her room, while the boys were allowed to take their shoes off and splash in the puddles of water in the garden. I was stringing the beads, Stefanie's gift, which I broke that morning in front of the fireplace. For a few minutes just George, Miss Henry, and I were in the room. He began to pace the floor, now nearing me, now Miss Henry, again looking out of the front door at his boys, or out of one of the back windows into the yard. He was restless. He stopped for a moment near Miss Henry, "We'd better think of something mighty soon," I heard him say.

"What am I to do? Tell me, what shall I do?" she moaned out.

"For God's sake, don't blubber," George brought out impatiently as she sniffled.

"She suspects me—they all do now—what shall I do?"

"Well, first of all you ought to—" he didn't finish, for looking at me sharply he added, "I'll see you this afternoon, alone, and give you a definite plan." He walked up and down the room again.

I calmly strung my beads—really calmly, for his talk was only so many words to me. They entered my mind to grow into full meaning only years later.

When Stefanie returned we had din-

ner, then amused ourselves in our many ways. Stefanie went up to her boys and tried to play with them and amuse them, but they were little interested, and soon paid no attention to her, and left her to run off by themselves to the other side of the room where they talked and laughed and quarreled.

Then Stefanie came up to me. "Come, we will find mother, and see what her plans are for this glorious afternoon." Mother was in her room, crying a little. Stefanie ran to her and embraced her tenderly. "What is it, Gene, what is it?" But she, too, began to cry. They said nothing for a time.

"Stefanie," mother spoke quietly, "is there anything—can you think of anything that you would like me to do or say?"

"No, dear Gene, please don't worry about me. You guess it all now, I know, and that's a great help. I've made up my mind about something—and it will be all right. I'm sure—there is a way out of everything. So don't worry, you dear heart. What a comfort it is to have a friend like you." She kissed mother's cheeks and eyes, and even her hand. She held her closely as a mother would hold a daughter. They became quiet and entirely composed.

"What will you do this afternoon, Gene?"

"I promised to help our hostess with a dress she is making."

"All right, and what would you like to do, dear?" Stefanie asked me.

"Why, I'd like to take a walk with you."

"But, darling, Stefanie had a long walk this morning—you mustn't—"

"Oh, yes, Gene, another walk is just what I want. But I'll dress for it—and you shall tell me what to wear," she said taking my hand.

I deliberated only a short time; there was positively nothing as exquisite as the white dress and the large blue hat. While Stefanie was brushing her hair and changing her dress I strutted across the room with the hat on my head, looking like a little mushroom, Stefanie said. She was almost ready now, only a sapphire pin to hold her collar together and a white umbrella and a lacy handkerchief.

I looked at her lost in admiration. "Stefanie, you look so very, very beautiful—more beautiful than anyone in the whole, whole world!"

She crushed me to her, her eyes covered with tears. "My dear, my dear," was all she said. Then she took off the pin, pinned it on me and said, "Keep it always from me, little girl—and always be very happy—and like your mother."

She wiped her eyes.

We took my hat and doll and stepped out into the garden.

The earth was in song; even the grass stood up sprightly, offering the remaining raindrops to the sparkling sun. Birds sang everywhere. Turk barked at the boys who were all still playing barefooted in the garden. We stopped, and Stefanie kissed them all.

"Where you goin', mama? Can't we go with you? I wanna go too," they shouted. But Stefanie only smiled, shook her head. She was holding the hand of one of her boys when he snatched it away shouting, "Oh, gee, you're hurting me," and ran off to play again. Stefanie stood for some moments looking at them sadly then, taking my hand, she led me on top of our hill.

There Stefanie stopped, gazed long at the house, then at the path which led to the forbidden forest.

"Look here, dear. Sit here on this stone and wait for me. I'll just take a walk up to that forest and back."

"Oh, but Stefanie, you mustn't go there."

"I'm grown up, you know." She smiled at me. "Please be a good little girl and sit patiently here until I return. I'll be very careful, sweet, don't worry. Play with your doll and, if you should get tired waiting, run back to the house and play with the boys. I'll find you there."

"But, Stefanie, won't you take me with you?" I begged.

"Not this time, dear. I want to see

what the house and country look like from that point. Besides, you promised not to go on that path, you know. So you must not. Good-by, dear." She kissed me and walked slowly away, glancing back twice at the house and at me.

I watched her until she disappeared among the trees. There was an ant hill near me which took my attention for a long time. Then my doll was misbehaving, so she had to be punished and severely scolded. Turk found me, so we raced to a tree then back again to the stone. I sat down tired now, and remembered Stefanie. There was no sign of her on the path as I stood up and looked in the direction she went.

The boys noticed me then and came running up. "What are you doin' here? Where's mama?"

I told them she had gone for a walk down that path.

"What did she go there for?" asked the oldest boy. My answer satisfied him, and we played together for a time. The sun had disappeared by now and twilight had come.

We heard the supper bell ringing. The boys rushed down the hill toward the house. I refused to accompany them because I said I would wait until Stefanie returned.

I could hear the distant crowing of cocks—nothing else, for everyone went indoors, and the earth was resting at the end of day.

In a few minutes though I noticed that everyone had come out and was running towards me.

Then came questions, frightened glances were exchanged. Excitement grew with each moment. I was taken into the house, and while the children were given their supper the older people ran about the place pale and shaking.

Then the men went out to look for Stefanie—they thought something terrible must have happened to her since she did not return. The women asked me over and over again the same questions: just what did she do, just what did she say to you, just how did she walk away? I began to cry because I saw that mother was crying and somehow because I felt frightened.

Mother put me to bed; she bent over my cot and asked me to try to fall asleep.

I awoke the next morning before sunrise. Everyone was up. The men had returned, but had found nothing. They now ran forward to meet the forester just entering the room.

His head was bent, he looked at the floor as he handed George Stefanie's blue hat.

My mother fainted.

BLACK SCIENCE

BY GEOFFREY PARSONS

IT IS asking a good deal of an encyclopedia to include a statement of what is not known. A circle of the arts and sciences can scarcely be expected to advertise its gaps. But is there any reason why our schools and colleges should ignore this important branch of wisdom? Why does a textbook never begin with a statement of its fundamental limitations? So far as most of these volumes go human knowledge is boundless. Yet mathematics, for example, is compatible with a sense of humor, and the flyleaf of a high-school algebra or a college trigonometry might well display the engaging epigram coined by Bertrand Russell: "Thus mathematics may be defined as the subject in which we never know what we are talking about, nor whether what we are saying is true."

It might do some harm, for the surface meaning of the words is misleading, but it would do far more good than the sense of omniscience which most of us drink in with our mathematics.

Then there is gravitation. No doubt everyone knows what it is, if he stops to reflect; but how many people realize that next to nothing is known about this mysterious force which holds our particular corner of the universe together? It has been painstakingly observed, and hypotheses brilliantly formulated for its measurement. That is all. Yet the textbooks, like the encyclopedias, are content with stating these hypotheses, which they call, following a convenient but misleading usage of science, laws. They maintain a discreet silence as to the manner in which the force is transmitted or any other essential fact as to its nature or operation.

The great scientist is not misled. He is usually the humblest of men, acutely conscious of the little he knows. It is the lesser mind that is misled and in turn misleads and, particularly, that most dangerous of modern preachers, the popularizer of science, who builds his eloquence about the scantiest frame of first-hand knowledge. Newton likened himself to a child picking up pebbles on a beach. Thanks to our education and the dogmas of the priests of science, the meanest of us can chuckle when an apple falls and feel that he knows all about it. Yet nobody knows anything whatever about it except how to measure it—that it varies directly as the product of the masses and inversely as the square of their distances apart—or did until Einstein jolted even this particular apple cart. How gravity operates no physicist has the slightest notion. If James Stephens contends that fairies drop the apple, or Walter de la Mare that it is possessed by an evil spirit, no scientist can gainsay either.

It is a poor mystery that will not work both ways, and when you have shocked your pseudo-scientist by your sacrilegious doubts of his omniscience touching gravitation you can invite him to have a cup of coffee and ask him what makes the coffee run uphill when you dip a lump of sugar in it. He will talk of capillary attraction and can refer you to your *Encyclopedia Britannica* where there are twenty pages from the great pen of James Clerk Maxwell, a "classical article" brought up to date, accord-

ing to a footnote. Here is a history of the subject, starting, as do so many scientific topics, with Leonardo da Vinci, and a wealth of incredibly intricate formulæ for measuring the operation of the process. Nowhere in the twenty pages, however, is an explanation of this interesting force attempted. Why does the coffee run uphill? Nobody knows. It is another scientific mystery, and it does seem that the *Encyclopedia Britannica* might say so. Incidentally, it is not at all typical of Maxwell to be thus silent, for he was a lifelong chastiser of the scientists who pretended to explain everything.

If anyone could find the time amid the rush of books telling what is known, he might draft a new kind of textbook, a single slender volume recording what is not known, a Grammar of Ignorance. This modest work might open with a new sort of declaration which would be not a Credo but an Ignoramus. It could begin thus:

"From science and by reason we as yet know neither whence the universe came nor where it is going; what I am that read this, nor what it is that I read, nor whether there is an I; nor what is energy or space or matter; nor the explanation of any force or thing, whether heat or light or electricity, or thought or imagination or love."

The chapters of the book might analyze the sciences in turn, ending in a crude estimate of charted as against uncharted areas, according to the progress achieved in each. Mathematics would head the list with a high mark. The natural sciences would follow at varying distances. What figure would the newer ones receive? Say seven per cent for psychology and five per cent for economics—or perhaps vice versa, now that the Behaviorists have decided to erase all the labors of earlier psychologists. What possible credit could be given to that delightful guessing match, anthropology, wherein great thinkers stand upon little mounds of fact and advance rival speculations only to have the little mounds kicked aside by later anthropologists and new observations demanded from the ground up? A tenth of one per cent? As for such a field as history, an inextricable fusion of scientific investigation and literary art, these would have a considerable percentage for facts, scarcely a trace of credit for theories or any generalization as to cause and effect.

A harder task would be to estimate the total of all knowledge as against the unknown. The figures as to the several sciences would accept the present basis of the sciences, that they describe given fields of fact, observing, measuring, analyzing, formulating hypotheses of operation, without attempting as yet to deal with first causes or last ends. A figure representing all knowledge must necessarily pay heed to these vast frozen poles of thought. For centuries philosophers have sailed north and south in pursuit of them to no purpose. Perhaps an ancient map—the known world at the time of Homer—would furnish a parallel and suggest the truth of our present ignorance.

Nor, in a calm view of the newer sciences relating to man, is there the remotest hope that they can reach solid conclusions or yield much sound advice for years to come. As far as the eye can see ahead, man must pick his wife, run his business, vote for or against a party or a policy, and fix his morals and his attitude towards the universe by the old crude methods of judgment, trial, and error, and aided by ancient customs, instincts, and institutions. Yet such are the effects of education by omniscience and the dazzling brilliance of modern science that a whole hierarchy of priests of reason has arisen to decry instinct and custom and insist that science and reason are sufficient lamps for our feet. An outstanding expression of this point of view is to be found in *Mind in the Making* by James Harvey Robinson. He is speaking of the Book with Seven Seals described in Revelations which "no man in heaven, nor in earth,

neither under the earth was able to open." A formidable mystery. Yet the writer can exclaim gaily, "The seals are all off now." To be sure, having wrestled long and ably with the mysteries of history and knowing their vast extent, Professor Robinson can view the scene in a true perspective. He proceeds to say, with accuracy, "An encouraging beginning has been made in the case of the natural sciences and a similar success may await the studies which have to do with man." From such cautious argument the preaching in behalf of reason runs all the way down to the boisterous enthusiasms of Mr. H. G. Wells who "believes that man has come to such a phase of knowledge and power that he is already able and may very soon be willing to put a bit between the teeth of the monster of wild change that is now trampling this world." The remedy that Mr. Wells has in mind is his old cure-all, education, universal education, whereby man will be enabled to substitute a charted course for the present dead reckoning. The needle of Mr. Wells's educated mind swings so swiftly between remedies that faith in his navigating skill is not as widespread as enjoyment of his eloquence. But the total effect of his passionate arguments for this reform or that and for education anyhow, cannot fail to encourage a preposterous optimism in the reader and persuade him to jettison instincts, customs, and institutions in favor of the new wisdom, begun or maybe to begin. Suppose Mr. Wells had said, "The use of coal for warmth or power is a wasteful and stupid process. Science is making such a rapid progress that within a hundred years or so we may be able to extract power directly from the sun. Let us, therefore, at once cease this archaic use of coal and rely upon the new wisdom." He would be laughed off the platform the first chilly evening. Yet the proposal is not one whit more absurd than the suggestion that reason can now solve social and individual problems. Power from the sun is probably no farther off than a scientific psychology or a scientific ethics.

To anyone who has wrestled at first hand with practical problems in any of these fields, this optimism will seem pathetic. Whether the question be the prevention of war, racial minglings, or a protective tariff, the contribution of the experts is exhausted long before a conclusion can be reached. The body of facts increases a little every year in economics, in anthropology, in psychology. These contributions are precious and to be welcomed. They are still hopelessly inadequate to determine any large decisions. When all the relevant facts have been digested and certain possible paths thereby eliminated, the main problem remains—a ditch to be jumped. It must be jumped exactly as such ditches have always been jumped, by a swift single act of judgment, a mental leap, calling for experience, resolution, and above all, confidence. This is equally true whether the decision is a hasty first thought or what we so hopefully call a sober second thought. No one understands the workings of such empirical judgments, based on experience. Different people make them in different ways. Sometimes they come during sleep or, at least, appear to do so. From their nature they cannot always be right. Scientific accuracy and certainty are impossible. A good batting average is all that anyone can hope for. But this average is the most important factor in a man's life. More than any other item it spells happiness or unhappiness, achievement or failure, development or a stunted growth. These decisions are taken many times a day by everyone. They have to be. The able, well-balanced folk take them in their stride and usually land safely. At the worst they pick themselves up quickly and go forward boldly. The irresolute, the hesitant, the over-studious come to grief.

This is not to be contemptuous of experts in general or of the aid that the

scientific method is bringing to practical problems. Quite the contrary; those who believe in experts should seek to free them from the false position in which they have been placed. The popular scorn of the professor and the journal of reform in practical affairs has been caused by just such exaggeration as that preached by Mr. H. G. Wells. The expert has too often been brought in as a superior sort of magician who could whisk a complete scientific solution out of his hat. His contribution in the sciences touching man must be, as has been suggested, far more modest. Take, for a small illustration, the interesting effort of the present to apply mathematics to business cycles. Buying raw materials at the right moment is one of the main bases of business success. Every able business man has long done it with uncanny accuracy, and the best of these executives are now welcoming this new aid. It does not, however, relieve them of the necessity of exercising judgment. It is simply one more set of facts on the basis of which an experienced mind leaps to a decision. As in every other practical concern of life, the utmost that science can do is to narrow the ditch slightly.

II

It is in contact with religion that the exaggerations of science have created the greatest confusion. Present generations have passed so completely out of the first extreme reaction from religion that it is hard to realize how far the nineteenth century went in its enthusiasm over the great discoveries of science. Here was a complete substitute for religion, it was argued. An explanation of the whole universe would so soon be available that anyone was a fool to look elsewhere. This was natural. So, too, was the gradual return of a sounder point of view as the true scope of science became clearer. To-day the common view of scientists is that religion and science are in no proper sense rivals. They explore the universe by different methods. Towards the essentials of religious faith science is completely agnostic. With the main subject of religious examination, first causes and last ends, science has not begun to concern itself. Such conflicts as exist are clear cases in which either religion has invaded a field explored by science or science has wandered into the field of religion. All our religious faiths originated long before the development of modern science and they naturally extended over certain territory now covered by scientific research. The notable example of this in the Christian religion is the cosmogony of Genesis. This detailed description of how God created the earth is not followed in any of the great creeds of the Christian church. It is adhered to literally only by certain Fundamentalists of the Protestant faith. The process of adjusting this part of the boundary line is well advanced.

The invasions of religion by the self-appointed priests of science are far more numerous and more pernicious because seldom recognized. The extravagances of the nineteenth century die hard in certain rigid minds, dazzled by a superficial acquaintance with the sciences. That a faith in God is entirely compatible with a scientific attitude is conceded, but with reluctance; and they would transform the Creator from a religious to a philosophical conception by insisting that He be called the Absolute. As for the historical details of religious faith they are superior and scornful. The miracles are a joke. When there is resistance to evolution, as applied to the origin of the solar system, they talk of the Dark Ages and call upon the Constitution.

This attitude towards the miracles seems a clear example of the workings of false science. A fair statement of a true scientist's position might be put thus, "I cannot disprove any of the miracles, for none of them was of such a character as to leave an enduring record behind it.

If the sun was stopped for Joshua it resumed its march, and no measurements to-day could prove or disprove the alleged miracle. Water may have been turned into wine, the dead may have been brought to life. It is impossible for science to assert a negative as to any such miracles. The most that science can declare is that no such miracle has ever been observed scientifically and that, on the contrary, years of measurement and observation have uniformly supported the basic theory of science that ours is a universe of law. I do not personally believe in any of the miracles. They seem to me incongruous exceptions in the universe as I conceive it. But this conviction on my part is not a scientific conclusion. It is a purely philosophic or religious belief, part of my general picture of the universe."

Probably the faith of most philosophically minded persons would agree with this scientist on this point. But what impartial critic would set it up as the one reasonable view, as being compelled by science? It is not clear even that it is, logically speaking, the more probable view. If we agree that there may well be a God who created this universe of law, it is surely not difficult to grant him power to set aside his laws at will. The issue seems a clear example of the type cited before from practical life in which reason can aid by eliminating certain possibilities and furnishing a certain basis of fact; but after the logical processes have done their utmost, a ditch remains to be crossed over which logic cannot erect a bridge. Religious beliefs clearly belong with the instinctive, empirical judgments there described. Reason plays its part. So does observation. But the final decision must be a single leap, summing up as much of the total experience of the race as the individual can focus upon the crisis with the aid of instinct and emotion.

The counsel of the priests of science before such a problem is agnosticism—to sit down before the ditch and wait until science catches up, if ever. The advice of Mr. Wells comes to the same result; since education is available, let us at once start living by its texts, deciphering them as we go. The answer to both is the same—that life does not wait. We must go right on being born, loving, voting, dying. Which nymph shall we marry? What school is best for our boy? Should we vote to let blacks and whites fuse into one race? Must we keep our factories supreme against the next last war? And so on. The problems come headlong at us. Science, bending over her slow toil, looks up for a moment and shakes her head when we ask her to decide for us. "Come back in a thousand years or so!" she answers. Here is the absurdity of Mr. Wells' remark about a race between "education and catastrophe." What shall we teach? Science does not yet begin to know. If civilization is really dependent on such a race, it has already lost it by hundreds of years.

This is to lay great stress upon emotion. But is it not—despite the neglect of the psychologists—incomparably the most important stuff of consciousness? Machines can be made to reason—the adding machine is more accurate than any mind. Emotion is the unique possession of animals and humans. Rational thinking is not as difficult as is often assumed. Mistakes in logic are relatively rare. Give a group of men adequate premises and they will have little difficulty in reaching the right conclusions. The common difficulties of thought are in choosing the right facts from an inadequate supply as illustrated above. The most difficult part of thinking is not reasoning at all, but the imaginative discovery of new relationships, new generalizations, creative thinking, in short. In such thinking there will be general agreement that emotion plays an active and impelling part. Emotion is indeed well named. It is the motive power of life. Without it we should be as adding machines.

It is appalling to read the substitutes

for religious faith that the priests of science formulate in their supposedly scientific creeds. There is outlined simply an intellectual attitude, a group of abstract concepts without power to move or inspire. What is more amazing in these writers is their total failure to realize that the primary stuff of religion is emotion. Without awe, reverence, worship, humility, the spirit of sacrifice, joy in life, courage, love, there is no religion. To feel the right emotions is fully as important as to hold the right ideas, and the great service of religion is the development of the right emotions, the most helpful and the most productive.

This is not to belittle the importance of ideas. It is consistent with such a view to defend the schoolmen of the Middle Ages who spent their lives in debating and defining religious concepts. Before them the decision of the Council of Nicæa was of capital importance in determining the faith of the western world; for the clear acceptance of the divinity of Christ involved setting off God from Man beyond any possibility of confusion and held pantheism east of the Mediterranean. But the strength of Christianity—as of every successful religion—lies in the fact that it has usually expressed these concepts in symbols. Perhaps when emotion has been studied as long and as carefully as the other elements of consciousness, we shall comprehend better the human need of flags and crosses and personifications. The intimate connection between symbols and emotions is a fact, at any rate, as the technic of poets and priests recognizes.

III

Here is an unexplored field of the mind, as yet most imperfectly understood. There is a Victorian anecdote which credits a great Englishman with stating that his religion was "the religion of all sensible men," and when asked what that was, replying, "Sensible men never say." Here may be more truth than cynicism. The moment one analyzes one's faith in detail and attempts to formulate it in accurate definitions the very essence of it escapes. If a hypothesis or a law is the formulated achievement of science it is perhaps fair to say that a symbol is the last word of religion. Creeds are useful, rather, as coloring the emotional tone of a symbol than as intellectual definitions. They are in no sense comparable to the generalizations of science or interchangeable therewith.

We need to perceive and admit frankly the importance of the emotions of religion and the little that is understood as to their sources. Exactly as in the case of other instinctive reactions and empirical judgments, it is extremely difficult to isolate the part played by reason. The conceptions of science must be brought to bear upon religious faith, but the process of change ought clearly to be as gradual as practicable so as not needlessly to disturb the emotions of faith. The hue and cry of the professional liberals over the resistance of the fundamentalists to evolution seems, from this point of view, a short-sighted blunder, based on a grotesquely partial view of human values. If scientists were not completely free in this country to think and publish as they willed, a destructive warfare in behalf of free speech could be justified. But their freedom of research is unquestioned. The most that can be said against these mistaken Fundamentalists is that a few conservative communities prefer to go slowly in teaching children the new theories of creation. For anyone who sees human nature in the round, the famous "monkey law" of Tennessee seems a cause for patience rather than excitement. A sense of humor might even suggest that, considering the absurd exaggerations of the priests of science, no one should be astonished to find priests of religion leaning over backward to be sure before they accept scientific discoveries.

It is worth remarking that the word

evolution is used by the enthusiasts of science in an exceedingly careless fashion. As applied to living things evolution has a clear and definite meaning, involving a development from simplicity to complexity. As applied to the earlier history of the earth, it means no such development, but simply the orderly changes that have taken place by which our solar system has become what it is. Whether the result is evolution or dissolution is far from clear. The breakdown of the atoms suggests that the chemical history of the world represents decline and dissolution. The use of the word evolution for this earlier period is poetic rather than scientific and holds considerable danger of misleading the popular mind.

If only thinkers as able as St. Augustine or Thomas Aquinas were available for this difficult task of expounding the truths of science for general understanding! The humanizing of knowledge is resulting in gross misconceptions. It is possible to wonder whether the present era of popularization may not yield more darkness than light. A recent volume *Starlight* by Harlow Shapley offers a flagrant example. After an excellent labor of exposition, this astronomer cannot refrain from philosophizing thus:

"Evolution is not limited chiefly to the relation of man to his anthropoid forbears. That phase is one of the minor steps in the development that pervades the whole universe. In truth we cannot restrain the feeling that the whole of organic development . . . is trivial and transient from the standpoint of the development of the material cosmos. . . . Man's station in this scheme is not too flattering—an animal among many, precariously situated on the crust of a planetary fragment that obeys the gravitational impulses of one of the millions of dwarf stars that wander in remote parts of a galactic system."

Let us see how much scientific basis there is for this religious dogma. First of all, Mr. Shapley falls into the error already noted of assimilating organic evolution to the earlier history of the universe. It is, on the contrary, a unique episode in the history of the universe—so far as science knows. There is no solid evidence that life exists anywhere else in the universe than on the earth. Accepting the prevailing theory of the biologists that life developed at only one period of the earth's history and that all life since is descended from these first living things, and considering the unique and complex combination of causes which apparently developed the first living cell, we once more face the possibility that man is exactly as the Middle Ages believed—the center of the universe. Transient and precarious his life may be, but scarcely a minor step or trivial, in this view, and surely not unflattering.

Let us add for good measure the possibility that, if life is to be found nowhere else in the universe, human thought may well be unique. Mr. Shapley forgets thought. We should be curious to know just how he would weigh the importance of the astronomical ideas included in his volume against, say, Antares. And suppose the sonnets of Shakespeare were in one side of a balance, would the Milky Way tip the other side, or not? This scientist when he turns priest forgets the very things that make it possible for him to be a scientist—consciousness, mind, thought—which science accepts as axiomatic and has not begun to explain, let alone, measure. What grotesquely unscientific nonsense thus to measure incommensurables and belittle something which science does not even try to understand! Between a scientist adrift in religion and a Methodist bishop floundering in geology there seems little to choose.

The fact that a trained scientist can thus lose his way when he steps out of his own study, is one of the chief sources of perplexity for moderns. A new and clearer orientation is urgently needed. The ideal mind would be open for speculation about everything. No doors would be locked against it. Yet in thus

reasoning and imagining it would never mistake surmise for fact, it would never exaggerate the known. It would see reason for what it is, an ingenious and useful device, a small part of man. As a matter of course, traditions, customs, instincts, emotions would be untouched by new and unproved hypotheses, those first experimental guesses by which the scientist, like the detective, finds his clues. Of published men, Montaigne best struck this balance. No mind could be more free than his. Yet he lived by a larger wisdom.

What will enter our modern minds when the worship of science has departed is beyond foreseeing. There may come a revival of old religions or the birth of new—or the discovery of a new approach to life that will replace religion. At least we shall be rid of the false gods that the magicians of science have summoned from their crucibles. We shall be free to grow and prosper in spirit, aided by all that we have of strength and wisdom, deeply rooted in the rich past of man.

The conclusion is that the worship of reason in the last century has led down a blind alley. It has resulted, where it has prevailed, in transforming science from a noble labor to a dangerous magic. We need to recapture a respect for emotion and all the instinctive processes in which it plays an active part. The first presumption must stand in favor of prejudices not against them. New facts and new wisdom are to be brought to bear upon old customs and old convictions with caution. The danger of exaggerating the new, of misunderstanding it and misapplying it, is constant and great. The most important intellectual labor of our time is the correction of the exaggerations accumulated during the age of reason. In the words of George Meredith addressed to the human race:

> And warn it not one instinct to efface
> Ere reason ripens for the vacant place.

CRISIS

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

SHE plucked me by the sleeve and stared
Straight ahead beyond my eyes
And said in a strained tight voice, "I cared
Too hard—perhaps. . . . If you despise
Me now, of course I understand."
And she let go my hand.

And then I could not let her go:
Her hand went suddenly weak and small;
And she, that had been so brave and so
Unbroken and had stood so tall
Became a child who is left alone
In a room she has never known.

And I knew if I said the thing that cried
To be said that terrible courage would crack;
And I covered her eyes and let her pride
Surge like a lonely banner back.
And the thing that ached to be said I said
With bowed and beseeching head.

A MISTAKE ABOUT THE FUTURE

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

THE prophet is always with us, of course, but of late he seems to have been unusually active. Posterity is having its life arranged for it in every detail. We are beginning to know more about the future than we do about the present. Mr. H. G. Wells has been busy again under the idle pretense of writing a three-volume novel. Various social philosophers have relieved their feelings by prophesying the decline of everything. The usual novels about the future have appeared and have succeeded, perhaps better than ever, in depressing us. In addition, one firm of publishers has produced a whole series of little books about the future, a few of them being written by justly eminent thinkers and the rest by persons we never heard of before and do not want to hear of again. This series has contrived to settle the fate of everything. It has given us the future of science, art, music, literature, drama, industry, social life, women, education, and whatever else there is that can have a future arranged for it. Many of these writers seem to be more certain about what will happen in a century's time than most of us are about what will happen the day after to-morrow. But I, for one, rarely find their pictures of the future either attractive or convincing. Prophecy of this kind is a very simple business because it is based upon a remarkably convenient assumption. Unfortunately, however, this assumption is more likely to be wrong than right.

Nearly everyone who writes about the future assumes that the most marked tendencies of our own time will go on asserting themselves without ever being checked by any opposing tendencies. These writers would seem to imagine that the pendulum movement, the swing of revolution and reaction, easily discovered in the past, will somehow disappear from history when it is a matter of the future. This is a very odd notion, but it is obviously convenient, for it enables them to construct a future by merely prolonging the lines of the present. They take hold of every fashionable tendency and carry it to an extreme. If the literature of to-day is complex, introspective, and disjointed in style, then the literature of to-morrow will be even more complex, introspective, and disjointed in style. If people are depending more and more upon mechanical contrivances, then the people of a century hence will be entirely dependent upon mechanical contrivances. If our fashionable women are aping masculine dress, then their granddaughters will be absolutely indistinguishable from men. If our food to-day is largely artificial, our food to-morrow will be completely so, probably consisting of a few chemical tabloids. If our teeth are decaying more rapidly, then our great-grandchildren will not have any teeth. If people are paying less attention to the visual arts now, there will not be any visual arts at all in the future. There is no need to multiply instances. The trick is familiar to everybody. When it is worked very systematically and elaborately, every fashion of the moment being prolonged indefinitely and carried to an extreme, we get those pictures of future life from which we recoil so abruptly, those Utopias that are apt to seem like nightmares.

I have not the slightest idea what the future will bring, whether in social or political life, the arts or the sciences, but I have the strongest reasons for suspecting that it will not be such a brisk continuation and systematic enlargement of this present year. However history may work, it certainly does not work in this manner. So much, at least, we can learn from the past, which contains innumerable futures, not one of which ever adapted itself so conveniently. We should probably be nearer the truth if, counting on the swing of the pendulum, we presumed a complete contradiction of all this—every trend of to-day having vanished to give place to one in opposition to it. It would not surprise me if our great-granddaughters are wearing vast voluminous skirts and hair as long as they can possibly grow it. The literature of 2000 A.D. may be extremely simple and objective, relying upon a perfection of form. The people of two centuries hence may not use a single piece of machinery, the world having decided that it is better without such a dubious servant. Possibly they may live entirely on fruit and nuts and know nothing whatever about those chemical foods that we are always promising them.

This seems to me more sensible, but it is still far too simple for such a complex world as ours. Even if the revolution-reaction, pendulum theory of history were absolutely trustworthy, it would not really help us to prophesy, if only because we do not know how far the pendulum will swing before it returns and finally takes everything to the opposite extreme. Our industrial-mechanical age, with its insistence upon material things, comfort, cheap luxuries, its indifference to the values of the spirit, may well be succeeded by an age that runs to the other extreme and is filled with dirt and discomfort and visionaries. I can readily believe that this will happen. But I cannot say when it will happen. Our own age may be declining now and its successor stealthily coming into existence at this very moment. On the other hand, our own age may not have reached its zenith yet, and may not reach it for another fifty or a hundred years. But none of us can tell, not because we have no evidence but because we have too much; for there are facts enough to prove that our peculiar form of civilization is just beginning, is reaching its climacteric, is rapidly declining. In this matter, as in so many others, we usually contrive to prove what we prefer to have proven.

If, then, the future will not be content merely to carry all our present tendencies to extremes, nor even to reverse all our judgments and live a life as different as possible from ours, what will it do? It will do something it has always done, something that inevitably makes prophecy a branch of magic: it will form new combinations, in politics, science, the arts, social life, that we have never caught a glimpse of even in dreams. It may be that two or three leading ideas of our own time will be combined, married together, and will produce the most curious offspring—ideas that will govern the whole lives of these distant people. We have no better notion of such ideas and the kind of life they will produce than we have of the characters of our best friends' great-grandchildren. We cannot even tell which of our contemporary ideas will come to be the ancestors of the ideas that will govern our descendants. Probably they will be some apparently absurd little notions that have been meat-and-drink to our comic papers for years. Probably too, most of our splendid discoveries, on which, we believe, the whole future will be based, will come to be regarded as antiquated jests in seventy years' time. Solemn prophecy, going forward a century or so, is obviously a futile proceeding, except in so far as its makes our descendants laugh, just as we laugh when we occasionally come in some old book upon some prophetic observations bearing on our own time and wildly missing the mark. But the creation of a future,

for the purposes of romance, is great fun, both for the author and the reader, and we cannot have too much of it. Yet the romancers, who cannot be allowed to plead lack of imagination, commonly make the same mistake about the future as the prophetic sociologists and scientists and critics of the arts.

In story after story of the future you will find the author engaged in playing the same old easy trick. He constructs the life of posterity merely by exaggerating our own times. Because we are tending towards monotony in dress, he puts whole populations into uniform. His buildings are simply our most recent structures monstrously enlarged. If attacks on marriage are fashionable at the time of writing, then he promptly abolishes it altogether for posterity. Because our own age is interested in convenient little mechanical devices, then the future is even more interested in them. So it goes on. Even writers like Wells and Kipling, who ought to know better, have fallen into this trap. Like so many of their inferiors, they would seem to imagine that, for some mysterious reason, history from now onwards is going to act quite differently, going forward in a straight line. Supposing we had stories of the future, constructed on these lines, by ancient Egyptian, Greek, Roman, or medieval romancers, how droll their pictures of life would appear now!

Many of these stories are written with the idea of presenting their readers with a Utopia, but most of us always find these pictures of life in the future either very unconvincing or else extremely depressing. They are like a nightmare. Even where the author himself sincerely believes that men will be happier, he only succeeds in persuading us that we were lucky not to have been born fifty years or a century later. We may not be ardent lovers of our own time, but it seems a paradise when compared with these horrors of futurity. There is an important reason for this, never, I think, noticed when such romances are being criticized. These writers are so busy showing us their improvements, their vast airships, tele-vision, new methods of housing and feeding, and the like that they forget to "humanize" them. What I mean is that they drag in all these things, raw, bare, new, and do not link them up with the tragi-comedy of human life.

Every new thing seems strange and rather terrible until it has become part of the human scene, until it has gathered its cluster of associations, comic, pathetic, and so forth. Thus our attitude towards automobiles is very different from what it was twenty years ago, when they were still comparatively unfamiliar. Then they were little more than strange disconcerting pieces of mechanism, but now they are almost living creatures. We know now that there is drollery, snobbery, pathos, even poetry in our relations with our automobiles. They have become humanized, just as wireless is now rapidly becoming humanized. We soon come to think not of the thing itself but of the personal element involved in the use of the thing. Now in these stories of the future, which are usually crammed with fantastic mechanism, there is a great deal of machinery and very little humanity. Nothing is really made part of the human scene. The characters themselves, those bleak children of the future, do not see these things with which they are supposed to have grown up as we see our automobiles and electric-lighting systems and bathroom plumbing. Perhaps they have not enough vitality to make a song or a joke about their life, which is less important really than its mere mechanism to the author, who has obviously not imagined very intensely the existence he is trying to describe. He depresses us —at least if we are young and easily convinced—because he passes off a parody of life, details of food and clothing and work and transport and amusement without any rich background of human thought and emotion, as life itself.

One of the few romancers who did not

make this common mistake about the future was W. H. Hudson. I do not say that his *A Crystal Age* is an entirely satisfactory tale, because it is not. I do not think story-telling was Hudson's business, and whenever he attempted it, notwithstanding his fine imaginative power, he always displayed some droll limitations as a narrator. But his story of the future does at least break loose from the common herd of such things. The life he describes, somewhere in the dim beyond, is something quite different from a mere exaggeration of the life we know. He at least does not carry our present fashionable ideas to their logical conclusions. It is years since I read the book, but I can still vividly recall the curious world he creates, so empty of people and overgrown with wild life, with its tiny family communities, organized on a patriarchal basis but with only one member of each sex destined for parenthood, its close kinship with nature, its strange poetry and music, its complete lack of those affairs, business and politics and the rest, that seem so important to us. I do not say that it is a world any more attractive than ours, or that there is any great possibility of the future producing such a world. But I do believe that life in the future will be something as strange and remote from our way of living, and that Hudson, in this respect, proved himself a truer and bolder imaginative writer than Wells and Kipling and all the others who have faked up a future by merely multiplying and enlarging the latest things of our own time. I hope our romancers will continue writing these stories of the future because, however disappointing they may prove to be, such stories have a curious fascination of their own. I hope, too, they will now avoid the easy way, will remember that history will go on twisting and turning and that there is variety without end in the experiments and adventures that we call this life of ours.

THE BLIND MUSICIANS

BY ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

IT was a day of festival, the mandarins assembled,
The feast was spread, the banners flew, unfastened stood the door,
Then came the blind musicians fingering down the passage
To settle in a cluster on the cold stone floor.

Well do I remember the laughter of the mandarins,
Playing with their bowls of honey-colored wine,
And the twitter of the girls as they danced with unchanged faces,
Or sang like cicadas, standing in a line.

But more than any mandarin, or any girl dancing,
I remember waiting in the darkness of the hall
The shadowy forms of blind men sitting in the passage
Making fateful music with their heads against the wall.

The Lion's Mouth

MORALITY'S NEW THREAT

BY PHILIP CURTISS

SOME years ago London *Punch* published a series of sketches under the title, "The Coming Reaction," all based on the plausible theory that after the looseness and license of the present period there must come an era of strictness and virtue. I now rise to state that this reaction is not merely coming, but has actually come and is spreading like wildfire on these American shores. Without doubt, without question, there is growing up amongst us a generation that is inherently, incurably, and offensively good.

I do not refer, of course, to the so-called "younger generation," the young men and women whose ages would range at the present day from eighteen to twenty-five. For after all that is *our* generation, and its habits have been adopted, or at least accepted, by most of us who number our years on up to seventy. No, the generation that I have in mind is still for the most part in white socks and sandals. To go back to the English phrasing, it is not major or minor but minimus. Nevertheless, its awful eye is already upon us, its clean sensibility shrinks in distaste from our acts.

My wife and I had our own first hint of the coming danger when our daughter, then barely seven, informed her mother that it was wicked to paint her face. To this, at the time, we paid little attention, for this daughter had just begun attendance at the public school, and we thought that we detected the gaunt, humorless hand of the "hygiene teacher." Even in my day angular educators made a great outcry against all cosmetics on some absurd pretense that white lead and talcum would poison the heart. A casual attempt, however, to relate this event as a humorous anecdote soon brought out the fact that other mothers had been called sharply to account on just the same lines. The teachers, it proved, had been wholly innocent, and the little tots, absolutely among themselves, had worked up this theory purely as a matter of juvenile good form. Mother after mother brought in her testimony, and the sum total revealed an amazing state of affairs. With the clear, unmerciful vision of youth these little girls, between seven and twelve, had perfectly sized up every flashy, silly, or tasteless woman in town and among themselves were discussing them all with contemptuous scorn.

For the men of our village this made, for a while, a harmless and not too sophomoric a sport. When three or four of us with our wives were gathered together it became quite the custom to reproach this or that one of our helpmates as being a "painted hussy," a "scarlet woman," or a "bedizened old Jezebel." But our time was coming, and I was present when our neighbor Jim Barnes, father of three sons, got his first blow squarely in the face.

Now I must confess that in our isolated, rural community we are so parochial that, even after eight years of prohibition, the practice of drinking is still somewhat tinged with hypocrisy. In the various houses around the country the cocktails, as a rule, are not brought out until the children are safely in bed, and

if an innocent visitor from the outer world comes up for a week-end and smilingly hands out a large brown bottle from his kit bag it is explained to the onlooking youngsters as a kind gift of "wine" which, even for children, has a sort of Biblical and medicinal sanction.

On this occasion, however, little Jim Barnes walked squarely into old Jim's library in time to see his respectable father wielding a shaker filled with cracked ice. Naturally he wanted to share in the general picnic that seemed forthcoming and, on being told that he "wouldn't like it," demanded to know what was in it. For a moment our neighbor hesitated. Eight years of community lying still had its hand upon him, but apparently old Jim decided that the time had come when young Jim should meet the world, when, as the magazine writers say, father and son should be "pals."

"Well," he answered, "there is a little lemon juice, a little grenadine, and—er—a little gin."

"Gin!" cried the child, and the look of repulsion, incredulity, and disgust on his face would have warmed the cockles of Wayne B. Wheeler.

This would seem in the telling almost too pietistic to be true, but when you examine the facts you can see how the child could have reacted in no other fashion. In a city if a very young child comes in contact with vice it is only through the filtered conversation of its elders, or through vague echoes, reported distantly in the newspapers. But in a small village like ours the children are the first on the scene. If a Polish laborer or an Irish section-hand gets drunk and falls asleep on the post-office steps half the children in town stand around and study him, and the other half are given immediate reports with all those hideous and minute details so dear to the childish imagination. When a bootlegger is caught driving through town with a load of alcohol our children do not read about it as a vague fact in another world. They actually see it—see the capture. Unlike even their elders, they do not coax up an unconscious picture of a lawless but jaunty buccaneer humorously paying a fine in the name of a good cause. They visualize what they have actually witnessed with their own eyes—an obscene and dirty Italian being shoved to the lockup by two curt and none too gentle state policemen. Among the children of a small village Andrew J. Volstead has completely accomplished his purpose. From smallest infancy the word "liquor" brings instantly to their minds a connotation of dirt, of low human types, and of instant punishment.

Thus in the case of little Jim Barnes, as in the case of our own little daughter, it would have been possible to give an explanation that was principally local. So, too, would it be safe enough to prophesy a coming reaction on purely superficial grounds. We have all been brought up on Emerson's phrases of action and reaction, ebb and flow, systole and diastole. A craze in one direction is followed by a craze in the other. After the strictness of a Cromwellian era comes the libertinism of a Restoration. One would need to be neither a philosopher nor a seer to have observed that as soon as a fashion of mind has spread from the classes to the masses the classes have already begun to think in a contrary direction. When billiard boys begin to wear tweed caps and knickerbockers, aristocrats go back to starch and broadcloth. In a prim general society the fashionable set is always rather fast, and in a loose general society the elite become very prim.

But reason cannot pretend to maintain that children of eight and ten are seeing thus far ahead, for whatever these startling infants may be they are not snobbish. Although they may look with horror on the town drunkard and his practices they show not the slightest objection to playing basketball with his children.

No, it is something deeper and more mysterious than that, one of those fright-

ening and uncanny facts the profundity of which can only be realized by the father or mother of small, growing children. For only when he has had and studied children of his own does the practical, cynical observer grudgingly admit that everything in life cannot be explained by logic or environment. There are some things that have to be credited helplessly to the foresight and mystery of Nature, that same sardonic Nature that will grow a pine tree in the crevice of a rock but refuse to grow it on a watered and fertilized lawn.

Why, for instance, does my elder and eight-year-old daughter fiercely refuse to speak French? With the usual idea of improvement my wife and I recently resolved to use only the tongue of Molière at the luncheon table, pausing frequently and leading the children into the obvious phrases. But although our younger daughter (the anti-cosmetician) took to it eagerly enough, the older began to kick and scream and refused absolutely to repeat the words. Not only that but she kicked and screamed if anyone else began to use them. It was not mental laziness because she is really the intellectual of the family. She has to be pried from her books (Louisa M. Alcott, of course) and loves to play "question games" with historical and geographical answers. The problem was further complicated by the fact that a few days later she began, of her own accord, to pick up German from a homely and tidy little housewife next door. After fighting it over for weeks we were forced to admit the astonishing fact that there was actually something in the sound of French words and accents that was genuinely repulsive to the child's inner nature. Instinctively she had recognized French as a bawdy and frivolous language, exactly, I imagine, as certain ancestors of hers did about 1850.

And Sunday school? The children leap at it! It is their social center and their special treat, and the same report comes from all over town. One friend of mine, who lives five miles from the village and who has never been to church since college chapel, has to cut short his morning sleep every Sunday in order to bring in his son to share in some sort of banner contest that is shaking the Sunday school to its depths. There are more fathers waiting outside the chapel on Sunday morning than there are outside the garage. With Sinclair Lewis grumbling impotently in the distance, Christian Endeavor Societies, Do-Good Leagues, and Bible Classes are flourishing, not only among the Baptists and Methodists but among the Episcopalians and the horsey set.

Practically and morally all this is excellent and it promises well for the future health of the nation, but personally it has left me at sea. It has totally upset all my plans. From the current talk of the "new generation" one had assumed that a man of my age with a son or a daughter would, in twenty years, spend his time largely in carrying baskets to the state prison or the shelter for women. At the very least I expected to be regarded as a somewhat prim, unsophisticated antiquarian whose youthful capers, related around the fireside, would sound like the misdeeds of Little Rollo. Instead, I find that I am in danger of being regarded as a dreadful old creature, a beastly, licentious old man. I shall be one of those pitiful figures who are kept rather in the background when particular visitors are coming, who make mysterious disappearances just before dinner and come back smelling of cloves.

And what makes it especially heartbreaking is that this new generation is going to pick up things before the old generation has really left off. We are caught, as I see it, between two millstones, the upper and the nether, with no respite in between. In a dozen houses during the past ten years I have sat down to a pleasant evening with a group of adult, matured men and women when suddenly the host and hostess would spring to their feet, sweep the glasses and cracked ice under the sofa, and

whisper in terror, "Quick! Here comes Aunt Ella!" And now in my dotage shall I just be lifting a quiet eggnog to my lips when my wife will give me a poke with her crutch and cry, "Get that drink out of sight, you old fool. Here comes Susie's young man!"?

For ultimate hope I can only go back to Emerson, to realize that reaction in turn must give place to action, that after diastole must come systole once more. My children will not approve of me—that seems to be certain—but what of my grandchildren? Ah, there again we may have a virile race! Already I like to think of some slim, laughing granddaughter beginning to tread the paths we trod sixty years before. Already I can imagine her going about and defending me, "Oh yes, I adore my grandfather. Of course he's rather terrible sometimes and he does shock poor mother beyond words, but under the surface there's something splendid about him. You surely must come and see him sometime. He's really the last of the wicked old Georgians!"

PULLMAN PHILOSOPHY

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

NOT long ago, on the road from Minneapolis to Chicago, I fell in with a very pleasant, affable man in the smoking compartment. After a little preliminary discourse I ventured to say that it seemed as if the whole civilized world should take account of stock and reorganize its system of philosophy. There's a vast amount of work to do, said I, and yet nobody seems to know how to go about it. Men with the loudest mouths often get elected to posts calling for the profoundest thought. There's a great dearth of real leaders. Religion seems to have weakened in its function of authority, and so we are without recognized guides to conduct. Everybody declares that he wants an education, but very few indeed can tell what for. Young persons are boning away to get themselves tags in the learned professions, but they are not learning how to live with themselves.

We have fought the greatest war in history to make the world safe for democracy, and now we discover that democracy may be the worst tyranny on earth.

Our ideals have degenerated since the war. Individually and collectively we are less generous in spirit than we were. We shout and make a great to-do about our rights, and call them inalienable, when a moment's reflection would cause us to see that all rights and all privileges are living things, and that if they are not fed with the generous fulfillment of obligations, they will perish of starvation, just as any other living thing may perish of starvation. Our forbears struggled for a thousand years to wrest liberty from the tyrant, and when this was won we thought that liberty was ours forever.

But now, because of our complacency and our neglect, our liberties are threatened, and we can't win them back by murder and destruction. The Russian example teaches us this. Because the spread of cause and effect is greater than a single lifetime we miss the patent fact that rights and liberties will only endure if human obligations are generously fulfilled. In some way or other we must get this into the public consciousness. We must reorganize our philosophy of life with this relativity of rights and liberties with the fulfillment of obligations in mind. If we don't do it the jig will soon be up and we shall go the way the ancient civilizations have gone. It will be back to the woods for us!

The gentleman was very attentive and seemed deeply interested. At this point he exclaimed, "You're dead right!

Look at the wholesale grocery business. There used to be five big firms in Minneapolis and now there are only two!"

WHY I EAT WITH A FORK

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

I WRITE in the hope that a frank elaboration of my trying experiences, the torture, the doubts, the weighing of values may prove of some small help to our modern young people in solving one of the many serious and bewildering problems which at present confront them. What an age we live in! How utterly different, how totally divergent in aims, in customs, and beliefs from all other eras in the past! Science has changed everything. Values everywhere have been altered or destroyed entirely. Right and wrong, we perceive for the first time, are relative. Love is no longer love; it is a matter of inhibitions and glands. A criminal is no longer a criminal; he is a product of heredity and environment. Standards in art and literature have changed or vanished entirely. Decorum is no longer decorum; it is prudishness. Obscenity is out of date; it is now self-expression. In sculpture, for instance, many of us have discovered that a statue of, say, a bird in flight should no longer resemble, even remotely, that object. The ancients thought otherwise, and we are determined to follow their outworn dogmas no longer. We know now that a bird in flight is better presented as an elongated cylinder, bulging slightly at the middle. Everywhere change!

At the dawn of this new and wiser age I came into existence. As a child, I was obedient. I went along looking upon the dictates of my elders, my parents especially, as irrefutable manifestations of wisdom. I was, in short, an unwitting slave to parental authority. And I ate with a fork. I was told to do so, and childlike, and uncritical, I obeyed.

Then as I grew a little older, nine or ten years of age, say, doubts began to assail me. It dawned on me, though only remotely at first, that parental wisdom was not infallible.

I had been deceived about Santa Claus and about brownies and elves, and about the Stork. Furthermore, I began to perceive that parents were not only untruthful but often incompetent. They broke things; they missed trains; they were often unable to help me in such tasks as finding the lowest common multiple or bounding the State of Montana. But the disillusion was, in my case, gradual and mild. I took it calmly, and I should never have gone so far as to doubt the wisdom of eating with a fork if two momentous events in my life had not transpired practically simultaneously.

I refer to the War and Adolescence. Although too young to fight, I was, nevertheless, subject to all its devastating and its revolutionary influences. I found myself in the flux. Not only were parents, and older people in general, infallible. So were governments and the very wisest of the world's so-called wise men. And so, it appeared, was God—if God existed. I searched and pondered. Alas, nowhere could I find a genuinely comforting and satisfactory evidence of a moral law. Ethics, I saw, were a matter of expediency, not innate Right or Wrong. I turned to the works of Bacon, and Darwin, and Spencer, and became an experimentalist. I took to eating with my knife. I was Youth, Modern Youth, revolting against Vested Traditional Authority. That is what the War and Adolescence did to me. My experiments were nothing if not scientific. Nothing but Science could save the world, I perceived. It would certainly solve table manners.

I made exact measurements of all varieties of silver knives—also of the shape of my mouth. I collected data on the percentage of probability of cutting myself. I estimated the cubic capaci-

ties of knives and forks. I conducted a thousand different experiments, and candor compels me to state that I found some foods, such as potatoes and stringy vegetables to be more easily managed with a knife. As to the danger of getting cut, I discovered that to be merely a matter of practice. I discerned that one who had always accustomed himself to eating with a knife would, upon changing, at first prick his mouth with the tines of a fork.

And so I became an ardent disciple of Bacon's inductive method. The Aristotelian syllogism, taking, as it did, unwarranted premises for granted, was for me at this period something to be scorned. Once having perceived the merits of this experimental method it is not easy to stop. Any true scientist will tell you as much. Before I knew it I had abandoned not only forks, but knives and spoons as well. Eating hand-to-mouth, literally speaking, I found to be, from a purely practical viewpoint, infinitely the best method. A chicken wing or a juicy lamb chop treated in this manner takes on a hitherto unappreciated flavor. Furthermore, there are economic merits. You can gnaw the bone much cleaner. As for the drawbacks, a little soap and water will eradicate them very nicely.

It might appear to the casual reader that I had gone far enough in throwing off convention. As a matter of fact, I had not even *begun* to revolt. As I continued in my experiments and speculations it dawned upon me like a bolt from the blue that I, as well as all my youthful confrères, was an unsuspecting victim of a cruel and unfair plot of convention and the Older Generation. My anger and my disgust when I perceived this knew no bounds. Just as our elders were attempting to impose upon us at every turn such dogmas as parlor manners, respect for older people, caution in the use of such things as strong drink and the automobile, so were they also, I perceived, attempting to make us accept food on their authority. I determined to put the matter to a test immediately: I went without food for a week and a half. But here, it appeared, they had managed to blunder upon the right course for once. I returned to nourishment.

And then, with unbelievable abruptness, my entire philosophy underwent still another change. I began to see that eating with my fingers was threatening to make me unpopular. People tended to look upon me askance. I noticed that invitations to dine out were steadily diminishing. I was fast becoming a social outcast. Table manners were, I still contended, a matter of expediency, but perhaps expediency also consisted in keeping in the good graces of other people. I was beginning to mature, you see. I realized that perhaps it would be better to take into account human nature *per se* and regard it less as a variable and more as a constant. But later still I came to the conclusion that my philosophy had not gone far enough. Why did people really frown on me? Could it be that the rest of the world, now admittedly hopelessly disillusioned in the matter of nearly all standards, was not ready to assimilate this trifling change I had introduced? That was unthinkable. In an enlightened and unfettered world such as this it was incredible that the disfavor into which I had fallen was really the result of reactionary intolerance and snobbery. There was only one conclusion left to me: there must be, after all, a sounder test of conduct and manners than mere mechanistic or, for that matter, Machiavellian expediency.

It was beginning to dawn on me that Science was not all that it might be. Mere scientific laws, I had learned, do not explain everything. There is always Something Beyond. I perceived that previously I had been too immature, too easily swayed by false doctrines to realize the fact. And so, like so many ultra-modern thinkers who have reacted against an interpretation of life judged solely by material and mechanical

standards, I too reacted. Perhaps there was no moral law in external nature, but there was, I now believed, in human conduct. The wisdom of eating with a fork, I decided, must be intuitively perceived. There is a purpose in inanimate objects also. The very nature of the fork, its entelechy, demands that it be used. All this I saw intuitively—so I thought. I had evolved a religion of table manners. And then—disillusion again! I talked the matter over one day with an older and wiser man than myself, one who knew his practical and experimental psychology down to the ground.

"What you are doing," he informed me, is "*rationalizing*. You are fooling yourself into *thinking* you believe something you *want* to believe. You have let fear of social ostracism sway you. You have been guilty of mental cowardice, intellectual dishonesty. You are simply falling back on dogma—the etiquette books in this case—and you lack the courage to admit it. Ask yourself honestly if you really do perceive intuitively that it is right by all the Divine Laws to eat with a fork and wrong to do otherwise."

I was compelled to admit that I perceived no such thing. I had to uproot my philosophy all over again. And I can assure you that as one grows older the process is a painful one. It left me torn and bleeding. Being at that time in college, I contemplated suicide. That is what the War has done to us young people! It has left us helpless and yet rebellious puppets of destiny without one single guiding ideal. Perhaps some men perceive right and wrong intuitively, but I am not one of them. As Joubert put it, I lack skylights. There was only one recourse. Painful and humiliating as it was, I went back to the ways of my earliest childhood. I reverted to dogma and outer authority. Stupid and blundering as it has so often been, it was, nevertheless, the best thing for me. I took it for good or evil, and continue to do so. In the matter of table manners I may be called a Catholic. For me there is no alternative. And I shall continue to eat with a fork until a New Critic of this strange and altogether unprecedented modern age comes forth with a Newer Philosophy. When that happens it is probable that I shall again revolt against this table implement.

Editor's Easy Chair

EMBARRASSMENTS OF ORGANIZATION

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE is now proceeding in these States and in most other countries an unusual effort to discover what is true in the Christian religion and to separate it from detrimental adhesions which have been fastened upon that religion in the last nineteen hundred years. There is no subject in which more people are interested. All Protestant sects are filled with disputes: Fundamentalists and Modernists fight with the liveliest activity for what they believe to be the essentials of religion. The Catholics are more tranquil. They have held on to essentials better than some of the Protestants have. Their hold on the invisible world is more vivid. They have believed right along a good many things which a good many Protestants have let go, but which are important, and the truth of which promises to be re-established by contemporary proofs. Of Protestantism a thoughtful and highly competent observer said the other day, "Did it not make two mistakes: one, the denial of the continuance of revelation of truth, the other, the existence of Purgatory; the latter by insistence that in a future life all who are not damned are at once made perfect? Those beliefs were denied because they had been so greatly abused. Is not that one of the stumbling blocks of Protestantism now? The orthodox Protestant conception of a future life is not in harmony with our experience with life and character here. We must revise it instead of rejecting it."

So, this observer, and his suggestions are penetrating. The Roman Catholic belief in Purgatory with pains and duration to be mitigated by prayers and the offices of the Church is, of course, very subject to corrupting consequences, but at least it recognizes the fact that we go out of this life as we are, and that most of us need a course of treatment more or less extended, and in many cases more or less painful, before we can get to anything that can be recognized as Glory. The Catholics have held with it in spite of bad facts in its record. Their Church has also retained confession, another dangerous institution, but considered nowadays even by its critics to be very valuable in religion. It has retained prayers for the dead and, while attending to temporal matters and benevolences (in this country, at least, with great ability), it has never lost sight of the invisible world or of immortality as the explanation of terrestrial life.

In these concerns the Catholics beat the Protestants and earn the superior tranquillity in which their Church has gone along. The age-old claims that the Popes speak as to certain matters with divine authority are of a different order, but are still thought to make for strength and power to the great Roman Catholic organization, though whether nowadays they really strengthen it or weaken it is a very pretty subject for discussion.

It is easy for a Protestant to think that Catholicism and Protestantism are both indispensable parts of the Church

Universal. The Protestants admit that they are sects, the Roman Catholic Church admits nothing of the sort. But progress and conduct do not wait much on admissions. In this country, at least, the prevailing feeling is that the Catholic Church is a sect, and things move along on the basis of that conception. Whether the dissatisfaction of reverend gentlemen in Italy and elsewhere with that situation and their refusal to admit its existence would have political consequences here if a Catholic ran for President remains to be seen, and whatever happened about it might be so important to organized religion that a good many observers, out of pure interest in the questions involved, would like to see it tried. Not so the ordinary voter. He wouldn't go to the polls to record his opinion whether the Catholic Church is a sect or not. He does not care. If he is a worldling, he wants word about the loaves and fishes, including drinks. If he is wakefully pious he wants to know what God is and how to get at him. Very likely he would agree with Praed:

> I think though bigots fast and frown,
> And fight for two or seven,
> That there are fifty roads to town
> And rather more to Heaven.

WHAT about this current civilization in which we live? Is it satisfactory? Is life as enjoyable and as progressive as we are entitled to have it? Does it seem to be moving along on any settled basis? Is it tranquil? Is it reassuring? Does our daily experience of it make us feel that our world is on the right track to what we have been used to call Salvation? One can get different answers to all these questions from different people, but, on the whole, most people will probably accept the opinion that these times, extremely interesting though they are, are anxious times, abounding in possibilities of smash, and full of situations that seem temporary and of problems as yet unsolved. Certain phases of them are enjoyable enough; to the thoughtless many phases are enjoyable; but the more thoughtful people, while they may be confident that humanity is on the way toward salvation, are far from satisfied with what they can forecast of the processes that lie immediately ahead of it on that path. Our world is full of the possibility of ruction. The nations struggle to agree but with no more than imperfect success. The shadow of war hangs over us, and we know enough about war from recent experience to be sure that if it comes again on any great scale it will be attended by terrific consequences. We do not want any more wars, but we have not yet found the path to peace.

Movement on this earth has been vastly accelerated. The roads are filled with machines, and the atmosphere has become another great highway for other machines, as well as a vast avenue of communication. What we know, what we have done, what we can do are all marvelous; but all our wonders and accomplishments, so far from satisfying or reassuring us, only increase our conviction that we do not yet know enough to be safe. We are still pilgrims, still comparative strangers on this planet, uncertain what will happen to us next and abundantly warranted in apprehension, for whatever it is, we doubt if we shall like it.

People who do not think must be having a pretty good time. They have many cheap pleasures. Hereabouts wages are good. The movies are wonderful but for the most part brainless. There are shows on every corner, and the price of admission is low. There is enough to eat, and it is disputed whether the deficiency of drink is good or bad for us. There are enormous numbers of newspapers and printed publications and millions on millions of people who read them. There is a vast production of commodities, prodigious means of calling them to the attention of possible buyers, and a great deal of money to buy them with. That is to say, that

business is good. Scientists tell us nowadays that life is motion; that all creation is in a state of incessant activity. They have examined Creation with microscopes. We who merely look out of the window or read the newspaper find it easy to conclude that they are right. To us also Creation looks very active indeed.

And it all seems to run to organization. What of that? Organization is like knowledge. Knowledge means more knowledge. Organization means more organization. Everybody, it would seem, must be organized if only to protect themselves and their particular interests from other organizations. The farmers have had an experience of suffering times. What is the cure for them? Help from the government? That looks good to some of them, but the better opinion is that the proper medicine for them is organization and co-operative marketing.

To those of us who shiver at the idea of being so much organized, reassurance is offered in the suggestion that a great change has taken place, in that organization in the ancient and medieval world was official or traditional, whereas that of to-day is largely voluntary. It is voluntary, one is told, in business, in intellectual matters, and in religious matters and, therefore, it is more mobile for good and evil.

There is, no doubt, a distinction between being organized by the compulsion of our own necessities and aspirations and being organized to realize the aspirations of somebody else. Let us get what comfort we can from that. We need it. Our greatest organization to which all our lesser combines are subject is the government of the United States. We have to support it and a great majority of us do support it with all good will, but it does things which shock us, and gets us into queer positions and often into positions which our consciences condemn. Consider, for example, our situation in Central America, about which we seem to have no declared policy but have assumed responsibilities for the management of various small states—Nicaragua most of all—which are not a little embarrassing. Our government, being a fallible machine like all the other organizations, gets us into troubles that we should like to avoid. We can remonstrate and we do, but we cannot flounce out and refuse to play. We have to remember the parable of the tares and the wheat and see the wheat as big as we can and put up with the tares till the harvest.

That is bad enough, but it is not so bad as to tie up to the opinion that our government is always right, nor so bad in religious matters as to be committed to the belief that we belong to an infallible Church. Much better for us to stick to the conclusion that every organization, including State and Church, is fallible and will get us more or less into scrapes which we, being ourselves fallible, will have to work out of the best we know how.

Our Constitution is not perfect, is not sacred, is not the ultimatum of justice. It is something worked out the best that available human wit could do it; the best that conflicting minds could agree upon. It is something to go by: a working hypothesis of government.

So it may be the doctrine that the Pope is God's special representative and, as such, in doctrinal matters infallible, is something agreed upon to get on by: a working hypothesis for a Church with a big job.

The world we really live in is not the one we suppose it is. That one has passed. Many things which we fear—papal claims among them, may be—are obsolete. Other things which we have real contemporary reason to fear we do not yet recognize. Our lives are states of mind inherited from the past, and adjustment of them to the actual present is no light job, but one only to be slowly accomplished and with accompanying halts and clashes.

HOW does it happen that the story of Lawrence in Arabia has run so long and such a lively course without bringing back to notice the career and adventures of a certain Connecticut Yankee of an "enterprise and daring so romantic and even Quixotic that for at least half a century every boy in America listened to the story with the same delight with which he read the *Arabian Nights*"?

Whose words, and about whom? Put that into one of the question books that are so popular just now. How many answers would there be? But for information turn to the second volume of the History of the United States by Henry Adams and read the last eight pages. The man of the story-book adventures was William Eaton, born at Woodstock, Connecticut, in 1764, sergeant at nineteen in the Revolutionary Army, a graduate of Dartmouth College, schoolmaster at Windsor, Vermont, a clerk to the legislature of Vermont, and in 1792 a captain in the United States Army. His career in the service, Adams says, was varied by insubordination, disobedience to orders, charges, countercharges, a court-martial, and a sentence of suspension not confirmed by the Secretary of War. In 1797 he was sent as consul to Tunis, where he still remained when in 1801 war broke out with Tripoli over piracy. Tunis was Tripoli's nearest neighbor about four hundred miles away, and the consul there, Adams tells us, held a position of much delicacy and importance. There resided in Tunis in 1801 an elder brother of the reigning Pasha of Tripoli with whom the United States was at war. This elder brother, the rightful Pasha of Tripoli, had been driven into exile by his younger brother. Eaton thought it would be a good plan to restore the elder brother to his throne and thereby impress the Mohammedan Powers with the conviction that the United States really existed. He came home in 1803 and laid this case before the President and Congress. He did not lay it to their satisfaction, but he came back the next year to the Mediterranean as naval agent, but without powers adequate to his aspirations. He found on reaching Cairo in December, 1804, that Hamet, the elder brother, had had to take refuge in Egypt. He brought him to Alexandria, not without danger and difficulty, where they collected five hundred men, of whom one hundred were Christians recruited on the spot; and this little army he led into the desert to conquer Tripoli. So motley a horde, says Adams, of Americans, Greeks, Tripolitans, and Arab camel-drivers had never before been seen on the soil of Egypt. Without discipline, cohesion, or source of supply, even without water for days, their march of five hundred miles was a sort of miracle. Eaton's indomitable obstinacy barely escaped ending in his massacre by the Arabs, or by their desertion in a mass with Hamet at their head; yet in about six weeks they succeeded, April 17, 1805, in reaching Bomba, where, to Eaton's consternation and despair, he found no American ships.

The rest of the story, how the ships came overnight and of the battles Eaton fought and of his deep disgust with the peace that was made by the Consul General at Algiers with the Tripolitan pirates, must be left to someone with more space, but in the end Eaton fared a good deal as Lawrence did. He did marvels and retired from active service deeply disgusted with his government. He was by no means so consecrated a vessel nor so accomplished a man as Lawrence, nor were his achievements really comparable to those of Lawrence in importance, but there is a likeness between the two men in their readiness to undertake the impossible, their faculty for dealing with Arabs, their astonishing self-confidence, and their success in trusting to luck. The life of General William Eaton (Brookfield, 1813) ought to furnish a good story to some historical investigator just now.

Personal and Otherwise

THE perplexing question of woman's place in the modern world has been discussed from many points of view in recent issues of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Mrs. Mavity has told how she combines the responsibilities of a job with a home, a husband and children; Mr. Macy has called woman's equality with man a myth; Mrs. Hansl has argued that a woman's children must have first consideration and that her job (if any) must come second; Miss Phillips has contended that those who would give women an education like that of men have forgotten the most important thing in a woman's life. None of these contributors has gone so frankly down to biological fundamentals as the anonymous author of "Feminism and Jane Smith," of whose identity we may give no more clue than to say that she is herself a Jane Smith, not a Mary Jones.

Hugh Walpole is a frequent and welcome visitor to the United States. He was lecturing in this country last winter, and it was probably then that he conceived the idea of writing "The Tiger," a story which will haunt the memories of those familiar with twentieth-century New York. Mr. Walpole's better known novels include *Fortitude* (1913), *The Duchess of Wrexe* (1914), *The Dark Forest* (1916), *The Secret City* (1919), *Jeremy* (1919), *The Cathedral* (1922), and *Harmer John* (1926).

Another notable Englishman who has recently been lecturing over here is ***Philip Guedalla,*** barrister of the Middle Temple and author of *The Second Empire, Palmerston,* etc. We have published in HARPER'S many a historical portrait by Mr. Guedalla; this month we present convincing proof that he can bring to the depiction of a contemporary statesman the same magical touch which gave distinction to his sketches of George Washington and the other great figures of the American Revolutionary period.

With "The Confessions of a Ford Dealer" we return from England to that most American of institutions, the automobile agency and service station. ***Jesse Rainsford Sprague,*** formerly engaged in retail business in Newport News, Virginia, and San Antonio, was the author of "Big Business on Trial" (in our December issue) and "The Go-Getter Abroad" (March). In both articles he made objection to the current American practice of setting a sales quota and forcing sales accordingly. Now he gives us a detailed case-history which shows the sort of results which such methods have sometimes had. We commend it to all men and women interested in the implications of American business policies.

Leland Hall, instructor in music at Smith College, recently spent several months in Timbuctoo, that windswept city at the southern edge of the Sahara Desert whose very name is a byword for all that is remote and strange. Two chapters of his experiences, "Salt Comes to Timbuctoo" and "The Son of Lehsen," have appeared in the Magazine; now he tells us another story of his intimate contact with native life. Mr. Hall did not go to Timbuctoo as a professional writer in search of copy; he made friends with the Arabs and Berbers and blacks simply because he liked them and wanted to understand them, and he wrote about them later simply because he felt he must share his experiences with others. His book, *Timbuctoo,* will appear next fall, and by that time he will be off on another journey to unfrequented parts of Africa.

Will Durant, director of the Labor Temple School in New York, needs no introduction to those who have watched his *Story of Philosophy* outsell every other non-fiction book published in 1926. His most recent HARPER article was "The Failure of Philosophy," published last December.

Ford Madox Ford, author of *Some Do Not, No More Parades,* and *A Man Could Stand Up,* is not only a veteran traveler—as readers of "Traveler's Tales" in our April issue discovered—but an epicure who can discuss lordly dishes, American and Continental, until your mouth waters.

Psychologists do not always agree with one another. Those who have looked forward with some trepidation to the day—foretold by various American psychologists—when the future careers of boys and girls would be determined by early tests of their innate capacities, may be encouraged by the contrasting views of the distinguished Viennese psychotherapeutist, ***Alfred Adler.*** Doctor Adler, professor at the Pedagogic Institute in Vienna, is the founder of what is known as "individual psychology," and editor-in-chief and founder of the *International Journal of Individual Psychology.* His books include *Organ Inferiority and Its Psychic Compensation, The Theory and Practice of Individual Psychology, The Neurotic Constitution,* and *Human Nature,* which is now being translated by Dr. Walter Béran Wolfe, to whom we are indebted for the translation of "Character and Talent." Dr. Wolfe, a New York physician who has been closely associated with Doctor Adler, is on the staff of the Mt. Sinai Hospital and is psychiatrist for the Jewish Board of Guardians. He was recently elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine in London.

"Severson" is the work of ***Fleta Campbell Springer,*** of New York, whose stories are a frequent feature of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. She took first prize in one of the Harper Short-Story Contests in 1924.

Walter Pach is amply equipped for his attack upon the Ananias school of contemporary art, for he is not only a painter himself (who prefers the modernistic manner) but a thorough student of artistic history and tradition. He has written *The Masters of Modern Art* and other books, and was the translator of Elie Faure's remarkable four-volume *History of Art.*

A full account of the Harper Intercollegiate Contest, won by ***Leokadya Popowska*** with "The Living Sand," is given on the next page.

A new contributor appears in the person of ***Geoffrey Parsons,*** chief editorial writer of the *New York Herald Tribune,* who looks upon modern science and modern scientists and finds them wanting—at least in humility. As a companion piece to his article, equally suitable for the consideration of those who are quite sure about the nature of the world and in what direction it is moving, we recommend ***J. B. Priestley's*** warning to our glib twentieth-century prophets. Mr. Priestley is a young English essayist, editor and critic who contributed to HARPER'S a year or so ago a paper on contemporary American fiction and who has recently joined the ranks of the novelists with *Adam in Moonshine.*

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The poets are ***A. A. Milne,*** who eclipsed his own reputation as a humorous essayist when he became a playwright (*The Dover Road, Mr. Pim Passes By,* etc.) and then eclipsed his reputation as playwright by bringing out *When We Were Very Young* and *Winnie the Pooh;* ***Hortense Flexner*** (Mrs. Wyncie King), formerly of Louisville and now of Bryn Mawr, author of *Clouds and Cobblestones* and several plays; ***Margaret Widdemer*** of New York, who has many volumes of verse and two novels to her credit, and in 1919 shared with Carl Sandburg the Pulitzer Prize for poetry; ***Joseph Auslander*** of New York, author of *Sunrise Trumpets* and *Cyclops' Eye;* and ***Elizabeth J. Coatsworth,*** author of *Fox Footprints* and *Atlas and Beyond,* who now lives in Hingham, Massachusetts.

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The Lion once more welcomes ***Philip Curtiss*** (of Norfolk, Connecticut), who turns aside from writing fiction to give us an authentic report on the youngest generation. With Mr. Curtiss are ***Ellwood Hendrick,*** best known for his excellent books on chemistry and the other sciences, and ***Parke Cummings,*** a new contributor, who turns his satire upon the writers who make so much fuss about modern youth and changing conventions.

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"The First Mate" is a fine old man and as depicted by ***Charles W. Hawthorne*** he has

traveled as diligently by land as he ever did by sea. For no canvas by Mr. Hawthorne has been more in demand for exhibitions all over the United States during the past two or three years. In 1926 this painting added to the artist's long list of awards by winning the Thomas R. Proctor prize at the National Academy exhibition. Mr. Hawthorne lives in New York but spends his summers at Provincetown, and many of his paintings have the Provincetown flavor and background.

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The winner of the First Prize of five hundred dollars in the Harper Intercollegiate Literary Contest for 1927 is ***Miss Leokadya Popowska,*** of the senior class at the University of Michigan. Her story, "The Living Sand," which we publish in this issue, was placed first by two of the three Judges (Henry Seidel Canby, Elinor Wylie, and William McFee).

The Second Prize of three hundred dollars goes to ***Charles Yost,*** a junior at Princeton University, whose story "And He Had One Son" was chosen for first place by the third Judge.

The Third Prize of two hundred dollars is divided among four contestants: ***Gladys Sale*** of Western College, Oxford, Ohio, for "A River and a Dam"; ***Agnes H. Nuttall*** of the University of California, Southern Branch, for "Lao Kee's Gift"; ***John R. Phillips*** of the University of Virginia, for "Youth Rides On"; and ***Bertram Enos*** of Clark University, for "A Moment Hurries By." The three Judges each selected a different manuscript for second place, one voting for Miss Sale's, one for Miss Nuttall's, and one for Mr. Enos's; Mr. Phillips shares the prize with them under the point system adopted for scoring by receiving two votes for third place.

The following win honorable mention: ***William J. Fadiman*** of the University of Wisconsin, for "Sophistication as an Undergraduate Ideal" (given one vote for third place); ***Edson Page,*** a freshman at Harvard University, for "The Poisoner of Minds"; ***Irving Fryer*** of Adalbert College, Western Reserve University, for "Pre-Crustation"; ***Tench F. Tilghman*** of the University of Virginia (who won honorable mention last year also), for "Orange Pekoe"; and ***Edward W. Mammen*** of Columbia University, for "Atalanta."

As was the case last year, most of the prize-winning manuscripts are fiction. Miss Sale's might be classed either as fiction or as a sketch founded on fact, and Mr. Fadiman's and Mr. Fryer's are essays; the others are all stories. Needless to add, there was no prejudice in favor of stories among the Judges. The fact is simply that in their opinion most of the best work was in fiction form.

Last year after the close of the Contest we remarked upon the fact that many of the undergraduate contestants dealt with subjects remote from their own experience and their own interests. We expressed surprise that only a handful of manuscripts attacked "the problems of college life or any other problems which the authors personally face." We reported that we found more imitations of masterpieces than manuscripts in which the author had used his gift of language and of form to present something that was truly his own. Whether on account of these observations of ours or for some other reason, there was more first-hand writing and more attention paid to college problems and the problems of youth in general this year than last. Our impression is that the average standard of work among the five hundred or so contestants was perhaps higher this year than last, although the quality of the leading manuscripts, taken as a group, was perhaps not quite so high.

This year there were many essays on college education and its deficiencies, many on the foibles of various undergraduate types (the best of these being Mr. Fadiman's paper on the college sophisticate), and many on religious questions, most of them from the skeptical point of view.

Several of the best stories submitted dealt with the inevitable conflict of views between young people and their parents. Mr. Yost's Second Prize story, for example, told of a father's visit to Princeton and his attempt to reach terms of affectionate intimacy with his son—a pathetically hopeless attempt because, much as father and son might wish

to be easy and friendly with one another, there was a wall between them: they saw life from quite different points of view. Mr. Phillips's story, with equal sympathy, told of a farmer's son who could not bear life on a farm and had to tell his distressed parents that he must go away to the city.

The theme of "The Living Sand," which is awarded First Prize, might seem to the casual reader to be remote from the experience of an undergraduate. But Miss Popowska was born in Poland and did not come to this country until she was ten years old, and her story is based on her recollection of one of many childhood experiences in Poland which have always stood out in her memory with extreme vividness. So here again we may say after all that our principle still holds good: a young writer, like almost any other writer, is usually at his best when he deals with what is within his own range of experience and knowledge.

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We have received several vigorous protests against Mr. Bradford's story, "Child of God," in the April issue, on the ground of irreverence. Mrs. Harry F. Webber of Detroit writes us that she came home from a meeting of the Detroit Women Writers' Club, at which she had advised everybody to read the story, to find a letter from James Knapp Reeve of Franklin, Ohio, who guides and criticizes the work of many young writers, in which he said: "Will you kindly read the story in the current number, 'A Child of God,' and tell me if you think there is any possible excuse for the publication of such material? To me it seems the most irreverent thing that I ever have seen in print, and one calculated to do infinite harm to the unformed mind by caricaturing God on His throne. One can hardly be surprised at anything that may masquerade nowadays under the guise of literature, but certainly this is a most astounding departure for HARPER'S."

Mrs. Webber tells us that she does not expect the Magazine to be edited for "unformed minds," and continues, "How could a reader as intellectual as this man miss the point that Willie Malone's transportation to heaven is written as Willie in his simple and ignorant negro mind expected to find the hereafter? Why can't this reader see that Mr. Bradford has only given to Willie what Willie expected to find after he was dead? When I read the story I kept wondering with admiration how the author ever happened to think of doing it in just that way—that perfect way."

We publish these two extracts from letters because they seem to us to express the point of view both of those who protested at the story and of those who admired it greatly and saw in it no irreverence. Needless to say, we felt about the story as Mrs. Webber does when we accepted it, otherwise it would never have appeared in HARPER'S MAGAZINE; and we still believe that she is quite correct and that Mr. Reeve and other critics of "Child of God" have misunderstood the author's intention.

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Mrs. Bromley sends us a correction of a statement in "The Market Value of a Paris Divorce," published last month. It appears that since the article went to press, the Nevada legislature has passed a bill containing a rider which sets three months instead of six as the time required for residence before divorce proceedings can be instituted. She gave six months as the required time.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

How Two Brothers Invested Their Inheritance

By PAUL TOMLINSON

WHEN Howard Chadwick died he left about forty thousand dollars. Not a large fortune as things go nowadays, but more than modest in the village which had been his home, and it represented the result of thrift, self-denial, attention to business, and intelligent care. Mrs. Chadwick had died several years before her husband, and the only heirs were two sons, one a hard-working young doctor, the other a salesman for a manufacturing corporation in a neighboring town.

John was the doctor's name, and the salesman's name was William. Their father's estate consisted almost entirely of local real estate, a condition typical of many small fortunes, and the two brothers, after due consideration, decided it would be best to sell the various holdings and reinvest the proceeds in securities easier to look after. Investments in real estate, especially those in small dwelling houses, require constant and close attention. Rents must be collected, taxes paid, insurance carried, repairs made, and demands and complaints from the tenants looked after, matters compelling the expenditure of considerable time. They also require a certain amount of experience, and John had neither time nor experience; William, living in another town, naturally could not assume these responsibilities, and so they agreed to change the form of their investments. The properties were sold, and each brother received approximately $20,000 in cash as his share of the proceeds.

Now, it would be a very nice thing to have $20,000 in the bank, but the interest a bank would pay on such a balance would scarcely equal the income that could be secured from an equal amount of money invested in good bonds and shares of stock. The two brothers talked things over.

"I'm going to get Burroughs' advice at the bank before I invest my money," said John.

"Burroughs is an old mossback," exclaimed his brother William. "He has sat at that desk marked 'President' ever since I can remember, and he's so

conservative he hesitates before he'll commit himself on what day of the week it is. He thinks anything outside of government bonds, and stock in his own institution, is speculative."

John laughed. "Perhaps so," he admitted, "but you must remember that his being conservative is what has made his own bank's stock so valuable to-day."

"Bah," cried William, "nothing ventured, nothing gained."

"Nothing lost either, perhaps," suggested John mildly.

"All right," said William, "you can let that old barnacle invest your money for you, but he's not going to tell me what to do with mine."

"Don't you think a banker with investment banking connections is better qualified to select investments than someone like you or me who has had no experience?" asked John.

"No, I don't," said William. "They're all hide-bound and conservative, like old Burroughs. The real profits are not in the stuff they recommend. Besides, they make plenty of mistakes themselves."

"No doubt they do," said John. "After all they're only human. But I believe that men who have had experience in investing money can give me advice and help which will make the chances of mistake very much less than if I tried to go it alone. At any rate, that's my feeling."

"Well, good luck to you," laughed William. "When you're getting your thousand dollars a year, and you see me with a much bigger income and my principal increased besides, don't feel jealous, and don't say I didn't warn you."

"I shan't," said John, "but I hope you won't forget how hard father worked to earn this money we are talking about, and how long it took him to

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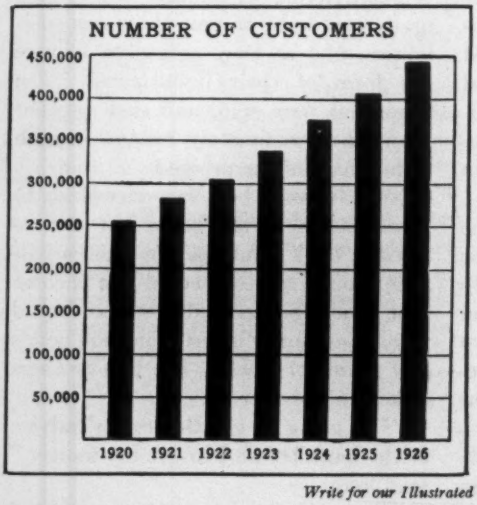

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save it. I feel as if it were a sort of trust fund, not to be dissipated."

"I'm not going to dissipate it; I'm going to increase it," William exclaimed a trifle crossly.

"I sincerely hope you do," said John. "Have you any plans as yet?"

"No," said William, "I'm going to look around a bit."

He didn't have to look long. The following morning, back at his office, he was called on by a well-dressed man who was offering shares in a concern called the Saline Oil Corporation. It was a new company, and the properties were in the Southwest, not far from some of the famous gushers. The salesman was glib and the picture he painted was a rosy one. William grew excited. His attention was called to the fabulous profits made by the original investors in Standard Oil, Victor Talking Machine, Bell Telephone, Eastman Kodak, and other outstanding successes. His interviewer took pencil and paper and showed him how, on the basis of what other oil stocks had done, twenty thousand dollars invested in Saline Oil would in five years grow into half a million. It seemed easy.

William was not told by the salesman that of every seven new enterprises undertaken, only one is a success, and not necessarily an outstanding success at that. He was not told that all the Saline Oil Corporation had was a few acres of land, that no drilling had yet been done, and that no one knew for certain whether there was oil there or not. He didn't know enough to know that a company's past record is the surest indication of what its future record is to be, and that experienced investors always demand to see a balance sheet, and an earnings statement, before they will buy stock. He didn't know enough to make inquiries about a market for his shares in case he ever

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wanted to sell them. He didn't ask if the shares were listed on any exchange. He didn't ask how it happened that if this stock was so valuable the directors wanted to dispose of it to an utter stranger like himself, and not keep the profits for themselves.

William was too excited to think intelligently; he looked at the figures the stock salesman wrote on the sheet of paper, and he listened with bulging eyes and parted lips to the stories of fortunes made over night. And he signed on the dotted line. A few days later he received a certificate for twenty thousand shares of Saline Oil Corporation stock, and in exchange therefor he drew a check to the order of the company for twenty thousand dollars.

John meanwhile had called on Mr. Burroughs, and asked his help and advice in the investing of his share of the estate. He found the banker conservative, as his brother had said he would. He found him keenly interested, however; he called in his friend Mr. Black of the investment banking firm of Black and Brown and after nearly an hour's talk they agreed upon what to do.

The bankers emphasized diversification of investments; as they expressed it, "don't put all your financial eggs in one basket." John could see the logic in this advice, and readily agreed. Further, he agreed that seventy-five per cent of his money should go into bonds, and in accordance with the bankers' suggestion five different classes of bonds were chosen: government, railroad, industrial, public utility, and real estate mortgage bonds, $3,000 in each. The government issues cost the most in proportion to the rate of interest paid, and the real estate mortgage bonds the least, but the average of all was what the bankers said really mattered, and this was entirely satisfactory.

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thousand dollars they decided to put into stocks, one thousand in each of five different issues. The stocks yielded a higher rate of return than the bonds.

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John left the banker's office very well satisfied, and when his bonds and stock certificates arrived during the course of the next couple of weeks, and he had deposited them in his safe deposit box, he felt extremely affluent. On the first of the following month he collected interest on two of his bonds, amounting to fifty-five dollars; on the fifteenth of the month he received a dividend check for fifteen dollars; interest on three more bonds was due the first of the next month and also another dividend check. John began to feel that he belonged to the capitalist class and the feeling gave him great pleasure.

Brother William laughed at him. Personally he had got nothing as yet from his Saline Oil stock, but he had received several glowing letters from the company, his enthusiasm remained at high pitch, and he joked John about what he called "Burroughs' mossbacked investments." The price of Saline Oil stock had already been advanced ten per cent, he reported, and was to be advanced again in the near future.

"You'd better get in on it, John," he said, "before it goes out of sight. Time, tide, and opportunity wait for no man, you know."

John smiled and shook his head. "I hope for your sake it all turns out as you think it will," he told his brother.

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"Frankly, though, I'm worried."

"About me?" demanded William.

"Yes," said John. "I'm afraid Saline Oil stock may really go out of sight as you said, but in a different direction from the one you have in mind."

"Don't you think it," exclaimed William confidently. "About this time next year I'll ride up here in my new limousine, and offer to loan you money."

Glowing reports of the Saline Oil Corporation's expectations still came to William, though he did not hear quite as frequently as had been the case previously, and gradually, little by little, he began to wonder if the letters didn't stress expectations a little more than progress. He began to realize that he had not heard from the salesman from whom he had bought his shares for a long time, and finally he wrote to him. At the end of two weeks a reply came written on the letterhead of another company, stating briefly that he had recently made what he considered a "new and more promising connection." William began to worry.

He hated to mention his doubts to John, but he did go to the cashier of the bank in the town where he worked, and asked him to sell half his holdings. He anticipated no difficulty about this, and was shocked to have the banker look at the stock rather doubtfully, and say he would try to find a market.

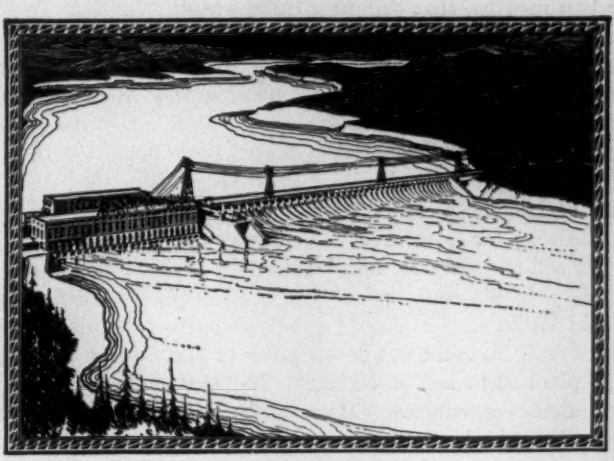
"What do you mean?" asked William.

"Someone who will buy it," said the cashier.

"That should be easy," said William. "It's good stuff."

The banker was unimpressed, and said he'd let him know later.

William saw his brother John the next evening, and what John had to say caused him additional worry. John, it seemed, had asked Mr. Burroughs' opinion of Saline Oil, and Mr. Burroughs had investigated. It was difficult for



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him to get many definite facts, but he did find that their office rent had not been paid for two months, that drilling operations were clouded in more or less mystery, and that the president and sales manager of the corporation had both been indicted several years previously because of some stock promotion scheme they had been connected with and, while they had not been convicted, their reputations were far from savory.

"You'd better sell and get out, Bill," said John.

"I'll see," said William.

As a matter of fact, his mind was now made up. He planned to sell and get out at his earliest opportunity. He called on the cashier of his bank the very next morning, and was greeted with the information that a bid of twenty cents a share for one half his holdings had been secured from a dealer in unlisted stocks. William was for declining it instantly, but after a talk with the cashier he decided to accept.

"Better to get something than nothing, is the way I feel about it," the cashier said.

The remaining ten thousand shares were sold a week later for ten cents apiece, so that William received a total of $3,000 for the stock he had purchased for $20,000 less than six months previously.

"I'm going to Mr. Burroughs about the investing of what is left," he told his brother John. "If he tells me to buy 2% government bonds at a premium I'm going to take his advice without a murmur and do just as he says."

The old banker did not recommend that particular investment, but with the help of Mr. Black he did put William's remaining money into sound, income-producing, and readily marketable securities.

"It's a bitter lesson to learn," said William, "and a frightfully expensive one, but in the long run it may prove valuable."

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